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Sir Maxwell Aitken



The New Host at Rideau Hall



The Railway Pass and the "Dead-head"



Colonel Copp's Finesse

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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol. XXII

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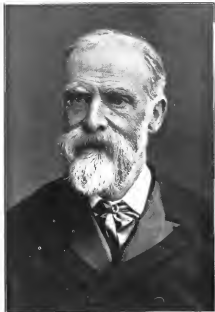
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RIGHT HON. JAMES BRYCE

BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO THE UNITED STATES

See "The King's Men at Washington,"
by M. O. Henderson, page 95.

MacLean's Magazine

Vol XXII

Toronto September 1911

No 3

The New Host at Rideau Hall

By

Frederick Greyson

THE men who hold high places in the social and governmental system of the British Empire are so often credited with the virtues of paragons and the abilities of Napoleons that the general public seldom learns their real worth; and, instead, comes to regard almost all of them as over-rated gentlemen travelling through the world on the credit of their ancestors and their social position. This is especially true of Canada, where the average man has the Missourian's yearning for visual demonstration, and where, it must be confessed, tradition and precedent are not conceded perhaps all the respect they merit. In the case of a new Governor-General coming to Canada, Canadians welcome him because he is His Majesty's choice, and they have faith in the wisdom of the Throne; but there is a general inclination to regard the Monarchical Proxy in Canada as a mere figure-head, with little or no real influence on the affairs of the Dominion; and when, as in the immediate instances of Earl Grey, who is just about to leave Rideau Hall, and the Duke of Connaught, who is just about to succeed His Excellency there, there are real qualities to be considered and appreciated, the Canadian's instinct is to look with mild skepticism on the written or

spoken eulogy. He knows that many an honest democratic writer is liable to lose some of his critical faculties in the presence of a gold-tipped aristocrat. He leaves it for Time and the newspaper report to inform him at some later date as to just how much of the praise which was given the distinguished gentlemen, was merited and how much was not.

In the case of Earl Grey the things which were said and written about him before his arrival have been "revised upwards." He leaves Canada with more virtues than were attributed to him by even the most sanguine of writers upon his arrival. Canadians have found enough error in him to convince them that after all he was really human, which is a much greater virtue than perfection.

Now, however, comes His Royal Highness, the King's uncle, the late King's brother—the Duke of Connaught. One must revise one's standards of measurement. One must choose carefully one's adjectives: not because he is of royal blood, nor because he will make what is to be practically a court at Ottawa, but because he is the brother of a remarkable man who had remarkable qualities, and if Connaught possesses the same qualities, and exercises the same strange influence in his sphere as the

late King Edward did in his, then Canada will do well to observe His Royal Highness carefully.

At five o'clock in the morning, when the sun was pushing his head up through a slot in the eastern horizon, when the dawn swept with a quick, light movement over the Mediterranean, until it smote the black sides of Gibraltar itself, a young officer, scarcely twenty-six years of age, used to be seen emerging from his quarters, bright-eyed, erect of bearing, quick in his movements and with his brightly-polished sword sending back flashes of acknowledgement to the rising sun, as he strode out of the enclosure which contained the officers' quarters. Every dawn saw the same sight. Every early-rising bird saw the same flawless uniform, the same alert young officer starting out on his morning's work.

This work was the inspection of the batteries of the great fortress. It might have been accepted as a perfunctory affair and gone through with as a matter of form. But the young officer had a family failing for taking an interest in everything. He went through gallery after gallery with the same interest as when he visited the first battery. The uniforms of the men, the care of the guns, the condition of the surroundings, each claimed his attention. He had not been stationed long in Gibraltar. Upon his first arrival he set out to learn Spanish. This mastered, he studied the fortress itself. But until he knew it thoroughly, he said little or nothing in his early morning rounds. When he had learned and observed, he made use of his knowledge, not in the irritating manner of a braggart, but with the good nature and tact which was another family characteristic. Thus the Duke of Connaught at twenty-six years of age became one of the idols of Gibraltar. He did not go there as a royal prince of England, to be made a hero of. Indeed, the special instructions from her late Majesty Queen Victoria, which preceded Connaught to his post, stated very specifically that he was to become an efficient officer and to have no more privileges, nor any less work than his fellows of the same military rank in the army.

A distinguished Portuguese gentleman who was crossing from Liverpool to Montreal, stated recently that he had never

seen a young man so popular as was Connaught in those days.

"Why," he said, "everywhere he went he was cheered. If he passed through a street the cheering would commence at the point where he was first seen and would be taken up and carried on, all the way down the street as far as he went. The young men in the clubs would lift the windows and lean out to cheer him."

"And what would the Prince do?" asked a listener.

"The Prince! Ah! There again was his charm. He was at first greatly embarrassed, one could see. And even when he became as it were accustomed to his popularity, he still would blush when the crowd recognized him with shouting—he was only twenty-six, and he had an English complexion. After a time he seemed to think it was just a pleasant little compliment the people were paying the country he belonged to, and so he would wave his hand and hurry along. But it was no empty compliment. It was appreciation for an admirable young man."

"But what explained it?" asked another passenger. "How did they come to know his good qualities?"

"How! Oh, quite easily, Monsieur. He mixed well with the people. He was everywhere, and everywhere he went he was a perfect gentleman. He was not—what you call dissipated, but wherever he went he had a word for the shy or the timid, and a greeting for the others. At the theatre he would come out into the foyer and talk with the others with such grace, such vivacity, and yet such quiet dignity that everybody loved him, and the way he treated the little wives and daughters, and even the old mothers, of Gibraltar, was like an old cavalier, like a real Prince."

The Duke of Connaught is white-headed now, but he has retained the same qualities which make the French call him "The Amiable." He is a small man, somewhat larger than "Bobo," and, as a matter of fact, of about the same height as the late King, but unlike King Edward, he is of a lean build, more elastic in his movements, and nervous. He has a white moustache and white hair—though it is a little thin now. His face is not fat, nor yet is it thin; it is inclined to be round. The two things which, in his conversation distinguish him, are his eyes and his man-



HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS—"THE AMIALE"

ner of conducting a conversation. The eyes are blue, vivacious, kind, inquiring, curious, smiling. They show a lively interest in everything that passes. They look upon everything with a quick sympathy which turns into a really humorous smile, full of twinkles, or into an expression of kindness which has made many a forgotten plebeian feel the kinship of humanity.

In his conversation he has the accomplishments of more than a mere diplomat. Names, faces, details of every kind, are of course, always safe in his memory: he rarely forgets anything. But in addition to this he has the faculty of drawing out the shy person, of making the timid feel at ease. He does not wait for them to break the ice of a first conversation. It is he who commences. He asks questions. He wants to know. He is interested. He is appreciative. He remembers.

One should remember, in forming one's impression of His Royal Highness, that he is the son of remarkable parents, and more than that, that he is the remarkable son of remarkable parents, just as Edward was. Considering the Prince Consort and the late Queen Victoria, many persons have wondered how so much "humaneness" ever appeared in the children, how they ever escaped with the sense of humor which marked King Edward and which marks the Duke, his brother. For the parents were, we are told, of a most serious turn of mind, and given to taking every detail of life with deadly earnestness. But it is in this very matter that Queen Victoria and Prince Albert were evidently not always given the credit they deserved. Recent researches made in the archives of the Royal Family, have brought to light, with the permission of His Majesty, King George, the ease with which the formation of King Edward's character was surrounded, the same ease which undoubtedly was given to the other children, including, of course, the Duke of Connaught. The most careful tutors were selected by the Queen and the Consort. The greatest of pains was taken to see that the companions of the children were proper companions, of a sort that would make the Royal children, especially the Prince of Wales, better equipped to meet world society later on.

In some of their plans for the training of the children, the Queen and her husband are said to have failed. For instance, they planned exhaustive studies for the late King Edward, and his tutors were always compelled to report that he learned scarcely anything from books, while, on the other hand, in his intercourse with his fellow students and masters, he learned by his acute powers of observation, things in human nature which another man might never have mastered.

The same was apparently true, though perhaps not to the same extent, of the younger prince. He had the faculty which is called *Tact*. He knew, as if by instinct, what things to say and what things not to say, to certain men, or in certain circumstances. Like Edward, when a deputation of Spanish people secured an unexpected audience with him and when, to their bewilderment, the King showed a detailed and accurate knowledge of local facts and conditions in their country, Connaught is never caught napping. Having once seen, he learns; having learned, he remembers.

There was at least one difference, however, between the brothers. Connaught is less active in prosecuting plans for his own amusement. Without in the least abating one's admiration for the late King Edward as a monarch, one can recall a story which they tell of him amongst the English and Americans in Paris, which will serve to show a difference between the brothers.

A party of French students who eked out art and a few sons together in a little club heard chattering in the streets one evening. They raised their windows to look out and beheld President Loubet driving King Edward the Seventh through the streets, preparatory, evidently, to showing him the sights of the city.

"Ah!" cried one of the students, "is it not pleasant to see M. Loubet the countryman showing M'sieur the King of England, who is a *Parisien*—Paris!"

Edward was a true Parisian, in the most complimentary sense of the word. The Duke of Connaught is rather a visitor in Paris, like M. Loubet himself. Connaught is said to be very much devoted to his home. Those English people who have the honor of knowing the home-

hold pay it the compliment of saying: "They always were a nice family. The mother and the daughters are really lovely." The very simplicity of such a statement guarantees its worth.

The late King recognized his brother's statesmanlike abilities. The two men cooperated, the one as King and the other as the King's personal deputy. On the surface Connaught may appear to have done little more than ceremonial work for his Royal brother, but in the confidential relations between them there is little doubt that the Duke often made use of his powers of diplomacy in matters of state. It will not be belittling the dignity and honor of the Governor-General elect for Canada to say that he was, so to speak, a warning pan for the Imperial Throne. There is a difference between saying that he served the Throne direct and saying that he served the English Government direct. For in the latter expression it might fairly be inferred that he was the agent of England's local ambitions, which was not true. He served to stimulate cordial feelings on behalf of men, or nations, or states, toward the Throne of the British Empire. If Edward the Seventh was the Peace-maker, the Duke of Connaught was perhaps the strongest implement in the hands of the Peace-maker. He was "the warning pan." Sent here, or there, to a foreign country or to a charity bazaar, he won friends for the Throne of his brother.

Despite the many rumors which are continually going the rounds to the effect that this party and that influence were the means of securing the Duke's appointment to Canada, it is stated upon excellent authority that it was the late King's own personal wish that his brother should succeed Earl Grey. The idea originated with King Edward, and by his instructions is being carried out. The Duke of Connaught comes to Canada as an interpreter; he comes to interpret England to Canada and Canada to England. The Separatists and the ultra autonomists may be seized with a silly panic and think that this means interference and unasked advice, but in this they overlook the very qualities which have made Connaught so great a favorite and such a success. It will not be by interference, nor by any overt action that he will render service to the Imperial Crown and to Canada. But by the exer-

cise of his personal qualities he will show Canadians the real attitude of the real English toward the Empire; he will show that it is not for the selfish glory of England, nor her own aggrandizement that he wishes to maintain the British Empire intact; but that the British Crown is as much Canada's as London's, as much Australia's as Windsor's; as closely in sympathy with Colonial ministers of the Crown as with the ministers in the Mother of Parliaments. On the other hand, he will, it is said, inform the English Government of the spirit of the Canadian people and see that it cannot, through ignorance at all events, do anything that would cause a misunderstanding between the *Imperial Crown* and *this Dominion*.

A young English squire who had won a medal or two in the South African war, returned to England and commenced again the round of social activities which he had left when the war broke out. Since the close of the war he had been away from England, shooting in Central Africa, in India and in the northern part of Vancouver Island.

At a ball one night he met His Royal Highness, whom he thought had long since forgotten him.

"Ah, B——," the Duke said, "so you've come back. Tell me, were you in the Punjab?"

The officer replied that he had been there and had some very good shooting. Whereupon Connaught asked all manner of questions about the country, for he too was and is interested in big game shooting, and has made records in India.

Suddenly he broke the conversation. "Where is your medal?" he asked. "My medal, your Royal Highness?"—the young officer was inclined to be shy—"I left it off, sir."

"You should never do that," replied the Duke, "I expect you to wear it."

The young squire, while he was no weakling, had that instinct for offending himself and his deeds, which makes so many Englishmen such delightful men. He made his promise to the Duke, but forgot about it until quite unexpectedly he found himself once more being entertained in the same house with Royalty.

The medal was in his pocket. He excused himself from his companions and, disappearing behind a friendly door, he



HER ROYAL HIGHNESS, THE DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT

planned it hurriedly on his dress tunic. Emerging, he faced Connaught, who was surrounded by a group. Connaught beckoned to him with his eyes, and when the group had thinned, the great officer lifted the medal and laughed into the younger man's eyes.

"Dear B——," he said, "when a man has won an honor he ought to know how to wear it." And with deft fingers he undid the fastening and placed the medal in a proper position on the left breast.

It will behoove the officers at Ottawa to see that their uniforms are correct. It is one of the little things that his Royal Highness is more thoroughly posted on than any other man in the army. He knows what is correct and what is incorrect in uniform. He knows what should be worn when, and what should be worn

with what. He is not a "crank" in this regard, for in everything he has a sense of humor, but he retains the fastidious instincts which his Royal mother and father instilled into him and his brother.

He rides every day. He is a good shot. He motors moderately and has a mild interest in golf. The Americans will flock to Ottawa more than ever, now that they are not so cordially welcomed in London, and Connaught will treat them all with the old courtesy of Edward the Seventh. The Duchess is neither extravagant nor prudish in matters of dress. The court will be gay but not giddy. But these are very minor matters when one considers that the British Throne has sent its best to Canada.

The man who was right hand to Edward the Peace-maker will not live in Canada for nothing.

Colonel Copp's Finesse

By

Frank E. Verney

COLONEL COPP was a little man with a benevolent head of white hair, a red cherubic countenance, and one of the sanest minds in the city. The dinners which he was in the habit of giving at the Hotel Cecil, where he had a superb suite, were absolute epochs in lavish hospitality and gastronomic excellence. In fact, they made of the little American Colonel's name a synonym for magnificence; and in every place where a newspaper was read "Copp" became a household word. It was not so well known that one of Colonel Copp's motives was, "A good appearance covers a multitude of deficiencies," and the few who were aware of it did not appear to recognize the significant applicability of the maxim to the splendor of the Colonel's entertainments. This seeming obscurity was probably due largely to the American's personality, which radiated confidence and respect. He was the sort of man that appeared born to be a trustee and custodian of other people's purses. Therefore, it can easily be understood that with such assets the Colonel had many opportunities of making money which the ordinary man had not.

One morning, while all the clubs were busy talking of a wonderful "aeroplane dinner" which Colonel Copp had given the previous evening in the courtyard of the Cecil, the Colonel himself was seated in an easy-chair in one of his rooms, smoking a cigar and examining his pass-book. The aroma of the leaf was excellent, and, so far as one could judge from the placid expression of the Colonel's face, the contents of the book might have been equally satisfactory.

As a matter of fact, the Colonel's current account was in a condition best de-

scribed as delicate. All the money he could get together of his own and his friends' he was putting in a great Canadian railway scheme for tapping a big section of the wheat belt, the development of which had hitherto been held up for want of adequate means of transport. This railway was destined to make fabulous profits, and, incidentally, a multimillionaire of its chairman and chief shareholder. The money which Colonel Copp did not put into this railway he put into his famous repasts, which gave him a renown above bankers' references, and a circle of moneyed acquaintances able, and even anxious, to share in the financial operations of a man in obvious possession of the touch of Midas.

So on the morning following the renowned banquet the Colonel found himself facing a difficulty. It was only the third of the month, two more dinners were arranged for, and the sum of one hundred and fifty pounds only was in hand. The Colonel decided that it was up to him to make some money quickly in a way which would not interfere with other interests.

After a few moments' silent thought the Colonel rose, put his pass-book into a despatch box, which he carefully locked and carried to his safe. As he shut the safe he uttered audibly the conclusion of his train of thought. "Yes," he said, in the tone of a man who thinks he has an answer to a puzzle: "I think I will take a country place."

Half an hour later the Colonel, immaculately groomed as usual, got down from a taxi at the office of Messrs. Right, Hank & Fuitley, the eminent estate agents.

The clerk to whom he handed his card escorted him immediately to the private office of the senior partner.

Mr. Right greeted the Colonel as a man who gave sinners of twenty guineas a head should be greeted.

"We received your message, sir," he went on, "from the Hotel Cecil, and I think we have exactly the house to suit you."

"I believe you have," replied the Colonel. "As a matter of fact, it is your advertisement of the Duke of Belsire's place that caused me to call."

"It is the finest mansion in England," began the agent, with professional glibness and more than professional warmth. "Early Norman, perfect preservation, magnificent—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted the Colonel. "May I trouble you to show me the plans?"

"Certainly, sir; no trouble."

Mr. Right rang the bell.

"Bring me the Belsire Abbey drawings, please," said he to the clerk who answered the summons.

The Colonel turned to the agent. "By the way," he remarked, "I gather that this is the first time the Abbey has been let."

"Yes. The Duke is much attached to the place, and spends most of his time there. The country is a first-class sporting one, you know. Now he has medical orders to spend the next three years in a semi-tropical zone, with the alternative of the family vault."

"Really?" said the Colonel. "I had no idea he was so ill. He is a wealthy man, isn't he?"

The agent smiled. "Well, sir, I don't know whether you would consider him wealthy, but his rent-roll is reputed at fifty thousand a year."

The clerk knocked and entered.

"Here are the plans, sir."

"I wonder at the Duke's letting the place," said Colonel Copp, as he bent over the drawings.

"He is doing so, really," replied Right, "because he feels, reasonably enough, that with a tenant in residence the place inside and out would suffer less than if closed up and left to servants."

"Now, Mr. Right," said the Colonel, "I take it that I could have immediate possession?"

"Certainly. There is nothing to prevent that."

"Very well. Then will you kindly arrange for some responsible person to take me over the place to-morrow? I do not like wasting time, and if the place suits me, I'd like to fix things right away."

"Yes," said Right, with business-like propitiation; "the Duke's private agent, who is, as it happens, a sort of cousin of his Grace, will be there."

"My secretary will inform you in the morning of the train I shall travel by," concluded the Colonel, as he took up his hat.

When Mr. Right returned from seeing the Colonel into his cab he called to one of his staff:

"Wilson, ring up the hotel where Mr. Belsire is staying and ask him to come and see me at once."

"Very good, sir."

In about twenty minutes the Duke of Belsire's agent arrived and was taken into the private office.

"Ah! How do you do, Mr. Belsire? I was fortunate in catching you before you left your hotel."

"The Abbey, I suppose?" queried Belsire, as he took the indicated seat.

"Yes. I believe I've found a tenant."

"What! Already? I'd no idea house-hunting Crescuses were so common."

"They're not—although the prospective occupant of the Abbey belongs to that genus. His name is Colonel Copp."

"Really the Colonel Copp?" said Belsire interestedly.

Right nodded assent.

"That's something like! He'll make an excellent tenant—unless he should want to give an aquatic banquet in the picture gallery," said Belsire rather irresponsibly.

"In my opinion," said Mr. Right, "Colonel Copp is one of the very few parvenus who really could be trusted with the Abbey. Now as to the point. The Colonel wishes to be shown over the place to-morrow. I will telegraph to your office in Belsire the time of the Colonel's arrival. You will perhaps have one of the Abbey broughams to meet him. I will have the agreement and copy drawn up and post it to you to-night. You will then be able to clinch the bargain. Americans like hantling methods, and we must not let the Colonel slip through our fingers."

"He'll have all the agents in the country after him when it is known that he is looking for a place," remarked Belsire.

"Exactly. In the agreement I shall leave the price open. You can fill it in when agreed on."

"Eight thousand per annum," stated Belsire, "is the Duke's figure."

"I think," said Mr. Right, "that if the Colonel fancies the Abbey, he will not question ten thousand. You understand."

"I see," said Belsire, with a sentimental smile.

The next morning at 11.35 Colonel Copp stepped out of a first-class carriage onto the small platform of Belsire station.

He was the only passenger, and Belsire, who was waiting at the ticket gate, walked forward and introduced himself.

"Messrs. Right, Hank & Fustley wired that you were coming on this train, sir. I have one of the Abbey carriages to take us up."

"It is very kind of you," said the Colonel.

"It will take," said Belsire, as they seated themselves in the brougham, "several hours to look over the place thoroughly; and the stables and shooting—"

"I am afraid we must get it done quicker than that," said the Colonel. "I am a very busy man, Mr. Belsire. Two hours is all I can spare. I guess you can describe things on the way up."

The drive, which lay chiefly through the estate, occupied half an hour. Belsire was fluent on fish, fur, and feather, and the Colonel an intelligent listener. Listening was a virtue he cultivated. It paid.

When they had passed through the lodge gates the Colonel remarked on the shaven sword beneath the spreading park trees.

"Yes," answered Belsire; "the Duke thinks as much of his place as he would of a wife—more perhaps. It is on record that the nearest his Grace ever came to the dock of a criminal court was when he discovered one of the house-party guests playing on the tennis lawn in spiked cricket boots."

"Here we are," said Belsire at length, as the carriage rounded a magnificent Italian fountain and drew up in front of the chief entrance hall of the Abbey.

"There is only one thing," said the Colonel, as he and his clerical stood in the great hall after their round of inspection: "to suit me, the place would require another room, which the Abbey has not got."

"But," began Belsire, "you will pardon me. Surely there is enough—"

"As you were going to observe, Mr. Belsire, there is plenty of room in the Abbey for any one, but my requirements are peculiar. I want a very large apartment as a special languishing-chamber."

Belsire smiled reminiscently.

"Now, the hall in which we are standing would not well lend itself to any other guise. For instance, the dinner I gave the other day—"

"I understand, sir," said Belsire, smilingly. "An aeroplane scene in a Norman hall would be like a fairy pantomime on a tepee boat. But could not one of the state drawing-rooms be used?"

"I am afraid not; for the same reason. Now, the billiard-room, which you tell me has just been added, is the most likely, but that will be required for its original purpose."

"Well, sir," said Belsire, anxious to lose no chance. "Have you any other suggestion?"

"What I propose," said the Colonel, "is to build the room."

Belsire's face showed that he was rather startled at the idea.

"I should," the Colonel went on, "make the addition entirely at my own expense—it would not cost the Duke a dollar. The plans, of course, would be made by a leading architect."

Belsire realized that the suggestion was reasonable enough. It was no extraordinary thing for a tenant to make an addition to a place. Many landlords would jump at an opportunity of getting a wing added gratuitously.

The Colonel offered his cigar-case. "If you are a connoisseur of Havana, you will like these. I bought the whole crop."

Belsire took one, and thought of Right's warning. "We must not let him slip through our fingers." Looking at his watch, he said: "If there is nothing else you wish to see, Colonel Copp, and you are agreeable, we will drive back into Belsire, and I will get on the telephone to Mr. Right, and put your suggestion to him. I

believe he has discretionary powers. He could quickly communicate with the Duke if necessary. He is staying at Claridge's, preparing for his journey.

"Very well," said the Colonel. "We had better waste no time. The point must be settled at once, for I have several agents coming to see me in the morning."

They departed immediately.

When Bellairs' office was reached, he told his clerk to get a call through to London. As soon as the Colonel was comfortably seated, the agent produced the agreement.

"Yes," said the Colonel, after a perusal; "that seems quite in order. The matter of the addition is the essential point. It may be that I shall take some other way out of the difficulty, but I must have permission to erect the room if I think it desirable."

It was not long before the clerk opened the door, with the information that London was "through."

"Will you be good enough to excuse me a moment, Colonel Copp? Mr. Right, I expect, is on."

Bellairs went to the room where was the telephone.

"Is that Mr. Right? . . . Good! Colonel Copp is in the office at the present moment. I've shown him over the Abbey, and he is very pleased with it, but he thinks he may require to build on another room. . . . Yes? . . . Yes, that is what I said to him. He wants it chiefly for freak dinners, and that sort of thing. . . . No, it must be settled now. If not, we shall lose him."

At the other end of the wire, Right was thinking rapidly. The Colonel was actually waiting to sign the agreement. He wanted to add to the Abbey. The addition would be an asset to the landlord. In most cases, he would not have hesitated. He decided quickly.

"Tell him," he said along the wire, "yes. Fill in the top price, and get the agreement signed. I will see if I can interview the Duke and inform him what I have done. If he should object—which is unlikely—we can explain to the Colonel. He seems a very good sort, and we can work him all right."

"Very good," answered Bellairs. "I'll bring the agreement up to town this evening."

Bellairs went back to the Colonel. "Mr. Right agrees to your wishes, sir, in the matter of the addition."

The Colonel nodded, and said briskly, "Very well. All that remains is the agreement."

Bellairs brought the documents to the table and rapidly filled in the figures.

The Colonel made no comment on the amount. He did not appear to consider it worth notice.

Bellairs inwardly congratulated himself upon his deal.

"You had better add," said the Colonel, as he took up a pen, "The tenant to be at full liberty to add a room to his own purpose and convenience, if he so desires."

Bellairs inserted the clause on each of the agreements. The signatures were then attached and duly witnessed by the clerk, and the Colonel became the tenant of Belvoir Abbey.

The business concluded, the Colonel pocketed his agreement and rose. "I shall just be in time for my train," he said, leading the way out of the office.

When Colonel Copp reached Paddington he took a cab and drove straight to the chambers of Master, the famous architect.

He found that eminent man in and disengaged. "How can I be of service to you, Colonel Copp?" he said, as he fingered the American's card.

"I want," stated Copp, "within two or three days, a plan and design for a banqueting-hall which I wish to build onto a country-place of mine."

"Two or three days," repeated the architect.

"I shall, of course, pay for any inconvenience."

"It will be advisable," said the architect, "for me or one of my staff to see the original building: you probably have the plans of it."

"I have the plans, certainly, but you can dispense with the view," said the Colonel. "I want something Eastern—of the Taj Mahal style."

"Taj Mahal!" ejaculated Master.

The Colonel continued, "I will send you round a plan of the wall from which it is to about."

The architect picked up a pencil. "Will you tell me the ideas you wish carried out, and the size, etc.?"

The Colonel gave the necessary details, and then took his departure.

Master walked across his room to a side-board and drew out a decanter and a syphon. "Well, I'm——" was his toast. "Minaret in an English park! However," he reflected, "he's got the gold to gild 'em."

On the fourth day following the Colonel's call on the architect, Mr. Bellairs was in the office of Messrs. Right, Hank & Fother, discussing with Mr. Right the new tenant of the Abbey.

"I think," Bellairs was saying, "That the sharpness of the American financier is much over-rated. They are really very easily managed."

"If," snuggly said Right, looking up from his correspondence, "we had a few clients like the Colonel every day, there would be something in estate agency."

"And not much trouble either," laughed Bellairs.

"Come in," called Right, as a knock came at the door.

"Colonel Copp's secretary to see you, sir," said the clerk.

"Show him in."

"Speak of the devil and his minion appears," said Bellairs.

The secretary was ushered in.

"Take a seat," said Right, pleasantly.

"I have come from Colonel Copp," commenced the secretary, "with the plans of the intended addition to Belvoir Abbey."

Right took the envelope.

"My chief," the secretary continued, "is sending down the workmen to-morrow, as he wishes the place prepared without delay."

Mr. Right was smoothing out the tracings on the table. His companions saw his face suddenly stiffen into an incredulous stare.

"What—a?" he burst out, knocking over a pile of books in his excitement. "What on earth—— Do you mean to

say—— Is this a practical joke?" he demanded quickly, with a glare at the unfortunate secretary.

"I am afraid I do not understand you," said that gentleman, with some astonishment.

Bellairs looked from one to the other, an expression of uneasy curiosity on his countenance.

"Understand!" shouted Right. He pulled himself up sharply. "This drawing," he continued in a tone of forced quietness—"has it come direct from Colonel Copp? Has he seen it?"

"My chief sealed it himself," answered the secretary.

Right rose from his table.

"I will call and see Colonel Copp," he said. "I need not detain you."

The secretary bowed and withdrew.

"Look at that," said Right.

Bellairs took the sheet in his hand. He saw a beautifully-colored perspective drawing of an "Arabian Nights" sort of edifice, with a lofty gilt dome and six delicate spires.

"What are you going to do?" he asked.

"Do?" answered Right, who was thrusting on his coat. "I am going to tell the old idiot that he can't rent a place like that against a Norman Abbey."

A quarter of an hour later he was being shown into Colonel Copp's business-room at the Cecil.

"How do you do, Mr. Right?" said the Colonel cheerfully. "You are just in time to join me in a little *aperitif*."

Right was not in the frame of mind for courtesies. "I have called sir," he began impetuously. "about the plan——"

"Cocktails," continued the Colonel, "are excellent before dinner, but at lunch-time a mixed French and Italian Vermouth is the proposition I recommend."

The entrance of a waiter probably saved Right from consigning *aperitifs* to a place where they are presumably not customary. So he smiled in a futile way and said he would take whatever his host took.

When the glasses were on the table the Colonel opened:

"Now, Mr. Right, regarding the plan I think Master has made an excellent design."

"Are you referring to this?" answered Right, thrusting the perspective sketch in front of Copp.

"That is it."

"Why, my dear sir," burst out Right, "it is ridiculous—unthinkable—absolutely out of the question! It would make the Abbey into a freak, and the Duke the laughing-stock of the country."

"You astonish me," remarked the Colonel.

"Astish! Excuse me, sir, but can't you see the utter incongruity of it? Why, it is scarcely possible to imagine a man of Master's architectural standing submitting it."

"Well," said the Colonel, "I am sorry you do not like it. I may say at once that the design was made specially to suit my requirements, and operations will commence to-morrow."

Right was staggered. In the face of this decisive statement he did not know what to say.

"My dear sir," he at last jerked out, "it is impossible. I cannot permit it. The Duke would not allow it."

The Colonel crossed to his despatch-box, from which he took the Abbey agreement.

"As I have said before, Mr. Right, I am a busy man, and it will perhaps save time if I remind you of this clause." He read it out: "The tenant to be at full liberty to add a room to his own purpose and convenience, if he so desires."

"But," Right gasped, "it was never expected that your addition would be a monstrosity. The natural inference was that you would make your addition in the original style. You said you would give it to a leading architect. The assumption was that he would have the usual free hand."

"For the inference," said the Colonel, "I am not responsible. For the rest," he continued, "it is the only type of building which suits my purpose and convenience. Without it, the Abbey is not suitable for me, and without the clause which gives me a right to do as I please in the matter, I should not have taken the place, as you know. Come, come, Mr. Right, you are a business man. You can see that the matter is solely at my discretion. I

have made up my mind, and I can afford to support it."

"It is impossible," said Right, doggedly.

"Well, Mr. Right," said the Colonel, looking at his watch, "my lunch is waiting for me."

Right had been surveying the situation with swift thought. He was not without common sense, and he could see that Colonel Copp held the control.

"Will you," he said, "suspend matters for forty-eight hours?"

"I really do not see how I can. My instructions have been given, specifications sent out, etc., and the workmen will arrive at Belshie to-morrow morning. Further, I do not see the object of it."

Right got up from his chair as the Colonel walked towards the door. "Will you be in the hotel this afternoon?" he said.

"I shall be disengaged about six o'clock," replied the Colonel.

The Colonel went down to the grill room, and the agent left the hotel. Right drove back to his office as quickly as a taxi could take him.

As soon as he got inside the doors he inquired the whereabouts of his partners. They were out at lunch.

"I am going to look for them," he said to the clerk. "If either Mr. Hank or Mr. Futley should return while I am away, ask him to stay in, as I wish to see them on important business."

At the first telegraph office he stopped the cab, went in, and sent a lengthy telegram to the Duke of Belshie, Paris.

That afternoon the partners of Messrs. Right, Hank & Futley, estate agents, were inaccessible to the public.

By five o'clock it had been decided that the agreement with the Colonel must be cancelled at any cost.

A furiously-worded telegram from his grace of Belshie was on the table.

"I do not suppose for one moment," said Futley, an old man with much experience and a well-balanced mind, "that the Duke will do other than disclaim all responsibility. The onus is legally with us. The clause in the agreement should at least have stipulated for our approval of

plans. We've worried it out from every aspect, and the only thing to do is to make an offer for cancellation. Whoever loses, it must be done, and at any cost."

At six o'clock Mr. Right drove to keep his appointment with the Colonel.

At seven o'clock he drove away, plus the cancelled agreement and an invitation to a banquet, of which he did not avail himself, and—minus a check for ten thousand pounds.

When he had gone, the Colonel rang for his secretary, "Harris," he said, "I have decided, after all, that a country house is unnecessary for me." As he spoke,

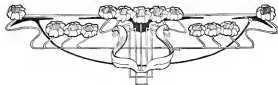
he sealed a long envelope into which had gone a pink slip and a small book. "Give that into the bank in the morning immediately it opens; and take down this letter to Mr. Master."

"My Dear Mr. Master:

"I have pleasure in enclosing a check for one hundred guineas in payment for sketch and plans submitted yesterday. I have decided not to proceed with the erection at present.

"Yours truly,

JOSEPH H. COPP.



We pigmies of emotion saw no strife—

His was a calm untouched by sign of pain.

We dreamed not that the making of his life

Had seen dark hours wherein the combat strain

Had almost torn his mighty soul in twain.

—Fred Jacob



Feeding the Sheaves into the Old-time Thresher

The Annual Tide In Canada

By

B. B. Cooke

Illustrations by C. W. Jefferys

TWO thousand miles away the grain starts to ripen, and He starts to come.

At first it is only a restlessness, then an uneasiness, then discontent. And finally, when he goes to the village with the big man to get the mail and swap a bit of conversation with the other fellows loafing outside the post office, he sees the big yellow posters which the railway company has posted all over the village, inviting him to come, telling him how cheap the fare is and how much money he will earn in the Western harvest fields.

He goes home and looks over the home farm—the pleasant green of the Ontario farm. It has a few trees on it, a bit of untouched bush at the back and a good bank barn. But it displeases him. The

discontent is in his blood. He recalls the highly painted pictures of prairie and wheat which he has seen somewhere. Up under the mattress is the money he has saved. Before he takes his heavy boots off that night he fishes out the old wallet and counts the money. Each bill is sweat-stained, reminiscent of ploughing, milking, cutting and raking, and the harvest.

Then, one bright morning, Bill Brown from the next farm drops across and leans over the boundary fence. Ordinarily, Bill has little enough to say, and there is really no need for him to start a conversation on a late summer morning like this, but Bill has something on his mind and so has the other,

"I see how low them rates are?" says Bill.

"They are pretty low," answers the other.

They change the subject, as if by mutual consent, but the real gist of the matter should be proposed too rudely.

"Pretty dry, ain't it?" Bill remarks.

"Yes. Bad for ploughing."

"Gee yes! I was forgettin' the ploughing. Fact is, I know Henry I've a mind not to be here for the ploughing. I've got a notion —"

"What —"

"To go out on one of these here harvesters' excursion things."

"Have y'?" I don't know but I might go m'self. I was thinking—I needed a change."

"So do I. When were you thinkin' of going?"

"Week from to-morrow."

"I'll do it with y'. Let a go?"

"Sure thing."

And so another pair of Ontario farm laborers make their pilgrimage to the western plains.

• • •

From all over Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, indeed even from Prince Edward Island, the ripening wheat summons the farm laborer, the farmer's son, the city loafer, the college student and the farmer himself. As they gather in the great centres of eastern Canada, in Montreal or Toronto, as they sit around on their grotesque bundles of luggage waiting for the departure of their train; and finally as they clamber into the long bare cars, they are a strange conglomeration. They are the crude mess out of which great sons, great leaders, poets and statesmen are yet to be delivered to Canada. They are the material for more Canadians and better Canadians.

This annual tide of harvesters is one of the factors in the making of Canada. It flows once and ebbs once, every year. The flow is always greater than the ebb; and every year the Tide brings more citizens to the Western prairies and leaves less in the East. The farmer in the western prairie would admit to you that he could not get along unless he was supplied with harvesters in this way every fall. The Canadian Pacific Railway would—if it were telling you its business—tell you

that it is a considerable factor in the earnings of the road every summer. The banks would tell you that unless these men went West, or at all events unless some means were found to harvest the crops in time for marketing, and especially in time to get the grain to the head of the lakes before navigation closes, it would be a serious thing for the business of the country. In short, the Harvesters' Excursion which is advertised every few days for a certain period during the summer touches the whole economic fabric of the Dominion, and touches every household directly or indirectly.

And it has even a greater effect.

• • •

Here is a wholesome figure—the harvester. He is a man of sweat and clayed boots. His hands are strong and his chest is broad. But in the harvesters' excursions they are not all real farm laborers. All sorts of men go to make up the passenger list of the groaning trains.

There, in the corner of the car sit four young fellows in city clothes. One is a college student, a man who has been studying for Medicine; another is studying engineering at Queen's; the third is the son of a Middlesex farmer who has persistently and consistently told his father that he never would consent to work on a mere farm since he had had a taste of higher education, but circumstances arose during the summer which made him change his mind,—the other fellows' thought it would be a great thing to do, to go farming for the summer and come back to University with a roll of bills and a memorable experience, so he had joined the party, the only real farmer of the four; the fourth man was a clerk in a city warehouse who happened to be boarding in the same house with the others when the western fever had taken them; he was a thin fellow, anemic and injured to be peevish.

Not far from them in the car sat an old figure in corduroys. He had a long beard in which there were still signs of bay rum and oil. Amidst all the uproar in the still unsteady car, he was sitting quietly reading a shabby little book.

"Hello, Dad?" shouted a youngster. "What you going West for? Goin' t' get a job of knicker? Or are y' hikin' out as a nurse girl?"



A View in the Harvesters' Special.

The old man looked up, with a pair of beady black eyes, darting malicious glances at his tormentor.

"Knitit!" he exclaimed, laying down

his book for moment, "Narsin! If anybody needs nursing it's you, Mister Boy! Where's your nurse. Did she feed y' before she let y' out?"

The laugh was turned. The old man resumed his book, glancing up now and again just to make sure that the lesson had taken effect.

"Knitit!" he muttered, as I dropped into a seat beside him. "Impudence of em! Why—" relinquishing his book once more and turning to tell his story to a sympathetic listener, "Why I be'n farmin' for fifty years. I know more about farmin' in one day than them there young whelps ever will know. Knitit!"

There was a pause, and then:

"How you be'n out here before?"

"Once or twice."

"D—d' ye think—think maybe they'd hire an oldish fellow like me?"

"I don't see what difference that makes so long as you can do what they want."

"Well—" and his story began, "Y' see I've be'n to home for m' whole life, back in Wellington county. The most I ever travelled was to the Winter Fair at Guelph one time. There's always be'n work t' do at home. We got a' hundred acres cleared. Nothin' to pay off at all. But it never just seemed to pay enough to afford a hired man. So we be'n workin' it—me and me brother Tom—ever since the old man died."

"Well, the other day—the other day, my brother Tom—Tom be died. He was older than me and he'd got rheumatism pretty bad. He used to wear so much bandage wrapped round his legs that he could scarcely get the boots on. Anyway, he—be died six weeks ago. So a month after he was buried I just begun to see that it was no use tryin'. It was no good of me tryin' to run the farm alone, and there was no good tryin' to hire any help f'r y' see it's sandy soil. Anyways, I got discontent and sort of lonesome and I just rented the farm and bought some clothes and a 'season ticket. Don't know exactly what'll happen. But anyways I won't die without havin' seen a bit of country bigger 'n Wellington County."

* * *

The train lurched and rolled past Parry Sound and Sudbury, along the North Shore of the big lake, beyond the Twin Cities and out toward Winnipeg. Our section was going through to Regina. At some stations farmers were lined up on

the platforms calling to those within the cars to come out and bargain for work. Some went and some contented themselves with staying inside and mocking those without. Some of those that answered the solicitations of the farmers did so only as a joke. After negotiating, after haggling over the wages and asking all sorts of ridiculous questions as to the board and the accommodation they would jump on the steps of the train as it commenced to move out, and wave their hands at the chagrined farmers.

"I guess I c'n fill the job for ye," said one youth, addressing one of these anxious farmers. "I can read and write and recite poetry. I c'n sew on buttons and with a little experience I guess I could make butter."

"But—but—" protested the farmer, driven to distraction by the thought that he was wasting time while his wheat was demanding attention. "But are you willing to work in the fields—in the fields at —"

"Oh!" mocked the youth, "Oh you merely want a day laborer. I thought you wanted a lady's maid. Here Bill. Here's a guy wants somebody to help his wife with the washing." Then he ran before the farmer's boot touched him.

Most of the men wished to go as far West as they could get before accepting work. It cost them no more and on the other hand they were seeing more of the country. The four college students wanted to get up to Prince Albert. The old man, who by this time had entered into the spirit of the adventures and had even managed to contribute an old fashioned song to the programme for one evening, calculated to get off at Regina. He disappeared from the car, the four students, a lame boy who wanted to study for the ministry and hoped to earn money toward that end by working in the harvest, a score of regular farm laborers—all melted away, until finally one night, the car was empty and I had reached the end of my journey.

* * *

There was a woman on one of these excursions once, a tall woman with a cadaverous face and bird-like black eyes. She boarded one of the Harvesters' Specials at the Union Station in Toronto.



The Farmers of West-side Station tried to Strike Bargains with the Men.

Conductors came through and asked her if she was sure she knew which train she wanted to go on. She replied, with asperity, that the said conductors could wager their lives that she did. They hinted that the car would be full of men and that she might not find it very pleasant. But she would say no more, only piled her luggage around her like a barricade, folded her hands—on which she wore lace affairs with no ends in the fingers—and closed her eyes preparatory to sleep.

There was considerable astonishment among the other passengers when they heard that this woman intended accompanying them on their journey. Some complained to the conductor, but the conductor was a good-natured man and refused to say anything, partly because he had seen expression in the woman's face which led him to believe that interference would be indiscreet and that, on the other hand, the fair person was quite capable of taking care of herself.

All the other cars on that train were noisy from the first. At night the crowd held pillow fights and roared up and down the long aisle exchanging harmless blows and shouting. The more favored—or less favored car—did nothing of the kind. There was a subdued air about it. The men whispered over their cards or the dominoes. Many a round oath died in the making. There ruled an air of staidness and discontent.

Finally the discontent came to a head and a deputation was selected, after a prolonged meeting on the platform, to approach the fair intruder.

They drew near her corner of the car. The spokesman had to be prodded repeatedly in order to keep him up to the mark.

The woman bristled as they drew near and formed a shuffling semi-circle around her.

"Well!" she demanded, pulling on her mitts.

"If you please, Lady—"

"Don't lady me. What do you want?"

"We'd like it—we'd like, if you was agreeable, to have the honor of payin' your fare by a regular train, seein' as this one is sort of over-crowded with men—"

"You'd what, Sir?"

But before they could answer, setting forth their case again, she had hailed the conductor, who happened to be passing.

"Mister!" she said, "These here men are suggestin' that a lone female oughtn't to be travelin' on a train with a parcel of hounds of men. I just want to ask you this much. Did I—"

"Yes," assented the conductor precipitately.

"Wait till I finish. Did I pay my fare? Did I not get on board this train before these lay hounds came on it? Didn't I mind my own business and keep to myself?"

"You did, lady."

"And ain't I within my rights?"

"You are, lady."

"Then—beat it!" she cried, waving a newspaper in the faces of the other men, "Get out of my way. I'll report you for insultin' a lone woman if you don't."

The crowd thinned. It was their last opportunity to protest. They traveled through to the Western plains, a sad and a wise crowd. When they wanted fun they went to the other cars. When they returned, late in the night, they trod softly past the section wherein the traveling virgin reclined.

A group were sitting in the end of a car playing cards. It consisted of a French-Canadian, an Arcadian, two Ontario farm laborers and a college student. Over their shoulders peered a mixed crowd. The crowd had become acquainted, Bat's'e had expounded on the virtues of Old Quebec to the Ontario men. The college man had learned something of farmers and their good heartedness. And all of them had overcome old prejudices. The Ontario men had set out upon the trip with the idea that they were British and that the French-Canadians were an inferior race, a race of traders. The French-Canadians had come with the idea that the Ontario men were all bores and ruffians. But with the mixing of the two, and the general companionship of the little French-Canadian padre, who was accompanying these sons of his parish, the barriers were removed and a better understanding commenced between the two different kinds of Canadians.

The tide flows right out to the feet of the very Mountains. It brings men of one part of the Dominion in contact with men of other parts. It breaks down provincialism. It spreads knowledge. It is a wonderful institution.



Is There a Peril in Foreign Education ?

By

C. B. Bertrand

MOST of those who have attained success of any kind, have been able to speak the language of the country wherein their energies were put forth. Most men, planning for the future of their children, believe in teaching the said children the language of the country in which they are to live. Of course, the language of a country does not refer to the mere succession of standardized sounds and signs which serve in the interchange of ideas, but to the thousand habits of thought, standards of judgment, and methods of business which characterize different countries and which distinguish one from another. To be a business success in China a man must know more than the Chinese language, in the ordinary sense of that word; more than the Chinese laws and business usages: he must understand the Oriental attitude of mind, and if he tries to apply purely English methods he fails: for he must adapt himself to the "language" of China.

There is as much difference between Americanism (using that word in its application to the continent of North America) and Continentalism as there is between the mental processes of a London merchant and a trader in the bazaar in an Eastern city. There is as much difference between the "language" of the New World and the language of the Old World as there is between a Roman Catholic Priest and a Unitarian lecturer. The difference lies in the fundamental viewpoints of life held by the two men; and the difference between America and the Old World is of an origin just as deep. "Continentalism," and "Englishism" are based upon views of life and standards of judg-

ment which are foreign to "Americanism" and "Canadianism."

This article refers especially to the education of Canadian and American children abroad. In Paris, Ulm, Vienna, Florence, Berlin and London, the visitor is constantly meeting young people from the towns or cities of Canada and the United States. They are usually the children of wealthy Canadians and Americans. In many cases they are obtaining finishing instructions in music, painting, or the other arts, which they could not obtain in Canada. To the latter, this article does not refer. Immersed in the atmosphere of art, genius and starvation which Europe and only Europe can supply, these students are to a great extent isolated from the dangers (as one might almost call them) to which this article refers. But the other students, those that are being given the Paris finish or the English University finish, are, we submit, in considerable danger, the danger of being taught the "language" of the Old World to the prejudice, if not the exclusion, of a proper knowledge of the New World from which they came and to which they must, in most cases, return.

I met, in London, two Canadian "children" who had been in Paris four years and who had seen nothing of their own country in that time. They were curious little women, exquisitely tinted with that ineffable coloring which is called "Parisian." They spoke and moved after the manner of Parisians, which was indeed very pretty and very desirable. But there was a deeper characteristic which this same "Paris" had endowed them with. Their whole outlook on life was biased. It would

have required a miracle to have stirred their real enthusiasms for anything. They had come to that unhappy state where they believed that the size of beauty had already been tollated and that life was but a silken thread, of a certain length, to be unravelled as fast as possible and spent with conformity to fashion.

You may say that these two children were really only children, and that, had they possessed a livelier sense of humor, and more common sense, they might have been different. You may insist that the majority of children, and your own particularly, would never have turned out so, or you may assert that maturity would have tempered their ideas with the beautiful commonplace. I think not, however. I venture the opinion that Canadian girls, sent to Paris to be finished, are all put to rest in much the same manner. And it is wrong. Canada needs strong men, and men who possess, above all things, imagination and enthusiasm. A little of Paris is very well. We can well afford to import a few graces into the New World but we cannot afford to wear Canadians of the Canadian language and maintain in their place, transplanted Continentals, who pine for the rare things of Paris and the charming indolence of the wealthy European.

So much applies to women: There remain—Oxford, or rather, the University Life of England.

I need state but once that I admit all that is claimed for Oxford and even more; that it is a rare privilege to have been educated there; and that it is usually a pleasure merely to meet an Oxford or a Cambridge man, even though he may have no other quality to recommend him; than the little "air" which a true son of either University carries. And yet there is an objection to Oxford and Cambridge from the standpoint of Canadians: that is to say, these Universities are not always good in their effect upon the Canadian who goes there for the completion of his studies.

I must first make an exception, and that is in the case of Canadians who intend to devote their lives to academic work, men who intend to return to Canada as professors in our Canadian Universities. In these cases, Oxford and Cambridge are enabled to exert their greatest and best influence in Canada. In other cases they

are apt to fail, very apt. Canada cannot fail to benefit by the inspiration of the best things, best influences from abroad, just as she is benefited by the imported graces from the girls' schools and drawing rooms of the Old World. But in the case of the Canadian son, educated at an English University, there is a danger that not only is the embryo Canadian spoiled for participation in the active, every-day affairs of Canada, but a reaction is caused in the mind of the stay-at-home Canadian against such very things as Oxford culture.

We may need the spirit of Oxford and Cambridge in our Universities: but in daily life we do not need it, in fact, we cannot afford to have it unless it has been transmuted and altered into our national life through our Universities. For Oxford and Cambridge have a way of looking on life which is not Canadian. They teach Canadian sons the language of Old World scholarship and Old World refinement to the detriment of Canadianism. There is a saying in London that even an English Oxford man requires several months of "breaking in" to make a success even in that city. It is admitted that these young men require to have "their corners knocked off." In short, they must be taught to adjust their Oxford learning to the needs and exigencies of everyday life. In England, the process is not as difficult as in Canada because England is leavened with "Oxfordism." But in Canada, the distance between practical Canadian life with all its crudities and rule-of-thumb necessities, and "Oxford" is enormous. The Oxford graduate, returning to Canada, finds himself in a country which is—and why should we deny it—very crude, very new. He has not lingered long enough in England to have even that much "reducing" process. He arrives in his native city conscious that he has had advantages which few of his compatriots have had, and it is just a question whether he becomes a useful Canadian citizen, exerting a good influence upon the community, or—an unhappy exile, a man who has been fed on the outs at Oxford and cannot find satisfaction in the plain meadow grass at home.

Had Eastern Canada been peopled with Oxford or Cambridge graduates, in the beginning of her history: had her sons been

men of erudition and urbanity—there would have been no C.P.R. through the Mountains, no G.T.P. to Prince Rupert, no turbines under Niagara Falls. I do not mean that men of this type are not as clever as other men, nor that they have not a place, and an honorable place in the order of any nation. But men of this type are the ultimate product of old civilisations. New countries develop men of imagination and enthusiasm. Men who do not possess these qualities cannot live for long in young communities. On the other hand, growing old, the same community produces—Oxfords. Oxford has the poise, the philosophic-bearing, the qualities of an old community. She is a stranger to youth, enthusiasm and imagination.

The University life of England holds many things which, if they could but be translated into the language of Canadianism, would enoble our nation. But these things require interpretation and the medium through which this may be done, is the Canadian University. Operating through McGill, Queen's, Laval, the Universities of Toronto, Winnipeg or Saskatchewan—the Old Country may put a new, and an excellent flavor into our existence. But Oxford, as a treatment for an active Canadian, is, I submit, almost fatal. An Englishman from Oxford is far more useful in Canada than a Canadian from Oxford. For the former finds the appeal of novelty in the new country and, if he is at all of a good sort, he is

willing to adjust his Oxfordism to Canada. But the Canadian, unless he be a rare man, returns to a land which claims him for its own son, it's crudities he recognizes as the same things which, before he attended Oxford, he accepted as matters of course. He has no means to gratify the taste which has been cultivated in him. Abstinence emphasises the desirability, and the discontent. Instead of adapting Oxford to Canada, he feels indignant that he cannot remodel Canada to the standard of the Old World. He fails and is bitter, or withdraws from real participation in the affairs of the community. The community, conscious of its own deficiencies, sees him fail and considers that it "serves him right."

Canada may need "Oxford" but her sons are more important to her. As University professors, Oxfordized Canadians may do excellent work, but in the outdoor work of Canada Oxford has as yet no place. The same applies to the importation of Continentalism. There is nothing so necessary to Canada as Canadians. There are far too many French-Canadian Nationalists, too many over-ardent Imperialists, too many Scotch, Irish, English and Americans. The man who does Canada the favor of educating his son at Oxford or his daughter in Paris, might just do well to remember that in so doing, he may be divorcing them from the country that needs them. Educate them at home, with a finish—but only a finish—abroad. There is too great a risk in this foreign education.

Sir Maxwell Aitken

By

James Grant

THIS is the story of a man—half boy and half man—who set out to build himself a great castle, and when he had pulled great stones together ready for the raising of the walls and the towers of the building, and when he had even raised some of the walls to a height which showed how great a castle it was to be—he suddenly left off at his castle-building and went away with men who told him that there was a greater work to be done; who told him of a land of dragons, and who said that it would be much better work to go in for killing the dragons than for finishing the walls of the castle. For the castle, they said, would be but a selfish work, whereas to rid the country of a pest would be a work done for the whole people and would make the world remember him always as a man who had done it a great service.

This refers to young Sir Maxwell Aitken who set out to become master of the financial situation in Canada, which is equivalent to the building of the castle aforementioned; but who has been turned aside to champion the cause of the Unionist Party and the Imperialists of England who seek to destroy the dragon of Liberalism and Imperial indifference. A large number of people in Canada have overlooked the most interesting fact about Sir Maxwell Aitken. They have been arguing as to whether he made his millions out of watered stock or whether he merely took opportunities which they were too slow to see. They have, I submit, missed the point. It does not matter whether Sir Maxwell Aitken made his money by stock manipulation or by saving up the interest on a postoffice deposit: in the procession of great men who walk down the main

street of the earth every day, he is a curious figure—a strange figure, and the only question is, will that figure grow greater or will it dwindle? Is he in the ascent or at the zenith? If he is in the zenith there is nothing more for Canadians to care about. In England a public man may have a mellow sunset; in Canada and the United States a great man's sun sets at the zenith. It dare not decline.

Of course, there is also the question of Sir Max Aitken's courage. He knew he was a good castle-builder. He knows, and fair-minded Canadians know, too, that if he had remained in Canada he would have been probably one of the greatest financial forces in the Dominion. But he has quit Finance for Politics and Imperialism. Has he the courage to keep on, or will he go back and complete his career as a financier? Or—will he stand by his fate as a politician, whether it be to die as a back-bencher, or to lead a nation—more than a nation—an empire.

Before forty the New World grudges a man serious publicity. It reads accounts of boy prodigies who play pianos or violins or sing sacred solos in church choirs; or, in athletics, it is glad enough to hear of champion bowlers, pitchers, runners or lacrosse players who developed at an early age; but in the realm of Politics and Finance men of thirty-five are children—to be seen and not heard. Therefore, although Max Aitken at twenty-three had merged two banks, although before he was thirty he had bought and redeemed a dying trust company, although he had exploited railways and power companies in tropical latitudes—little was heard of him in Canada. His own generation was jeal-



ous, the older generation was suspicious. He himself chose to work quietly. His influence was underneath the surface—showing of older merchants and financiers, and it is to be feared, undid the foundations of many of them who were too proud and too slow to match their wit against a youngster's. Even since he formed the greatest mergers in Canada, the cement trust and the car trust, he had been little known among the general public until the Canadian Associated Press in London cabled to Canada last December that "Mr. W. M. Aitken" was creating almost a sensation in his election campaign in one of the Manchester.

Canadians in eastern Canada, where Aitken was born, said: "Max Aitken! Max Aitken, running for member of Parliament in England! Who is he? What Max Aitken is it?" And then they remembered.

"Oh, that little fellow who used to be old man Stair's secretary! Well! well! We thought he was dead when Stairs died. Isn't that odd! Member of Parliament in England?"

Other Canadians, except for a few business men who had not taken Max seriously enough in time and who rubbed their noses reflectively, knew even less about him, and asked for further information. Upon which they were told that Max Aitken was a young man who had done well in Canada and who was now buying his way into popularity in the Old Country—of course, they said "buying." It is only recently, when Sir Sandford Fleming in the Canadian Senate attacked him for alleged stock-jobbing in connection with the forming of the Canadian cement merger, and later, when it was announced that King George, at his coronation, had been pleased to make him "Sir" Max Aitken, that Canadians really began seriously to consider him. For, as I said before, we begrudge distinction to mere youths of thirty who may happen to be worth a few million pounds sterling.

One should, of course, begin with a story of Sir Maxwell's early struggles, but this element in the usual history of a successful man was left out in Sir Maxwell's case. His father was a Presbyterian minister in a small town in New Brunswick. "Max" was educated at Dalhousie College, and after leaving there read law in (then

Governor) Tweedie's office. He read more of it in R. B. Bennett's office in Calgary. But these facts throw little light on his career. He earned his living for a time by short-hand and insurance. Even today, when he wishes to dispose of a letter quickly, he writes a memo in Pitman's system on the bottom of it for his secretary.

Between his twentieth and his twenty-fifth year he was a considerable figure in Maritime Province finance. He became secretary, but afterward partner, of John S. Stair, a leading business man of Halifax. The lean-faced secretary soon wielded as much business influence in Halifax as the average successful man wields at fifty. At twenty-three he brought about the consolidation of the Union Bank of Halifax and the Commercial Bank of Windsor. At twenty-five he was building railways and lighting plants in Cuba. Then he bought three-quarters of the stock of the Montreal Trust Company, and, changing his residence to Montreal, took charge of that institution, so that it recovered its health and thrived, despite the panic of 1907. In 1909 he was listed as one of Montreal's millionaires. That year he brought the Rhodes-Curry Car Company, and, associated with Mr. N. Curry, formed the Canadian Car & Foundry Company. A year or two ago, with Rodolphe Forget and E. R. Wood, he formed the Canadian Cement Company. Meanwhile, his enterprises continue to do well, while he has become an English M.P. and a Knight.

His history is singularly disappointing in failures. He had so few that he might have been merely mediocre. At all events, those that he did have he managed to handle in such a way that few people ever knew of them and nobody has the chance to make anecdotes of them for the delectation of funny-column readers. When Stairs died the Halifax people said, or whispered: "Little Max Aitken is dead, too." But he wasn't. He went on, until now he stands where it behooves him to say: "How now shall I turn?" And in his own answer to his own question lies fashions of human interest.

I interviewed him at his home in Worplesdon, Surrey, the other day. I will not say that he was difficult to interview, nor easier. You could tell that he had not been interviewed very often before, and that he



SIR WILLIAM MAXWELL AITKEN, Kt., M.P.

did not view with any pleasure, nor with any displeasure, the prospect of his being "written up."

"I will not say that he was a distinguished-looking man, for he was not. I will not admit that you would have picked him out from other men as being a genius, for it would, I submit, be untrue. He was of medium height and sallow complexion. He allowed his shoulders to droop. He had eyes of a light shade, which he opened wide, and with which he looked at you clearly and sharply. But they betrayed no signs of anything extraordinary until after you had seen the man and talked to him several times. Then you understood them. But on first impression he appeared to be a man of light build, with little color and thin hair, nervous hands, and a voice that sounded as though he was recovering from a cold. He looked like a thousand other respectable men of intelligence, but he looked also—over-worked."

This thin hair was tousled on the top of his head as though he had been lying down and reading. It was the color of wet sand.

"Come in," he said, extending a long, flexible hand.

He glanced just once into the visitor's face. It was a quick glance that appraised nothing but essentials. The eyes were of that kind which cannot touch another pair of eyes for long without saying something. They had not the accomplishment of an impersonal gaze. They seemed to be trained in efficiency. They were the sort of eyes that are employed by orderly brains to glean information for the Blind Man who lies behind the walls of the skull, examining the world by proxy of ear and eye, nose and touch, and analyzing everything as a blind man would feel out the fibres of a rope, sort them and classify them. Sir Max Aitken's eyes had not, however, the faculty of pulling down the mental blinds and hiding the fact that his brain was thinking, unless he dropped the lids.

There were some questions to be asked: "Do you believe that trusts are bad things?"

"No. I believe in 'consolidations.' They are more efficient. They give better service to the consumer. In a large country such as Canada, they reduce the distribu-

tion costs. They are good for the consumer."

"You admit that they centralize power and that they offer opportunities for unscrupulous men?"

"Of course. So does a police force."

Presently a nurse brought a baby in and he kissed it good-night. It could talk, and it had a message to deliver to its father concerning an important adventure with a hair brush. The maker of Trusts and the small person arrived at a final and confidential decision, whereupon some curls returned to their place upon the nurse's shoulder and Sir Max resumed his discussion of the responsibilities of wealth.

The ivy falls in a million green ripples from the eaves of his house to the paths which underlie it. There is a lawn and a little lake, trees and flowers, paths that are always inviting you to explore the shade behind a certain tree but which, being in England, and knowing their proper place as paths, know perfectly well that they need not expect you to use them except when you have nothing better to do; their duty being to invite you and accept your snub, if you don't choose to come. This is part of the charm of England.

In this house one had found him. All around him were the things which would have taken an ordinary man a life-time to collect.

We were in the library. Out there, through the deep windows, the lawn ran away and hid under the skirts of the oaks and behind the clouds of rhododendrons which stood high on rising ground against the sky-line like blooming nursemaids accepting the attentions of scores of policemen in the shape of bees. A swaggering wind insulted the roses which climbed modestly over the condescending bows of an oak, and bullied the rushes in the little lake who took his beating with averted faces, and whispered together like cowed things. In the house itself was every necessity and every luxury, was order, was good taste, was the savor of a gentler presence somewhere, and the presence of children. There, in a deep chair, was the master of these things, this boy, Sir Max Aitken.

"Hummh!" he said, moving uneasily. "We need ruin. We need it badly."

Rain was all that one could see him needing. Everything else was there that the ordinary Englishman could want. An ordinary Englishman of wealth would have been content and would even have left it for the rest to wish for ruin. Having the things Max Aitken had, and has, he would have been planning a grisly shoot in the north of Vancouver Island, or some other thing of little moment, but such fun. Instead, lay Max Aitken, burning up with ambition, not like most men who contain a modicum of petrol and use it slowly; but like—like a car with the valve wide open, the spark shaved up, spurring the road and leaping toward the receding horizon.

This is a foolish metaphor, because Max Aitken's horizon does not recede. He knows enough to chalk the spot he is aiming at. He aimed first at financial mastery in Canada. He was on the way when he came to England.

Before Max Aitken left Canada he was selling more than thirteen million dollars' worth of bonds every year. In other words, he was an importer of money, just as Sir William Mackenzie is. Mackenzie imported and still imports an amount considerably greater than Max Aitken imported. But Sir William is an old experienced borrower, and Sir Maxwell is scarcely out of his twenties. In the early part of last year, having already formed the cement merger and the Canada Car Company, and having been the prime mover in a score of industrial concerns all over the Dominion, from the manufacture of enamelled iron ware in the east to the development of electrical power at Calgary, he bought the Montreal Rolling Mills Company for four million dollars. In July he sold it to the Steel Company of Canada.

That month he went to England. His health had given out.

It was here that he met the man who caused him to change the direction of his ambitions. It is said that the two chief influences toward this end were Rudyard Kipling and Bonar Law. Kipling and Aitken had met years before, just after Kipling had been given an honorary degree by McGill University. The author of *Mulversay* and Kim and Puck of Pook's Hill, was then riding on a fifteen-cent excursion steamer on the River Miramichi, in the east. Aitken was a fellow passen-

ger, and it was there that the friendship had started. Mr. Bonar Law had played with Max Aitken when the two lived in the vicinity of Newcastle in their juvenile days. Law's father was a clergyman, as was also Aitken's. Their interests in those days had been more or less in common.

Two years ago, had you asked Max Aitken what his ambition was, he would probably have laughed at you, or recommended you to leave curiosity for women. Or, if you had been able to read his mind, you might have seen that he was planning the conquest of the financial world of Canada. To-day, he has a new ambition; one which explains his relation to the Unionist Party in England. Sir Maxwell Aitken, the manipulator of stocks and bonds, has foreseen the old art to learn the new art of politics.

He was bitten in England, as many another Canadian has been bitten, by the germ of Imperialism. Men talked to him of the needs of the Empire, of the work that is to be done to make the Mother Country and the Colonies realize the meaning of the word Empire. With millions already in his possession, he turned his back upon his plans for financial conquests and enlisted under Mr. Balfour.

A woman novelist would say that this was the "tragedy" of Sir Maxwell Aitken, that with all the things he has done and all the things he has accomplished for himself, he is not satisfied. Of course, he is not satisfied! Would any man, worthy of the name, be content to have finished the game at quarter-time? He has been a curious adventure with life. He set out twelve years ago to conquer something that any man might have thought was worth conquering. The world of finance was the world he had learned to know. The citadel, wherein the Chiefs of the Legion were encamped, lay before him like a walled city, bristling with girdle, ponderous, looking down on him with graver indifference. The years—scarcely eight of them—leapt from the Future into the Past, over his head, and left him—standing within the walled city, a young caliph.

That there were still greater caliphs he knew: Sir William Mackenzie and Sir David Mann were still his seniors; but he had attained—that height where the Economic Machine became his servant, in-

stand of his master; where a dollar became, instead of the comptroller of his commissary department, his messenger, his minion. Then he left that arena and went out with Kipling and Bonar Law to conquer the new one of which they painted pictures.

It is an old story now how Sir Maxwell went into the election last December and how, although the rest was rated as a difficult one for a Unionist to win, he won it by a substantial majority. At that time the great London dailies devoted great space to his campaign. He was discussed pro and con by all the papers. Bonar Law, in an election address, described Aitken as "the most capable young man I know." The Toronto Globe, having made sure just who he was, contributed a fatherly editorial in which it admonished him to be as successful in his new line of life as in his old, the penalty, it hinted, being greater clarity than if he had been only an ordinary man and failed. But Max Aitken was in no position to pay any attention to the people who had ignored him before he went to England, and who were compelled to recognise him after the people of England had "discovered" his abilities. He retired to his new home in England, a sick man. There followed a time when he was scarcely expected to recover, so much strength had he expended in his first political battle. But he had won it.

The question is: How much ability has Sir Maxwell Aitken? And what kind of ability is it? If one could answer these with certainty, then one might be able to guess how far Sir Maxwell will travel in the new sphere which he has chosen. The attacks which have been made upon him in connection with his career in Canada, and the things which have been insinuated against his knighthood, have little bearing upon the case. It is well known in financial circles that a certain "scout" who opened the attack on the Canadian Cement Company had a personal reason for his move against Sir Maxwell. It is known that Sir Maxwell succeeded in purchasing control in a company which the older financier tried to keep him out of; it is known that there has been a gudgeon of long standing. As for the knighthood, it is well to recall the story of a certain very prominent Canadian, and one who had rendered his country invaluable ser-

vice, who, when certain friendly authorities offered him a knighthood, said: "Knighthood! Don't you think I want to have one friend left in Canada? Why, man, if they knighted me there'd be jealousy all over the country, just as there is when anybody is knighted. They would say that he bought it, that he stole it; that he conspired and schemed to get it. No, thank you! I'll have no knighthood."

What was true in three earlier Canadian days is quite true now. The public press in Canada has learned to be grateful to new knights and baronets in Canada; but when Sir Maxwell Aitken was honored he was far enough away, and little enough known in Canada, to endure criticism. Some few papers wanted to know why certain other Canadians had not been honored in Sir Maxwell's place, forgetting that the honor was not given to Sir Maxwell as to a Canadian, but as to a valued citizen of the British Empire, living in England. His ability as a man of business has not been proven to be any less by the attacks upon him. His knighthood was undoubtedly a recognition not only of his own worth as a citizen of England, but of the high family with which Sir Maxwell is connected.

Now, there are some of his qualities, as one might read them in looking over the facts of his career and in meeting him. He has ambition, determination, tenacity of purpose, keenness of insight, alertness, quickness of decision, and quickness in action. He works very hard. He rises early and goes through his mail. He sees business callers and gives business directions, during the day. In the evening he enjoys the same relaxations as other men, but when they have gone to bed, when the lights downstairs have been put out, Sir Maxwell lies in bed and reads into the early hours of the next day. He reads quickly and digests the information. He is one of the best-informed men of the day.

"What is your theory of the Empire?" we asked. "What do you stand for?"

"I stand," he said, "for a greater Empire, as closely knitted together as the German States."

Then came reciprocity, which is another matter.

Sir Max Aitken has a great deal of the primitive man about him. Perhaps this

is why Kipling is said to admire him so. Perhaps it will help him in politics; perhaps not. In his instinct for retaliation he is like a boy. If he is hurt a *little*, he will say nothing, if he is hurt a *quick* his impulse is to strike straight back, without a cry, without warning—but to Strike! He is a man with the highest moral sensitiveness, but I would guess him to be ruthless in the heat of the game. He would not willingly hurt anyone, but when he is running he sees nothing but the goal. He bends all his energies toward it. He has an appetite for work and an instinct for success. These qualities have probably assisted him in his career as a financier.

Finance, however, is a primitive game, calling out the primitive instincts. Politics is less a matter of "I will." Politics is more subtle. Although a statesman may be self-seeking and an opportunist, he must disguise it. He cannot succeed merely

by overcoming his enemies, he must make his enemies overcome themselves so that their defeat looks, in the eyes of the people, more like the hand of Providence than the hand of a political general. Sir Maxwell Aitken may possess these soldier qualities. At all events, he has the wit to find out for himself the rules of the new game and adapt himself to them, rather than force the new game with old methods.

He stands with three courses before him: if he leaves politics in time he has yet the key to the financial; if he remains in politics he may succeed, he may become a great name throughout the whole Empire; or he may become only one of the House of Commons of England—an honorable enough post, but in Max Aitken's place it would be tragedy, and time for someone to write another psychological novel.

IN SUNSHINE

Sunshine is the land where blossoms blow.
Nodding their graceful bonnets to and fro;
Where buttercups and sweet white daisies grow.
Slender and green.

Sunshine is the land where butterflies,
Through the scented gardens, dip and rise.
And o'er the streamlet flutter, as it lies.

In the silver sheen
Sunshine is the land where smiles are sown,
Where thoughts of kindness and sweet words are
grown;

When, by the gardeners down the buds are sown.
They fly away.
To comfort those who are within the shade.
The gloomy shadows that misfortune made
Where hide the violets, timid and afraid.

Of its face grey
Sunshine is the land of light and song.
Where birds from other countries gladly throng.
And play among the branches all day long

The world of nests.
Sunshine is the land where breezes meet
The wanderer, who finds that place so sweet.
And with a soothing whisper gladly greet
Him, as he rests.

—Margaret Osborne.

For Pity's Sake

By

Mary Stuart Boyd

HIS name was Clamour—Cyril Clamour—and he was a Man.

If Mr. Clamour was specially proud of anything, it was of being a man. In his secret soul he spelled the word with a capital letter. Yet it may be confessed that, judged by masculine standpoints, he fell short. His morals were irreproachable, his ideas admirably stereotyped, his manners beautiful. Had Nature so decreed it, Mr. Clamour would have made an excellently conventional British matron. As matters were he proved but the shadow of a man.

Mr. Clamour, who was blessed with a competency, was an orphan. His only surviving relation was an aunt in Edinburgh, from whom, with but small reason, he flattered himself he had expectations. Towards her his behavior was painstakingly and, to the recipient of his nepotetic attentions, provokingly dutiful. Every Tuesday he dispatched a pictorial post card calculated to keep alight her interest in the sender. And once a year he made a pilgrimage to her shrine, when what she called his "pernickiness" ways nearly drove the good lady distracted. A certain amount of awe—as of one who held the powers of good and of evil—tempered Mr. Clamour's regard for his relative. Once in a moment of extreme daring he referred to her as "my fat aunt," and for weeks after suffered spasms of nervous apprehension lest the carelessly-spoken—but quite accurate—description should by some mischance reach her ears.

Pending her demise, his annual income of two hundred pounds supplied enough for a placid and even modestly-luxurious existence. Half of the sum secured him board and lodging in the most select

boarding-house in Budcombe. Mr. Clamour did not smoke, he had no head for liquor, and the social life of the little south-coast town made no severe demands on the pockets of a bachelor; so the remaining hundred amply sufficed for dress, travel and amusements.

At 8.45 on this brilliant summer morning, Mr. Clamour was confronted by the first serious mental effort of his day—that of choosing a suitable neck-tie. His ways were all orderly. The left-hand top drawer of his duchesse toilet-table held pocket-handkerchiefs, and that on the right, collars—the middle division being devoted to ties.

The drawer opened, they lay before him in delicate shades of the newest colors—purples, greens, blues, browns. Having mentally reviewed the events of the coming day, Mr. Clamour selected a tie of knitted silk in a shade of beige brown that would accord perfectly with the suit of summer tweeds he wore. Then, having slipped on his coat, and given a final twist to the waxed ends of his slender moustache, he descended to breakfast.

Mrs. Durrant, the landlady, who was already seated behind the tea and coffee urns, purred pleasantly at his approach. Mr. Clamour was the prize boarder—I beg both their pardons—paying guest of her establishment. A three years' residence had made Mr. Clamour a person to be considered at "Mon Repos," as the double-fronted villa at the east end of the esplanade at Budcombe was named. His room was the large one with the sea-view, and his likes and dislikes influenced the menus more frequently than the other guests realized. The minor creature comforts which his body craved—the hot-water bag,

the early-morning cup of tea—were never forgotten.

In strict justice to Mr. Clamour, it must be acknowledged that he never failed to confer upon his hostess those little courtesies for which men of more active lives rarely have leisure. At Christmas he invariably supplemented the joint-offering of Mrs. Durrant's guests with an elaborate Christmas card, designed and carried out in water-color and gold point by himself. And on her most recent birthday his floral tribute had been accompanied by a laudatory poem of his own composition.

Mr. Clamour's correspondence was rarely of an important character. This morning a solitary pamphlet lay by his plate awaiting his attention. Picking it up, he opened it with interest.

"This is a catalogue of the sale that's to be held at the Manor House. I wrote to the auctioneer for it," he remarked to the company in general.

"Sure, an' you're not thinking of furnishing, are ye?" Mrs. Moreen, a genial Irish lady, rallied him. "It's the nice, kind husband yourself'll make."

"Pie! fie! You naughty lady. I really am surprised at you!" said Mr. Clamour, wriggling delightfully as he shook a reproving finger. "When you know what a confirmed old bachelor I am. No, speaking seriously, I saw that the conservatory plants were to be sold, and I thought a lady friend might like to know the particulars. She's frightfully interested in gardening."

"Then it's not marryin' you're thinkin' of? Well, you bachelors ought to be ashamed of yourselves. Great strong fellows like you, leaving us poor, weak women to protect ourselves!"

Highly gratified, Mr. Clamour protested coyly. The insidious flattery of Mrs. Moreen's badinage gave him a wholly delightful feeling of self-importance. Forgetting—if he had ever discerned, which is doubtful—that he was undersized and not particularly robust, he glowed to know himself a lord of creation.

It was with a sense of added inches that, breakfast over, he put on a straw hat whose multi-hued ribbon gave a decided suggestion of millinery, and taking his gloves and carefully-rolled umbrella, went out in pursuit of his regular morning exercise.

The expedition began with a visit to the Club, where he glanced at the newspapers, and gossiped with other congenial idlers; and ended with a constitutional along the miniature esplanade before returning to "Mon Repos" to luncheon.

A period of what Mr. Clamour referred to in conversation as "quiet reflection" invariably followed the mid-day meal. Returning to his room, he exchanged his walking shoes for bedroom slippers of pink quilted silk, and seating himself in a softly-cushioned easy-chair, drifted gently into slumber before he had read more than half-a-dozen lines of the book he held; to awaken an hour later with a sensation of profound amazement at the unexpected somnolence that had overtaken him.

Having consulted his engagement-book and learned—that he knew without looking—that no afternoon "At-home" or croquet party claimed his attendance, he decided to call upon Miss Fillans, the lady on whose behalf he had procured the sale catalogue.

As Mr. Clamour, stepping delicately in patent leather shoes and purple socks adorned with a self-colored clock, mounted the slope leading to her house, a cheery voice from behind hailed him. Turning, he found Miss Fillans overtaking him. She was a tall, energetic-looking woman. A plain cloth hat shaded the grey eyes that were the one fine feature of her sensible face. Her tressed skirt was cut conveniently short, and she carried a stout stick.

"Were you on your way to call on me?" she asked. "That's right! I'm glad we didn't miss each other. I've just been down to the postoffice. Did you come up High Street? You must have passed while I was inside. Here we are. Come in."

They had entered by the rustic gate, and were walking up under the pergola over which the Dorothy Perkins roses were rioting in profusion, before Mr. Clamour recovered the breath of which the steep ascent had robbed him. And they had reached the jasmine-covered porch before he was ready to utter the succession of platitudes that were his idea of polite conversation.

"How nice!" (Mr. Clamour had a favorite adjective and a favorite adverb, and

worked them hard). "How frightfully nice of you to be at home, and on such a sweet day!"

"Nice? Not a bit of it," retorted Miss Fillans briskly. "You're pretty certain to find me at home at this time of year. In the cold, wet months, when gardening is an impossibility, I pay all my duty calls; then, when the bright weather comes, I've earned my leisure and am free to enjoy my garden."

"I brought you this catalogue of the Manor House sale. Indeed, I may say, I wrote to the auctioneer for it. I thought it might interest you. They had some frightfully nice things in the conservatories, and I saw that the executors were selling off the pot plants."

Miss Fillans nodded appreciatively.

"That was really very thoughtful of you. I'm glad to have it. You'll stay to tea?"

"Oh, it's really too good of you. I know I really shouldn't—"

"No, I won't take a denial. You, surely, can't refuse to take pity on my loneliness?"

"But it's really frightfully kind of you," Mr. Clamour continued protesting, even when a cup of tea, weakened and sweetened to his taste, was on a small table at his elbow, and he was in the act of selecting his first piece of buttered tea-cake.

The meal in the wide, flower-scented sitting-room was a pleasant one. Both Miss Fillans and her guest enjoyed it, though he took his tea weak to poorness, and accepted plum-cake, protesting that he knew he would regret it; while his hostess drank three cups of strong tea, and revealed the healthy appetite of one who leads an out-of-door life.

Miss Fillans was a woman of wide sympathies, and of a generous nature. Lesser minds always called forth her compassion. She led her visitor to prattle of himself, expressed—and felt—an interest when he related the stereotyped routine of his days, and listened attentively to his criticism of the novel he had just read: a work which he considered "frightfully affecting," and which he confessed had made him feel "quite weepy."

When tea was over, she showed him round the acre of ground whose boundary enclosed the leading interest of her spinster life, and introduced him to the shel-

tered patch at the sunny end of the kitchen garden, where, with the aid of a row of frames, a score or two of bell-glasses and sundry lengths of rye matting, she was experimenting in the French system of fruit and vegetable culture for her own use.

Mr. Clamour's knowledge of horticulture was nil, and his vocabulary was limited; but after having listened attentively to her description of the "intensive" method of cultivation, he declared that the cantaloup melons looked frightfully nice, and that the idea of having fresh-cut salad all winter struck him as being frightfully clever. And so even unintelligent appreciation of our hobbies is gratifying. Miss Fillans was not ill-pleased with her visitor.

When he left, she accompanied him to the gate, and sped their parting with a cordial invitation to dinner on the following Thursday, when she was entertaining a few friends.

"He is a well-intentioned little soul," she thought, as, taking up the sale catalogue, she settled herself in her special cosy chair for a quiet read; "but Heaven! what an empty life to lead!"

On the way homewards Clamour, highly pleased by his reception, found himself thinking sympathetically of Miss Fillans. How graciously she had welcomed him! And then her prompt invitation to dinner—how flattering her expressed desire for his speedy return!

Dinner invitations were rare in Budcombe, which was lavish in afternoon-tea. He knew he would enjoy the party, though it meant braving the night air. He had not thought of that when he accepted the invitation. He would much rather it had been for luncheon, although there was a certain amount of satisfaction in having his fellow-boarders see him go forth arrayed for a banquet to which they had not been invited. Still, it would not do to disappoint Miss Fillans. It was his duty to give her the benefit of male society. He would dodge the night air by engaging the Angel Hotel fly to fetch him.

As he tripped lightly downhill, feeling at peace with all his world, the banter of the lively Irish widow, Mrs. Moran, occurred disquietingly to him. And the thought of the enormous number of un-



Drawn by J. H. Thorne

"Mr. Clamour sat on the edge of a couch, desperately clutching his bouquet."

married women in Britain rushed in upon his complacency with an overwhelming sense of unfulfilled obligation.

Mr. Clamour shared the prevalent masculine delusion that the women who remain unwed are those who have lacked the opportunity of changing their state. And it pained him to think of all these poor unhappy females living their incomplete lives because no man had found them attractive. It was with keen self-reproach that he realized that he, a Man, had failed in his duty towards the weaker sex.

As he pondered the matter his torpid spirit of chivalry sprang into more virile existence, and he resolved to remove the offence so far as he was concerned and to lose no time in proving himself worthy of his birth. Here was a single woman, leading a lonely life. He had always admired Miss Fillans. He would rescue her from her forlorn condition by making her his wife, and at the earliest possible opportunity.

In justice to Mr. Clamour, it must be admitted that his knowledge of Miss Fillans' independent circumstances did not unduly influence his choice. Naturally, he fully realized that it would be impossible for him to offer his hand to one whose income did not at least equal his own, which, while amply sufficient for his own wants, left no margin for indulgence in excessive acts of charity, such as, in his estimation, the espousal of a penniless bride would have been.

The sudden prospect of so sweeping a change in his manner of life was too exciting for one of Mr. Clamour's meagre physique. He ate little dinner, though there was roast duckling, and Mrs. Durrant had provided his favorite steamed sprouts pudding.

Having retired early, he lay long awake, ruminating his faltering courage by recalling all the occasions on which Miss Fillans might be said to have given him encouragement. Even that day she had said pointedly that any afternoon he would be certain to find her at home. What could that mean but that she would stay at home on the chance of his calling? Poor Miss Fillans! It almost made him sad to think that up till now she had been forced to exist without the support of a Man's superior judgment.

It was with sincere admiration for his own heroism that, just as the night-light flickered out, Mr. Clamour fell asleep on the resolution to sacrifice himself, and rescue Miss Fillans from the chill atmosphere of spinsterhood.

The morning proved wet—unpleasantly so; but Mr. Clamour, having braced himself to the commission of a magnanimous act, dared not risk delay. Finding that the weather showed no sign of clearing, he rent for the "Angel" fly, and drove off, pausing on the way to purchase a bunch of white flowers and several yards of white satin ribbon, which with femininely deft fingers he tied in a graceful bow about the stems.

When the news of his arrival reached her, the object of his solicitude, clad in a sea-weather, an old waterproof coat and thick-soled boots, was in her French garden examining her traps of orange-skins and cabbage-leaves for the slugs that threatened to devastate her seedling plants.

"Rather the creature!" she thought, reluctantly abandoning the quest. "He was here yesterday, and he's coming on Thursday. What's brought him back to-day? Well—I can't be rude to anybody in my own house. So I suppose I must go in and be 'frightfully nice' to him!"

Mr. Clamour, in something like a panic now that the moment of his declaration had come, sat on the edge of a couch desperately clutching his bouquet. The consciousness that, owing to the moisture of the air, one end of his slender moustache had lost its stiffness and limply drooped, added to his secret perturbation.

"Well, Mr. Clamour! I thought you were afraid of the damp? What's brought you out on such a wet morning?" Miss Fillans asked genially. Then, struck by a comical suggestion of a belated wedding-guest in his appearance, she added: "Are you on your way from a wedding?"

The chance question supplied the opening her intending suitor lacked.

"No—not a wedding. Not to-day, that is, but perhaps—shortly. I came—I know it's frightfully bold of me—but I came—indeed, I may say I came especially—to ask if you would marry me?"

For a moment Miss Fillans believed her visitor to be indulging in a sorry attempt at a jest; then his obvious discomfiture proclaimed his serious intention.

"Tush! man; don't be silly," she said good-humoredly. "Whatever put such a ridiculous notion into your head?"

"You did!" Mr. Clamour protested. No male being can endure to be flouted without offering instant justification. "You have always been so frightfully nice to me. And you invited me to dinner on Thursday. And yesterday you told me you'd be at home any afternoon I called. And—and I thought you'd be happier if you had a man to take care of you!"

Sitting down—wet waterproof and all—on a satin-covered chair Miss Fillans laughed outright.

"Well! To think of that," she gasped. "And so you were sorry for me? And you thought I was trying to allure you. Why, don't you understand that I welcomed you here simply because I felt sorry for you, because you seemed to have such an empty, aimless existence. And so you want to take pity on my forlorn condition? Bless your heart! Can a man not realize that an unmarried woman may show him a little hospitality without pining to marry him? I don't want to marry you—or any other man, for that matter. Can't you understand that I might have been married over and over again if I had liked?"

There was something so definite in Miss Fillans' tone, such an air of finality in her manner of rising to her feet, that Clamour, as though drawn by invisible cords, rose too. He found it impossible to realize

that within so few minutes of his entering the house his future had been decided.

"Then is that all you can say?" he faltered. Now that he knew Miss Fillans' point of view, his mental attitude had completely changed. He no longer thought of himself as the benefactor. "Will it be any use for me to hope?" "Not a scrap of use."

Miss Fillans had spoken decisively, but as from the drawing-room window she watched her rejected suitor—still clinging to the fustian-looking bouquet that he had lacked the courage to present—pass out through the rain to the fly that was provisionally waiting, a swift compassion smote her, casting any feeling of resentment that might have lingered. Running out, she reached the gate just as the cab moved ambrosially off.

"Wait a moment!" she cried. At the sound of her voice, Mr. Clamour's woe-begone face appeared at the window he was preparing to pull up.

"I only wanted to say that we'll agree to forget this foolishness—won't we?" she asked kindly. "That's right. And I'll expect you to dinner at eight on Thursday, all the same, remember."

"To want to marry me—the ideal! Did mortal ever know anything so absurd?" she thought as she resumed the interrupted sing-song. "And yet, I must confess I don't dislike the creature!"

LIFE IS TOO SHORT

Life is too short that we should walk apart,
Who've walked together o'er familiar ways.
I cannot still your music in my heart—
I cannot banish dear, remembered days!
Life is too short that we should waste our hours
In silent grieving, striving to be brave,
In pining high, with sadly faded flowers
The place within our hearts we call a grave.
Dreams never die, but grow in soul-like beauty,
Awaiting just some tender, touching hand,
Then mock them not by chanting of our duty—
Our duty this—to love, and understand!

—Amy E. Campbell.



The Eye of the House

By

Hamilton Adams

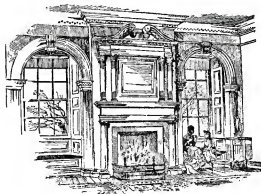
HOW important a part windows play in human life is evident from the constant references to it to be found in the literatures of all ages. It was from a window in the ark that Noah sent forth the raven and the dove and his family beheld the waters recede from the face of the earth. It was from a window in the palace in Samaria that Queen Jezebel was thrown to the dogs. From a window overlooking the wall of Damascus, St. Paul was lowered in a basket and escaped from his enemies. Visitors to the Castle of Edinburgh are shown the little window from which Mary Queen of Scots smuggled the infant Prince James, so that he might be taken to Stirling for baptism. Through a casement window Juliet conversed with her Romeo. Such examples might be multiplied to an almost limitless extent.

The literature of romance presents usually as its most thrilling episode the escape of the imprisoned fair one by means of a rope ladder attached to the sill of her chamber window by the hand of some ardent lover. The literature of tragedy loves to deal with turret chambers into which the light filters through narrow windows pierced through the thickness of masonry or else to dwell on the horrors of dungeons, emphasizing their blackness and desolation by invariably explaining that they have no windows. History records horrid death scenes where the victims of the block step to the scaffold through palace windows. Science preaches the gospel of the open casement, if humanity is to escape disease and untimely dissolution.

It is a poetic fancy that has long been cherished to liken a window to the human

eye. To the inhabitants of a house it fulfills in a degree the functions of an eye, admitting light and enabling one and all to look forth upon the outside world. To those in the street it provides some notion, vague it may often be, of the character of the house and those who dwell within its walls. That this is no idle fancy can easily be proved by recalling mentally, or visiting, certain streets or neighborhoods and there pausing to consider the influence exerted by the different houses. Where there are long rows of windows staring vacantly out on the

to be attributed to the variety and individuality of the windows. Perhaps more than anything else the windows contribute to the general impression of novelty and charm. A little of the character of the people of the country peeps through their panes. They reflect the soul of the inhabitants. It is almost redundant to say that the windows of a Japanese house are Japanese or the casements of a Venetian palace are Venetian,—the two mean so much the same. But the characteristics of the people are reflected in the way they look out on the world.



"Furnish Your House With Substans."

street, even if the architecture of the building is attractive, a certain degree of gloom settles on the mind; but when the windows are varied in shape and style, there is relief and consequent pleasure in their contemplation. A bright and sparkling eye attracts; a dull and morose eye repels, and this is quite as true of the windows of a house as it is of the more wonderful windows of the soul.

In visiting a foreign land, where the styles of houses are so markedly different from those at home, much of the delight they engender in the visitor's mind is

Suggestive names have been given to different styles of windows,—names that conjure up all sorts of romantic notions. There is, for instance, the dormer window, so varied in its shapes, peeping out from lofty roofs and at once giving the idea of pleasant slumber. There is the eyelid window, the small opening *which seems* forever to be winking. The bow window pushing its rounded form out into the street or garden. The owl window with its suggestive of a gilded room within. All these and more are to be found in the family of windows.

Granted then that the windows are the eyes of the house and that they convey a definite impression to the passer-by of the character of the house and its occu-



Windows will Admit of Artistic Treatment.

pants, how important it is that that impression should be a pleasing one. It is not enough to say that it is no business of the passer-by whether your windows

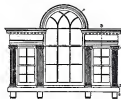


There is Dignity in a Window Such as This.

please him or not. If all the world were to act on this principle, what a wretched place it would be. The expression of your house is quite as much a matter of

concern to your fellow-being as the expression of your face. If it is a duty each man owes to his neighbor to be civil and courteous, to smile and look cheerful, it is just as important that his dwelling should not offend, and unless you build a wall as high as Haman's gallows around it, you can't stop the public from looking at your house.

For one thing, we might often have far more windows than we do have. It has been pointed out that in modelling houses after styles prevalent in southern and more tropical climes, people have neglected to remember that, whereas in the south the number of windows has been reduced to a minimum to keep out the heat, in the north there should be a maximum of windows to admit light during the long months of winter.



The Best Taste Favors the Old-fashioned, Small Window Pane.

Then again windows will admit of more artistic treatment than they have usually been accustomed to receive. Placed for utility, utility has often usurped what might well have been given to aesthetic considerations. When the door has been impressively treated, the poor windows are set in their proscribed places without much attention to their artistic appearance. That there is a great chance here for true decoration is obvious, and both aesthetic satisfaction and practical comfort are to be derived from lavishing a little care on their ornamentation. A bit of carving here or terra cotta decoration there will relieve the plainness.

Is it not the case that people planning a house, especially those who are doing it for the first time, will spend days and weeks in laying out the rooms and in de-

ciding on the materials to be used in construction, and will then dismiss the subject of windows in a breath. To their minds there are only two kinds of windows, casement and sliding sash, and it is an easy matter to decide between the two. But as to the picturesque value to the exterior of the house, not to mention convenience indoors, of the proper location and ornamentation of windows, nothing is said. Often these considerations are never remembered until the house is finished.

One easy way to get variety in windows is to introduce a few bow windows here and there. Ruskin, the artist, was an enthusiast on bow windows. He once wrote, "You surely must all of you feel and admit the delightfulness of a bow window. I hardly fancy a room can be perfect without one. Now you have nothing to do but to resolve that every one of your principal rooms shall have a bow window, either large or small. Sustain it on a bracket, crown it above with a little peaked roof, and give a massy piece of stone sculpture to the pointed arch in

each of its casements and you will have as inexhaustible a source of quaint richness in your street architecture as of additional comfort and delight in the interior of your rooms.

The best taste favors the old-fashioned small window panes. Apart from the natural inclination of cultured people towards older styles, there is a pleasantness in the use of small panes in contrast to those large plate glass expanses so common nowadays. One architect explains this by pointing out that the lines made by the small frames give the eye a gauge for measuring the sizes and distances of objects outside. They cut out from the landscape little pictures, framing them and separating them one from the other to the relief of the eye.

Furnish your house with sunbeams, says Leigh Hunt. To be able to do this, one must have plenty of windows. And if there must be windows, why not have them as artistic, both architecturally and in their inside decoration, as it is possible to make them?

THE STRANGER

While wandering in a dream-filled space,
Where ghosts from dead old years pass by,
And in the midst from whence they came
Are swallowed up, nor leave a name,
We meet—this haunting form and I—
And paused a moment, face to face.

The stirring depths of memory
Held such a man. I felt the thrill
Of one who finds a friend, and yet
It carried too a feeling of regret
For youthful ardors, long grown chill,
It stirred strange, fearful thoughts in me.

"Your name?" the question leapt from me;
For my emotions bade me stay
This half-known stranger ere his flight
Lost us forever in the night;
Then with a sigh I heard him say
"I am the man you hoped to be."

F. J.

The Trail of '98

By

Robert W. Service

Author of "The Songs of a Sourdough" and "Ballads of a Cheechako."

BOOK IV

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CHAPTER X.

The dogs! The dogs were closing in. Nearer and nearer they drew, headed by a fierce Mackenzie river bitch. They wondered why their master did not wake; they wondered why the little tent was so still; why no plume of smoke rose from the slim stovepipe. All was oddly quiet and lifeless. No curses greeted them; no whip-lash cut into them; no strong arm jerked them over the harness. Perhaps it was a primordial instinct that drew them on, that made them strangely bold. Perhaps it was only the despair of their hunger, the ache of empty bellies. Closer and closer they crept to the silent tent.

Locasto opened his eyes. Within a foot of his face were the fangs of a malmute. At his slight movement it drew back with a snarl, and retreated to the door. Locasto could see the other dogs crouching and eyeing him fixedly. 'What could be the matter? What had gotten into the brutes? Where was the Worm? Where were the provisions? Why was the tent flap open and the stove stone-cold? Then with a dawning comprehension that he had been deserted, Locasto uttered a curse and tried to rise.

At first he thought he was stiff with cold, but a downward glance showed him his condition. He was helpless. He grew sick at the pit of his stomach, and glared at the dogs. They were drawing in on him. They seemed to bulk suddenly, to

grow huge and menacing. Their gleaming teeth snapped in his face. He could fancy these teeth stripping the flesh from his body, gnawing at his bones with drooling jaws. Violently he shuddered. He must try to free himself, so that at least he could fight.

Grimly the Worm had done his work, but he had hardly reckoned on the strength of this man. With a vast thrice of fear Locasto tried to free himself. Tenser, tenser grew the thoughts; they strained, they bit into his flesh, but they would not break. Yet as he relaxed it seemed to him they were less tight. Then he rested for another effort.

Once again the gaunt, grey bitch was crawling up. He remembered how often he had starved it, clubbed it until it could barely stand. Now it was going to get even. It would snap at his throat, rip out his windpipe, bury its fangs in his bleeding flesh. He cursed it in the old way. With a spring it backed out again and stood with the others. He made another giant effort. Once again he felt the thoughts strain and strain; then, when he ceased, he imagined they were still looser. The dogs seemed to have lost all fear.

They stood in a circle within a few feet of him, regarding him intently. They smelled the blood on his head, and a slaver ran from their jaws. Again he cursed them, but this time they did not move. They seemed to realize he could not harm them. With their evilly-slanted

eyes they watched his struggles. Strange, wise, unemmy brutes, they were biding their time, waiting to rush in on him, to rend him.

Again he tried to get free. Now he fancied he could move his arm a little. He must hurry, for every instant the malmutes were growing bolder. Another strain and a wrench. Ha! he was able to squeeze his right arm from under the rawhide.

He felt the foul breath of the dogs on his face, and quickly he struck at them. They jumped back, then, as if at a signal, they sprang in again. There was no time to lose. They were attacking him in earnest. Quickly he wrenched out his other arm. He was just in time, for the dogs were upon him.

He struggled to his knees and shielded his head with his arms. Wildly he swung at the nearest dog. Full on the face he struck it, and it shot back as if hit by a bullet. But the others were on him. They had him down, snarling and ripping, a mad ferment of fury. Two of them were making for his face. As he lay on his back he gripped each by the throat. His hands were torn and bleeding, but he had them fast. In his grip of steel they struggled to free themselves in vain. They backed, they writhed, they twisted in a bow. With his huge hands he was choking them, choking them to death, using them as a shield against the other three. Then slowly he worked himself into a sitting position. He hurled one of the dogs to the tent door. He swung bloodgripping blows at the others. They fled yelping and howling. He still held the Mackenzie river bitch. Getting his knee on her body, he bent her almost into a circle, bent her till her back broke with a snap.

Then he rose and freed himself from the remaining thoughts. He was torn and out and bleeding, but he had triumphed.

"Oh, the devil!" he growled, grinding his teeth. "He would have me chewed to rags by malmutes."

He stared around.

"He's taken everything, the scum! left me to starve. Ha! one thing he's forgotten—the matches. At least I can keep warm."

He picked up the canister of matches and refit the stove.

"I'll kill him for this," he muttered. "Night and day I'll follow him. I'll camp on his trail till I find him. Then—I'll torture him; I'll strip him and leave him asked in the snow."

He slipped into his snowshoes, gave a last look around to see that no food had been left, and with a final growl of fury he started in pursuit.

Ahead of him, ploughing their way through the virgin snow, he could see the dragging track of the long snowshoes. He examined it, and noted that it was sharp and crisp at the edges.

"He's got a good five hours' start of me! Traveling fast, too, by the length of the track."

He had a thought of capturing the dogs and hitching them up; but, thoroughly terrified, they had retreated into the woods. To overtake this man, to glut his lust for revenge, he must depend on his own strength and endurance.

"Now, Jack Locasto," he told himself grimly, "you've got a fight on your hands, such a fight as you never had before. Get right down to it."

So, with head bowed and shoulders drooping forward, he darted on the track of the Worm.

"He's got to break trail, the viper! and that's where I score. I can make twice the time. Oh, just wait, you little devil! just wait!"

He ground his teeth vindictively, and put an inch more onto his stride. He was descending a long, open valley that seemed from its trackless snows to have been immemorably life-hummed and accursed. Black, witch-like pines sentinelled its flanks, and accentuated its desolation and awe into all the silence of the Wild, that double-strong solution of silence from which all other silences are distilled, and spread out. Yet, as he gazed around him in this everlasting solitude, there was no fear in his heart.

"I can fight this accursed land and beat it out every time," he exulted. "It can't get any the better of me."

It was cold, so cold that it was difficult to imagine it could ever be warm again. To expose flesh was to feel instantly the sharp sting that heralds frostbite. As he ran, the sharp intake of icy air made his lungs seem to contract. His eyes smarted

and tingled. The lashes froze closely. Ice formed in his nostrils and his nose began to bleed. He pulled up a moment.

"Curse this infernal country!" He had not eaten and the icy air begot a ravenous hunger. He dreamed of food, but chiefly of bacon, fat, greasy bacon. How glorious it would be just to eat of it, raw, tallow bacon! He had nothing to eat. He would have nothing till he had overtaken the Worm. On! On!

He came to where the Worm had made a camp. There were the ashes of a fire. "Curse him; he's got some matches after all," he said with bitter chagrin. Eagerly he searched all around in the snow to see if he could not find even a crumb of food. There was nothing. He pushed on. Night fell and he was forced to make camp.

Oh, he was hungry! The night was vastly replenished, a spendthrift night scattering everywhere its largesse of stars. The cold had a crystalline quality and the trees detonated strangely in the silence. He built a huge fire; that at least he could have, and through eighteen hours of darkness he crouched by it, afraid to sleep for fear of freezing.

"If I only had a tin to boil water in," he muttered; "there's lots of reindeer moss, and I could stew some of my mukluks. Ah! I'll try and roast a bit of them."

He cut a strip from the Indian boots he was wearing, and held it over the fire. The hair singed away and the corners crisped and charred. He put it in his mouth. It was pleasantly warm, but even his strong teeth refused to meet in it. However, he tore it into smaller pieces, and boiled them.

At last the dawn came, that evil, snaking, corpse-like dawn, and Locosto flung himself once more on the trail. He was not feeling so fit now. Hunger and loss of blood had weakened him so that his stride insensibly shortened, and his step had lost its spring. However, he plodded on doggedly, an incarnation of vengeance and hate. Again he examined the snowshoe trail ever stretching in front, and noticed how crisped and hard was its edge. He was not making the time he had reckoned on. The Worm must be a long way ahead.

Still he did not despair. The little man might rest a day, or oversleep, or strain a sinew, then— Locosto pictured with

gloating joy the terror of the Worm as he awoke to find himself overtaken. Oh, the snake! the vermin! On! On!

Beyond a doubt he was growing weaker. Once or twice he stumbled, and the last time he lay a few moments before rising. He wanted to rest badly. The cold was keener than ever; it was merciless; it was excruciating. He no longer had the vitality to withstand it. It stabbed and stung him whenever he exposed bare flesh. He pulled the parka hood very close, so that only his eyes peered out. So he moved through the desolation of the Arctic Wild, a dark, muffled figure, a demon of vengeance, fierce and menacing.

He stood on a vast, still plateau. The sky was like a great grotto of ice. The land lay in a wan apathy of suffering, dumb, hopeless, drear. Ice land and icy sky met in a trap, a trap that held him fast; and over all, vast, titanic, terrible, the Spirit of the Wild seemed to brood. It laughed at him, a laugh of derision, of mockery, of callous gloating triumph. Locosto shuddered. Then night came and he built another giant fire.

Again he boiled down some roasted mukluk. Overhead the stars glittered vividly. They were green and blue and red, and they had spiny rays like starfish on which they danced. This night he had to make tremendous efforts to keep from sleeping. Several times he drowed forward, and almost fell into the fire. As he crouched there his beard was singeing and his face scorched, but his back seemed as if it was cooled in ice. Often he would turn and warm it at the fire, but not for long. He hated to face the terror of the silence and the dark, the shadow where waited Death. Better the crackling cheer of the spruce flame.

At dawn the sky was leaden and the cold dead desolate. Stretching interminably ahead was that lonely snowshoe trail. Locosto was puzzled.

"Where in creation is the little devil going to, anyway?" he said, knitting his brows. "I figured he'd make direct for Dawson, but he's either changed his mind or got a wrong sense. By Heavens, that's it—the little varmint's lost his way."

Locosto had an Indian's unerring sense of location.

"I guess I can't afford to follow him any more," he reflected. "I've gone too

far already. I'm all peered out. I'll have to let him go. In the meantime, it's save yourself, Jack Locosto, while there's yet time. Me for Dawson."

He struck off almost at right angles to the trail he had been following, over a low range of hills. It was evil going, and as he broke through the snowcrust mile after wearing mile, he felt himself grow weaker and weaker. "Back up, old man," he adjured himself fiercely. "You've got to fight, fight."

There was a strange stillness in the air, not the natural stillness of the Wild, but an unhealthy one, so of a suspension of something, of a vacuum, of bated breath. It was curiously full of terror. More and more he felt like a trapped animal, caught in a vast cage. The sky to the north was glooming ominously. Every second the horizon grew blacker, more baleful, and Locosto stared at it, with a sudden quake at his heart.

"Blizzard, by thunder!" he gasped. "Was that a breath of wind that stung his cheek? Was it a snowflake that drifted along with it? Denser and denser grew the gloom, and now there was a roaring as of a great wind. King Blizzard was come. "I guess I'm done for," he hissed through clenched teeth. "But I'll fight to the finish. I'll die game."

CHAPTER XI

It was on him now with a swoop and a roar. He was in the thick of a mad-grey darkness, a bitter, blank darkness full of whirling wind-eddies and vast furies of snow. He could not see more than a few feet before him. The stinging flakes blinded him; the coal-black night engulfed him. In that seething turmoil of the elements he was as helpless as a child.

"I guess you're on your last trail, Jack Locosto," he muttered grimly.

Nevertheless he lowered his head and butted desperately into the heart of the storm. He was very faint from lack of food, but despair had given him a new strength, and he plunged through drift and flurry with the fury of a goaded bull.

The night had fallen black as the pit. He was in an immensity of darkness, a darkness that packed close up to him, and hugged him, and enfolded him like a blanket. And in the black void winds

were raging with an insane fury, whirling soft mountains of snow and hailing them along plain and valley. The forests shrank in fear; the creatures of the Wild covered in their hair, but the solitary man stumbled on and on. As if by magic barriers of snow piled up before him, and almost to his shoulders he floundered through them. The wind had a hatchet edge that pierced his clothes and hacked him viciously. He knew his only plan was to keep moving, to stumble, stagger on. It was a fight for life.

He had forgotten his hunger. Those wild visions of gluttony had gone from him. He had forgotten his thirst for revenge, forgotten everything but his own dire peril.

"Keep moving, keep moving for God's sake," he urged himself hoarsely. "You'll freeze if you let up a moment. Don't let up, don't!"

But oh, how hard it was not to rest! Every muscle in his body seemed to beg and pray for rest, yet the spirit in him drove them to work anew. He was making a certain mad headway, traveling, always traveling. He doubted not he was doomed, but instinct made him fight on as long as an atom of strength remained.

He floundered to his armpits in a snow-drift. He struggled out and staggered on once more. In the mad buffery of that cutting wind he scarce could stand upright. His parka was frozen stiff as a board. He could feel his hands grow numb in his mits. From his fingers the icy cold crept up and up. Long since he had lost all sensation in his feet. From the ankles down they were like wooden clogs. He had an idea they were frozen. He lifted them, and watched them sink and disappear in the clinging snow. He bent his numb hands against his breast. It was of no use—he could not get back the feeling in them. A crawling to lie down in the snow sealed him.

Life was so sweet. He had visions of cities, of bonquets, of theatres, of glittering triumphs, of glorious excitements, of women he had loved, conquered and thrown aside. Never again would he see that world. He would die here, and they would find him rigid and brittle, frozen so hard they would have to thaw him out before they buried him. He fancied he saw himself frozen in a grotesque posi-

tion. There would be ice-crystals in the very centre of his heart, that heart that had glowed so heroically with the just of life. Yes, life was sweet. A vast self-pity surged over him. Well, he had done his best; he could struggle no more.

But struggle he did, another hour, two hours, three hours. Where was he going? Maybe round in a circle. He was like an automaton now. He did not think any more, he just kept moving. His feet clumped up and down. He lifted himself out of the snowflakes, he staggered a few steps, fell, crawled on all fours in the darkness, then in a lull of the furious wind rose once more to his feet. The night was ghastly; closer and closer it hugged him. The wind was whirling him from all points, buffeting him like a merry monster, beating him down. The snow whirled around him in a narrow eddy, and he tried to grope out of it and failed. Oh, he was tired, tired!

He must give up. It was too bad. He was so strong, and capable of so much for good or bad. Alas! it had been all for bad. Oh, if he had but another chance he might make his life tell a different tale! Well, he wasn't going to whine or cower. He would die game.

His feet were frozen; his arms were frozen. Here he would lie down and—quit. It would soon be over, and it was a pleasant death, they said. One more look he gave through the writhing horror of the darkness; one more look before he closed his eyes to the horror of the Greater Darkness.

Ha! what was that? He fancied he saw a dim glow just ahead. It could not be. It was one of those cheating dreams that came to a dying man, an illusion, a mockery. He closed his eyes. Then he opened them again—the glow was still there.

Surely it must be real! It was steady. As he fell forward it seemed to grow more bright. On hands and knees he crawled to it. Brighter and brighter it grew. It was but a few feet away. Oh, God! could it be?

Then there was a ball in the storm, and with a final plunge Locosto fell forward, fell towards a lamp lighted in a window, fell against the closed door of a little cabin.

The Worm suffered acutely from the intense cold. He cursed it in his groggy and exhaustive way. He cursed the leaden weight of his snowshoes, and the things that chafed his feet. He cursed the pack he carried on his back, which momentarily grew heavier. He cursed the country; then, after a general denunciation of obscenity, he decided it was time to feed.

He gathered some dry twigs and built a fire on the snow. He hurried, for the freezing process was going on in his carcass, and he was afraid. It was all ready. Now to light it—the matches.

Where in hell were the matches? Surely he could not have left them at the camp. With feverish haste he overturned his pack. No, they were not there. Could he have dropped them on the trail? He had a wild idea of going back. Then he thought of Locosto lying in the tent. He could never face that. But he must have a fire. He was freezing to death—right now. Already his fingers were tingling and stiffening.

Huh! maybe he had some matches in his pockets. No—yes, he had—one, two, three, four, five, that was all. Five slim sulphur matches, part of a block, and jammed in a corner of his waistcoat pocket. Eagerly he lit one. The twigs caught. The flame leapt up. Oh it was good! He had a fire, a fire.

He made tea, and ate some bread and meat. Then he felt his strength and courage return. He had four matches left. Four matches meant four fires. That would mean four days' travel. By that time he would have reached the Dawson country.

That night he made a huge blaze, chopping down several trees and setting them alight. There, lying in his sleeping-bag, he rested well. In the early dawn he was afoot once more.

Was there ever such an atrocious soul-freezing cold! He cursed it with every breath he drew. At noon he felt a vast temptation to make another fire, but he refrained. Then that night he had bad luck, for one of his precious matches proved little more than a silver tipped with the shadow of pink. In spite of his efforts it was abortive, and he was compelled to use another. He was down to his last match.

Well, he must travel extra hard. So next day in a panic of fear he covered a vast stretch of country. He must be getting near to one of the gold creeks. As he surmounted the crest of every ridge he expected to see the blue smoke of cabin fires, yet always was there the same empty desolation. Then night came and he prepared to camp.

Once more he chopped down some trees and piled them in a heap. He was very hungry, very cold, very tired. What a glorious blaze he would soon have! How gallantly the flames would leap and soar! He collected some dry moss and twigs. Never had he felt the cold so bitter. It was growing dusk. Above him the sky had a corpse-like glimmer, and on the snow strange bale-fires glinted. It was a weird, serfonic light that waited, keeping trest with darkness.

He shuddered and his fingers trembled. Then ever so carefully he drew forth that most precious of things, the last match.

He must hurry; his fingers were tingling, freezing, suffering fast. He would lie down on the snow, and strike it quickly. . . . "O God!"

From his numb fingers the slim little match had dropped. There it lay on the snow. Gingerly he picked it up, with a wild hope that it would be all right. He struck it, but it doubled up. Again he struck it: the head came off—he was lost.

He fell forward on his face. His hands were numb, dead. He lay supported by his elbows, his eyes gazing blankly at the unit fire. Five minutes passed; he did not rise. He seemed dazed, stupid, terror-stricken. Five more minutes passed. He did not move. He seemed to stiffen, to grow rigid, and the darkness gathered around him.

A thought came to his mind that he would straighten out, so that when they found him he would be in good shape to fit in a coffin. He did not want them to break his legs and arms. Yes, he would straighten them out. He tried—but he could not, so he let it go at that.

Over him the Wild seemed to laugh, a laugh of scorn, of mockery, of exquisite malice.

And there in fifteen minutes the cold slew him. When they found him he lay resting on his elbows and gazing with blank eyes of horror at his unit fire.

CHAPTER XII

"It's a beast of a night," said the Half-breed.

He and I were paying a visit to Jim in the cabin he had built on Ophir. Jim was busy making ready for his hydraulic work of the coming Spring, and once in a while we took a run up to see him. I was much worried about the old man. He was no longer the cheerful, optimistic Jim of the trail. He had taken to living alone. He had become grim and taciturn. He cared only for his work, and, while he read his Bible more than ever, it was with a growing fondness for the stern old prophets. There was no doubt the North was affecting him strangely.

"Lord! don't it blow? Seems as if the wind had a spite against us, wanted to put us out of business. It minks me of the blizzards we have in the Northwest, only it seems ten times worse."

The Halfbreed went on to tell us of snowstorms he had known, while huddled round the stove we listened to the monstrous uproar of the gale.

"Why don't you think your cabin better, Jim?" I asked; "the snow's drifting through in spots."

He shoved more wood into the stove, till it glowed to a dull red, starred with little sparks that came and went.

"Snow with that wind would sift through a concrete wall," he said. "It's part an' parcel of the awful land. I tell you there's a curse on this country. Long, long ago, godless people have lived in it, lived an' sinned an' perished. An' for its wickedness in the past the Lord has put His everlasting curse on it."

Sharply I looked at him. His eyes were staring. His face was drawn into a knot of despair. He sat down and fell into a mood of gloomy silence.

How the storm was howling! The Halfbreed smoked his cigarette stolidly, while I listened and shuddered, mightily thankful that I was safe and warm.

"Say, I wonder if there's any one out in this blizzard of a night?"

"If there is, God help him," said the Halfbreed. "He'll last about as long as a snowball in hell."

"Yes, fancy wandering round out there, dazed and desperate; fancy the wind knocking you down and heaping the snow

on you; fancy going on and on in the darkness till you freeze stiff. Ugh!"

Again I shuddered. Then, as the other two sat in silence, my mind strayed to other things. Chiefly I thought of Berna, all alone in Dawson. I longed to be back with her again. I thought of Locasto. Where in his wild wanderings had he got to? I thought of Gleggyle and Garry. How had he fared after Mother died? Why did he not marry? Once a week I got a letter from him, full of affection and always urging me to come home. In my letters I had never mentioned Berna. There was time enough for that.

Lord! a terrific gust of wind shook the cabin. It howled and screamed insanely through the howling night. Then there came a hush, a strange, deep hush, deathlike after the mighty blast. And in the sudden quiet it seemed to me I heard a hollow cry.

"Hist! What was that?" whispered the Halfbreed.

Jim, too, was listening intently.

"Seems to me I heard a moan."

"Sounded like the cry of an outcast soul. Maybe it's the spirit of some poor devil that's lost away out in the night. I hate to open the door for nothing. It will make the place like an ice-house."

Once more we listened intently, holding our breath. There it was again, a low, faint moan.

"It's some one outside," gasped the Halfbreed. Horror-stricken, we stared at each other, then he rushed to the door. A great gust of wind came in on us.

"Hurry up, you fellows," he cried; "lend a hand. I think it's a man."

Frankly we pulled it in, an unconscious form that struck a strange chill to our hearts. Anxiously we bent over it.

"He's not dead," said the Halfbreed, "only badly frozen, hands and feet and face. Don't take him near the fire."

He had been peering inside the parka hood and suddenly he turned to me.

"Well, I'm damned—it's Locasto."

Locasto! I shrank back and stood there staring blankly. Locasto! all the old-time starings into my heart. Many a time had I wished him dead; and even dying, never could I have forgiven him. As I would have shrank from a reptile, I drew back.

"No, no," I said hoarsely. "I won't touch him. Curse him! Curse him! He can die."

"Come on there," said Jim fiercely. "You wouldn't let a man die would you? There's the hand of a dog on you if you do. You'll be little better than a murderer. It don't matter what wrong he's done you, it's your duty as a man to help him. He's only a human soul, an' he's like to die anyway. Come on. Get these mits off his hands."

Mechanically I obeyed him. I was dazed. It was as if I was impelled by a stronger will than my own. I began pulling off the mits. The man's hands were white as putty. I slit the sleeves and saw that the awful whiteness went clear up the arm. It was horrible.

Jim and the Halfbreed had cut open his muck-lucks and taken off his socks, and there stretched out were two naked limbs, clay-white almost to the knees. Never did I see anything so ghastly. Tearing off his clothing we laid him on the bed, and forced some brandy between his lips.

At last heat was beginning to come back to the frozen frame. He moaned, and opened his eyes in a wild gaze. He did not know us. He was still fighting the blizzard. He raised himself up.

"Keep a-going, keep a-going," he panted.

"Keep that bucket a-going," said the Halfbreed. "Thank God, we've got plenty of ice-water. We've got to thaw him out."

Then for this man began a night of agony, such as few have endured. We lifted him onto a chair and put one of those clay-cold feet into the water. At the contact he screamed, and I could see ice crystallize on the edge of the bucket. I had forgotten my hatred of the man. I only thought of those frozen hands and feet, and how to get life into them once more. Our struggle began.

"The blood's beginning to circulate back," said the Halfbreed. "I guess that water feels scalding hot to him right now. We'll have to hold him down presently. Ugh—hold on, boys, for all you're worth."

He had not warned us any too soon. In a terrible spasm of agony Locasto threw us off quickly. We grasped him again. Now we were struggling with him. He fought like a demon. He was cursing us, praying us to leave him alone, raving,

shrieking. Grimly we held on, yet, all three, it was as much as we could do to keep him down.

"One would think we were murdering him," said the Halfbreed. "Keep his foot in the bucket there. I wish we'd some kind of dope to give him. There's the boiling lead running through his veins right now. Keep him down, boys; keep him down."

It was hard, but keep him down we did; though his cries of anguish deafened us through that awful night, and our muscles knotted as we gripped. Hour after hour we held him, plunging now a hand, now a foot in the ice-water, and holding it there. How long he fought! How strong he was! But the time came when he could fight no more. He was like a child in our hands.

There, at last it was done. We wrapped the tender flesh in pieces of blanket. We laid him moaning on the bed. Then, tired out with our long struggle, we threw ourselves down and slept like logs.

Next morning he was still unconscious. He suffered intense pain, so that Jim or the Halfbreed had to be over him. I, for my part, refused to go near. Indeed, I watched with a growing hatred his slow recovery. I was sorry, sorry. I wished he had died.

At last he opened his eyes, and feebly he asked where he was. After the Halfbreed had told him, he lay silent awhile.

"I've had a close call," he groaned. Then he went on triumphantly: "I guess the Wild hasn't got the hump on me yet. I can give it another round."

He began to pick up rapidly, and there in that narrow cabin I sat within a few feet of him, and beheld him grow strong again. I suppose my face must have shown my bitter hate, for often I saw him watching me through half-closed eyes, as if he realized my feelings. Then a sneering smile would curve his lips, a smile of satanic mockery. Again and again I thought of Berna. Fear and loathing convulsed me, and at times a great rage burned in me, so that I was like to kill him.

"Seems to me everything's healing up but that hand," said the Halfbreed. "I guess it's too far gone. Gangrene's setting in. Say, Locasto, looks like you'll have to lose it."

Locasto had been favoring me with a particularly sardonic look, but at those words the sneer was wiped out, and horror crowded into his eyes.

"Lose my hand—don't tell me that! Kill me at once! I don't want to be maimed. Lose my hand! Oh, that's terrible! terrible!"

He gazed at the discolored flesh. Already the stench of him was making us sick, but this hand with its putrid tissues was disgusting to a degree.

"Yes," said the Halfbreed, "there's the line of the gangrene, and it's spreading. Soon mortification will extend all up your arm, then, you'll die of blood poison. Locasto, better let me take off that hand. I've done jobs like that before. I'm a handy man, I am. Come, let me take it off."

"Heaven! you're a cold-blooded butcher. You're going to kill me, between you all. You're in a plot, leagued against me, and that long-faced fool over there, at the bottom of it. Damn you, then, go on and do what you want!"

"You're not very grateful," said the Halfbreed. "All right, lie there and rot."

At his words Locasto changed his tone. He became alarmed to the point of terror. He knew the hand was doomed. He lay staring at it, staring, staring. Then he sighed, and thrust its leatherness into our faces.

"Come on," he growled. "Do something for me, you devils, or I'll do it myself."

* * * * *

The hour of the operation was at hand. The Halfbreed got his jack-knife ready. He had filed the edge till it was like a rough saw. He cut the skin of the wrist just above the gangrene line, and raised it up an inch or so. It was here Locasto showed wonderful nerve. He took a large bite of tobacco and chewed steadily, while his keen black eyes watched every move of the knife.

"Hurry up and get the cursed thing off," he snarled.

The Halfbreed nicked the flesh down to the bone, then with the ragged jack-knife he began to saw. I could not bear to look. It made me dently sick. I heard the grit, grit of the jagged blade. I will remember the sound to my dying day.

How long it seemed to take! No man could stand such torture. A groan burst from Locasto's lips. He fell back on the bed. His jaws no longer worked, and a thin stream of brown saliva trickled down his chin. He had fainted.

Quickly the Halfbreed finished his work. The hand dropped on the floor. He pulled down the flaps of skin and sewed them together.

"How's that for home-made surgery?" he chuckled. He was vastly proud of his achievement. He took the severed hand upon a shovel and, going to the door, he threw it far out into the darkness.

CHAPTER XIII

"Why don't you go outside?" I asked of the Jam-wagon.

I had resumed him from one of his periodical plunges into the cesspool of debauch, and he was peaked, pallid, penitent. Listlessly he stared at me a long moment, the dull, hollow-eyed stare of the recently regenerate.

"Well," he said at last, "I think I stay for the same reason many another man stays—pride. I feel that the Yukon owes me one of two things, a stake or a grave—and she's going to pay."

"Seems to me the way you're shaping you're more liable to get the latter."

"Yes—well, that'll be all right."

"Look here," I remonstrated, "don't be a rotter. You're a man, a splendid one. You might do anything, be anything. For Heaven's sake stop slipping cogs, and get into the game."

His thin, handsome face hardened bitterly.

"I don't know. Sometimes I think I'm not fit to play the game; sometimes I wonder if it's all worth while; sometimes I'm half inclined to end it."

"Oh, don't talk nonsense."

"I'm not; I mean it, every word. I don't often speak of myself. It doesn't matter who I am, or what I've been. I've gone through a lot—more than most men. For years I've been a sort of human derelict, drifting from port to port of the seven seas. I've speckled in their mire; I've eaten of their filth; I've wallowed in their moist, barbaric slime. Time and time again I've gone to the mat, but somehow

I would never take the count. Something's always saved me at the last."

"Your guardian angel."

"Maybe. Somehow I wouldn't be utterly downed. I'm a bit of a fighter, and every day's been a battle with me. Oh, you don't know, you can't believe how I suffer! Often I pray, and my prayer always is: 'O, dear God, don't allow me to think. Lash me with Thy wrath; heap burdens on me, but don't let me think.' They say there's a hell hereafter. They lie; it's here, now."

I was astonished at his vehemence. His face was wreathed with pain, and his eyes full of remorseful misery.

"What about your guardian?"

"Oh, them—I died long ago, died in the early '80's. In a little French graveyard there's a tombstone that bears my name, my real name, the name of the 'me' that was. Heart, soul and body, I died. My sisters mourned me, my friends muttered, 'Poor devil.' A few women cried, and a girl—well, I mustn't speak of that. It's all over long ago; but I must eternally do something, fight, drink, work like the devil—anything but think. I mustn't think."

"What about your guardian angel?"

"Yes, sometimes I think he's going to give me another chance. This is no life for a man like me, slaving in the drift, burning myself up in the dissipation of the town. A great, glad fight with a good sweet woman to fight for—that would save me. Oh, to get away from it all, get a clean start!"

"Well, I believe in you. I'm sure you'll be all right. Let me lend you the money."

"Thank you, a thousand thanks; but I cannot take it. There it is again—my pride. Maybe I'm all wrong. Maybe I'm a lost soul, and my goal's the potter's field. No; thanks! In a day or two I'll be fighting-fit again. I wouldn't have bored you with this talk, but I got weak, and my nerve's gone."

"How much money have you got?" I asked.

He pulled a poor piece of silver from his pocket.

"Enough to do me till I join the pick-and-shovel gang."

"What are these ticks in your hand?"

He laughed carelessly.

"Chances in the ice pools. Funny thing, I don't remember buying them. Must have been drunk."

"Yes, and you seem to have had a 'hunch.' You've got the same time on all three: seven seconds, seven minutes past one, on the ninth—that's to-day. It's noon now. That old ice will have to hurry up if you're going to win. Fancy, if you did! You'd clean up over three thousand dollars. There would be your new start."

"Yes, fancy," he echoed mockingly. "Over five thousand betting, and the guesses as close as peas in a pod."

"Well, the ice may go out any moment. It's awful rotten."

With a curious fascination, we gazed down at the mighty river. Arrested was a glow of spring sunshine, above us the renaissance of blue skies. Rays of snow still glistened on the hills, and the brown earth, as if released of its nakedness, was bursting greenly forth. On the slope overlooking the Klondike, girls in white dresses were gathering the wild crocus. All was warmth, color, awakening life.

Surely the river ice could not hold much longer. It was patchy, netted with cracks, heaved up in ridges, mottled with slushy pools, corroded to the bottom. Decidedly it was rotten, rotten. Still it held stubbornly. The Klondike hammered it with mighty bangs, black and heavy as a horse. Down the swift current they sped, crashing, grinding, roaring, to batter into the unbroken armor of the Yukon. And along its banks, swiftness even as we watched, were thousands of others. On every lip was the question—"The ice—when will it go out?" For to these exiles of the North, after eight months of isolation, the sight of open water would be like Heaven. It would mean hope, freedom, friendly faces, and a step nearer to that "outside" of their dreams.

Towards the centre of the vast mass of ice that belted in the city was a post, and on this lonely post thousands of eyes were constantly turning. For an electric wire connected it with the town, so that when it moved down a certain distance a clock would register the exact moment. Thus, thousands gazing at that solitary post thought of the bets they had made, and wondered if this year they would be the lucky ones. It is a unique incident in

Dawson life, this gambling on the ice. There are dozens of pools, large and small, and both men and women take part in the betting, with an eagerness and excitement that is almost childish.

I sat on a bench on the N. C. trail overlooking the town, and watched the Jam-wagon crawl down the hill to his cabin. Poor fellow! How drawn and white was his face, and his long, clean frame—how gaunt and weary! I felt sorry for him. What would become of him? He was a splendid "mudsi." If he only had another chance! Somehow I believed in him, and fervently I hoped he would have that good clean start again.

Up in the cold consciousness of the North are many of his kind—the black sheep, the undesirable, the discards of the pack. Their lips are soiled; their eyes are cold as glaciers, and often they drink deep. Oh, they are a mighty company, the men you don't enquire about; but it is the code of the North to take them as you find them, so they go their way unregarded.

How clear the air was! It was like looking through a crystal lens—every leaf seemed to stand out vividly. Sounds came up to me with marvellous distinctness. Summer was coming, and with it the assurance of a new peace. Down there I could see our home, and on its verandah, hunched-up, the white figure of Berna. How precious she was to me. How anxiously I watched over her! A look, a word meant more to me than volumes. If she was happy I was full of joy; if she was sad the sunshine paled, the flowers drooped, there was no gladness in the day. Often as she slept I watched her, marveling at the fine perfection of her face. Always was she an object of wonder to me—something to be adored, to demand all that was fine and high in me.

Yet sometimes it was the very intensity of my love that made me fear; so that in the ecstasy of a moment I would catch my breath and wonder if it all could last. And always the memory of Locasto was a sinister shadow. He had gone "outside," terribly broken in health, gone cursing me hoarsely and vowing he would return. Would he?

Who that knows the North can ever deny its lure? Wherever you be, it will call and call to you. In the sluggish South you will hear it, will long for the

keen tingle of its silver days, the vaster glory of its star-strewn nights. In the city's heart it will come to you till you hunger for its big, clean spaces, its racing rivers, its purple tundras. In the homes of the rich its voice will seek you out, and you will ache for your lonely camp-fire, a sunset splendoring to golden death, the night where the silence clutches and the heavens vomit forth white fire. Yes, you will hear it, and hear it, till a madness comes over you, till you leave the crawling men of the sticky pavements to seek it out once more, the sapphire of its barstous lakes, the white yearning of its peaks to the myriad stars. Then, as a child comes home, will you come home. And I knew that some day to the land wherein he had reigned a conqueror, Looneto, too, would return.

As I looked down on the grey town, the wonder of its growth came over me. How changed from the middle of tents and cabins, the boat-lined river, the swarming borders of the Argonauts! Where was the niggerhead swamp, the mud, the unrest, the mad fever of '98? I looked for these things and saw in their stead fine residences, trim gardens, well-kept streets. I almost rubbed my eyes as I realized the magic of the transformation.

And great as was the city's outward change, its change of spirit was still greater. The day of dance-hall domination was over. Vice walked very circumspectly. No longer was it possible on the street to speak to a lady of easy virtue without causing comment.

The demerits of the deadline had been banished over the Klondike, where, in a colony reached by a crasy rope bridge, their red lights gleamed like semaphores of sin. The dance-halls were still running, but the picturesque impurity of the old blackback days was gone forever. You looked in vain for the crude scenes where the wilder passions were unleashed, and human nature revealed itself in primal nakedness. Heroism, brutality, splendid achievement, unbridled license, the North seems to bring out all that is best and worst in a man. It breeds an exuberant vitality, a madness for action, whether it be for good or evil.

In the town, too, life was becoming a thing of more sober lines. Sick of slipshod morality, men were sending for their

wives and children. The old ideals of home and love and social purity were triumphant. With the advent of the good woman, the dance-hall girl was doomed. The city was finding itself. Society divided into sets. The more pretentious were called Ping-pongs, while a majority rejoined in the name of Rough-necks. The post office abuses were remedied, the grafters ousted from the government offices. Rapidly the gold camp was becoming modernized.

Yes, its spectacular days were over. No more would the "live one" disport himself in his wild and woolly glory. The delirium of '98 was fast becoming a memory. The leading actors in that fateful drama—where were they? Dead: some by their own hands; down and out many, drivelling foolishly by by-gone days; poor prospectors a few, dreaming of a new gold strike.

And, as I think of it, it comes over me that the thing is vastly tragic. Where are they now, these Klondike Kings, these givers of champagne baths, these plungers of the gold camp? How many of those that stood out in the limelight of '98 can tell the tale to-day? Ladue is dead, leaving little behind. Big Alce MacDonald, after lavishing a dozen fortunes on his friends, died at last, almost friendless and alone. Nigger Jim and Stillwater Willie—in that back slough of vicissitude do they languish to-day? Dick Low lies in a drunkard's grave. Skookum Jim would fain qualify for one. Dawson Charlie, reeling home from a debauch, drowns in the river. In impecunious despair, Hurry Waugh hangs himself. Charlie Anderson, after squandering a fortune on a shankless wife, works for a laborer's hire.

So I might go on and on. Their stories would fill volumes. And as I sat on the quiet hillside, listening to the drowsy hum of the bees, the inner meaning of it all came home to me. Once again the great lone land was sifting out and choosing its own. Far-reaching was its vengeance, and it worked in divers ways. It fell on them, even as it had fallen on their brethren of the trail. In the guise of fortune it dealt their ruin. From the austere silence of its snows it was mocking them, beguiling them to their doom. Again it was the Land of the Strong. Before all it demanded strength, moral and physical

strength. I was minded of the words of old Jim. "Where one wine ninety and nine will fail"; and time had proved him true. The great, grim land was weeding out the unfit, was rewarding those who could understand it, the faithful brotherhood of the high North.

Full of such thoughts as these, I raised my eyes and looked down the river towards the Moosehide Bluffs. Hello! There, just below the town, was a great sheet of water, and even as I watched I saw it spread and spread. People were shouting, running from their houses, speeding to the beach. I was conscious of a thrill of excitement. Ever widening was the water, and now it stretched from bank to bank. It crept forward to the solitary post. Now it was almost there. Suddenly the post started to move. The vast ice-field was sliding forward. Slowly, serenely it went on.

Then, all at once, the steam whistles shrieked out, the bells pealed, and from the black mob of people that lined the banks there went up an exultant cheer. "The ice is going out—the ice is going out!"

I looked at my watch. Could I believe my eyes? Seven seconds, seven minutes past one—his "hunch" was right; his guardian angel had intervened; the Jam-wagon had been given his chance to make a new start.

CHAPTER XIV.

The waters were wild with joy. From the mountain snows the sun had set them free. Down hill and dale they sparkled, trickling from boulders, dripping from mossy crannies, rioting in narrow runlets. Then, leaping and laughing in a mad ecstasy of freedom, they dashed into the dam.

Here was something they did not understand, some contrivance of the tyrant Man to curb them, to harness them, to make them his slaves. The waters were angry. They gloomed fersomely. As they swelled higher in the broad basin their wrath grew apace. They chafed against their prison walls, they licked and lapped at the solid bank. Higher and higher they mounted, growing stronger with every leap. More and more bitterly they fretted at their durance. Behind them other waters were pressing, just as eager to

escape as they. They lashed and writhed in savage apity. Not much longer could these patient walls withstand their anger. Something must happen.

The "something" was a man. He raised the floodgate, and there at last was a way of escape. How joyously the eager waters rushed at it! They tumbled and tossed in their mad hurry to get out. They surged and swept and roared about the narrow opening.

But what was this? They had come on a wooden box that streaked down the slope as straight as an arrow from the bow. It was some other scheme of the tyrant Man. Nevertheless, they jostled and jammed to get into it. On its brink they poised a moment, then down, down they dashed.

Like a catnap they rushed, over and ever growing faster. Ho! this was motion now, this was action, strength, power. As they shot down that steep hill they shrieked for very joy. Freedom, freedom at last! No more trickling feebly from snowbanks; no more boring devious channels in every clay, no more stagnating in sullen dams. They were alive, alive, swift, intense, terrific. They gloried in their might. They roared the rancorous song of freedom, and faster and faster they charged. Like a stampede of maddened horses they thundered on. What power on earth could stop them? "We must be free! We must be free!" they cried.

Suddenly they saw ahead the black hole of a great pipe, a hollow shard of steel. Prison-like it looked, again some contrivance of the tyrant Man. They would fain have overleapt it, but it was too late. Countless other waters were behind them, forcing them forward with irresistible power. And, faster and faster still, they crashed into the shard of steel.

They were trapped, atrociously trapped, rabined, confined, rammed forward by a vast and remorseless pressure. Yet there was escape just ahead. It was a tiny point of light, an outlet. They must squeeze through it. They were crushed and pinioned in that prison of steel, and mightily they tried to burst it. No! there was only that orifice: they must pass through it. Then with that great force behind them, tortured, maddened, desperate, the waters crashed through the shard of steel, to serve the will of Man.

The man stood by his water-gun and from its nozzle the gleaming terror leapt. At first it was only a slim volley of light, compact and solid as a shaft of steel. To pierce it would have splintered to pieces the sharpest sword. It was a core of water, round, glistening and smooth, yet in its mighty power it was a monster of destruction.

The man was directing it here and there on the face of the hill. It flew like an arrow from the bow, and wherever he aimed the hillside seemed to reel and shudder at the shock. Great cascades of gravel shot out, avalanches of clay toppled over; vast boulders were hurled into the air like heaps of fleecy wool.

Yes, the waters were mad. They were like an angry bull that goaded the hillside. It seemed to mink and dissolve before them. Nothing could withstand that assault. In a few minutes they would reduce the stoutest stronghold to a heap of pitiful ruins.

There, where the waters shot forth in their fury, stood their conqueror. He was one man, yet he was doing the work of a hundred. As he battered at that bank of clay he exerted in his power. A little turn of the wrist and a huge mass of gravel crumbled into nothingness. He bored deep holes in the frozen muck, he hammered his way down to bed rock, he swept it clean as a floor. There, with the solid force of a battering-ram, he pounded at the heart of the hill.

The roar deafened him. He heard the crush of falling rock, but he was so intent on his work he did not hear another man approach. Suddenly he looked up and saw.

He gave a mighty start, then at once he was calm again. This was the meeting he had dreaded, longed for, fought against, desired. Primal emotions surged within him, but outwardly he gave no sign. Almost savagely, and with a curious blaze in his eyes he redirected the little giant.

He waved his hand to the other man. "Go away!" he shouted.

Mosher refused to budge. The generous living of Dawson had made him puffy, almost porcine. His pig eyes glittered, and he took off his hat to wipe some beads of sweat from the monumental baldness of his forehead. He expressed his con-

black beard with a podgy hand on which a large diamond sparkled. His manner was arrogance personified. He seemed to say, "I'll make this man dance to my music."

His rich, penetrating voice pierced through the roar of the "giant."

"Here, turn off your water. I want to speak to you. Got a business proposition to make."

Still Jim was dumb.

Mosher came close to him and shouted into his ear. The two men were very calm.

"Say, your wife's in town. Been there for the last year. Didn't you know it?"

Jim shook his head. He was particularly interested in his work just then. There was a great saddle of clay, and he scooped it up magically.

"Yes, she's in town—living respectable."

Jim redirected his giant with a savage swing.

"Say, I'm a sort of a philanthropic guy," went on Mosher, "and there's nothing I like better than doing the erring wife restitution act. I think I could induce that little woman of yours to come back to you."

Jim gave him a swift glance, but the man went on.

"To tell the truth, she's a bit stuck on me. Not my fault, of course. Can't help it if a girl gets duffy on me. But say, I think I could get her switched on to you if you made it worth my while. It's a business proposition."

He was sneering now, frankly villainous. Jim gave no sign.

"What d'ye say? This is a likely bit of ground—give me a half-share in this ground, and I'll guarantee to deliver that little piece of goods to you. There's an offer."

Again that smug look of generosity beamed on the man's face. Once more Jim motioned him to go, but Mosher did not heed. He thought the gesture was a refusal. His face grew threatening. "All right, if you won't," he snarled, "look out! I know you love her still. Let me tell you, I own that woman, body and soul, and I'll make life hell for her. I'll torture you through her. Yes, I've got a cinch. You'd better change your mind."

He had stepped back as if to go. Then, whether it was an accident or not no one

will ever know—but the little giant swung round till it bore on him.

It lifted him up in the air. It shot him forward like a stone from a catapult. It landed him on the bank fifty feet away with a sickening crash. Then, as he lay, it pounded and battered him out of all semblance of a man.

The waters were having their revenge.

CHAPTER XV.

"There's something the matter with Jim," the Prigdal phoned to me from the Forks; "he's gone off and left the cabin on Ophir, taken to the hills. Some prospectors have just come in and say they met him heading for the White Snake Valley. Seemed kind of queer, they say. Wouldn't talk much. They thought he was in a fair way to go crazy."

"He's never been right since the accident," I answered; "we'll have to go after him."

"All right. Come up at once. I'll get McChimmon. He's a good man in the woods. We'll be ready to start as soon as you arrive."

So the following day found the three of us on the trail to Ophir. We traveled lightly, carrying very little food, for we thought to find game in the woods. On the evening of the following day we reached the cabin.

Jim must have gone very suddenly. There were the remains of a meal on the table, and his Bible was gone from its place. There was nothing for it but to follow and find him.

"By going to the headquarters of Ophir Creek," said the Halfbreed, "we can cross a divide into the valley of the White Snake and there we'll corral him, I guess."

So we left the trail and plunged into the virgin Wild. Oh, but it was hard traveling! Often we would keep straight up the creek-bed, plunging through pool that were knee-deep, and walking over shingly bars. Then, to avoid a big bend of the stream, we would strike off through the bush. Every yard seemed to have its obstacle. There were windfalls and tangled growths of bush that defied our uttermost efforts to penetrate them. There were viscous sloughs, from whose black depths bubbles arose weirdly, with grey tree-roots like the legs of spiders clutching

the slimy mud of their banks. There were open bottoms, rankly speared with rush-grass. There were leprous mashes spotted with unsightly niggerheads. Dripping with sweat, we fought our way under the hot sun. Thorny boughs tore at us detestably. Fallen trees delighted to bar our way. Without let or cease we toiled, yet at the day's end our progress was but a measure one.

Our greatest bane was the mosquitoes. Night and day they never ceased to nag us. We wore veils and had gloves on our hands, so that under our armour we were able to grin defiance at them. But on the other side of that netting they buzzed in an angry grey cloud. To raise our veils and take a drink was to be assaulted ferociously. As we walked we could feel them resting our progress, and it seemed as if we were forcing our way through solid banks of them. If we rested, they slighted in such myriads that soon we appeared literally clogged in tiny stoms of insect life, vainly trying to pierce the mesh of our clothing. To bare a hand was to have it covered with blood in a moment, and the thought of being at their mercy was an exquisitely horrible one. Night and day their voices blended in a vast drone, so that we ate, drank and slept under our veils.

In that rankly growing wilderness we saw no sign of life, not even a rabbit. It was all desolate and God-forsaken. By nightfall our packs seemed very heavy, our limbs very tired. Three days, four days, five days passed. The creek was attenuated and hesitating, so we left it and struck off over the mountains. Soon we climbed to where the timber growth was less obstructive. The hillside was steep, almost vertical in places, and was covered with a strange, deep growth of moss. Down in it we sank, in places to our knees, and beneath it we could feel the points of sharp boulders. As we climbed we plunged our hands deep into the cool cushion of the moss, and half dragged ourselves upward. It was like an Oriental rug covering the stony ribs of the hill, a rug of bizarre coloring, strangely patterned in crimson and amber, in emerald and ivory. Birch-trees of slim, silvery beauty arose in it, and added as we climbed.

So we came at last after a weary journey, to a bleak, boulder-studded plateau

It was above timber-line, and carpeted with moss of great depth and gaudy hue. Suddenly we saw two vast pillars of stone upstanding on the aching barren. I think they must have been two hundred feet high, and, like monstrous sentinels in their lonely isolation, they overlooked that vast tundra. They startled us. We wondered by what strange freak of nature they were stationed there.

Then we dropped down into a vast, hush-filled valley, a valley that looked as if it had been undisturbed since the beginning of time. Like a spirit-haunted place it was, so strange and still. It was loneliness made visible. It was stillness written in wood and stone. I would have been afraid to enter it alone, and even as we sank in its death-hushed dusk I shuddered with a horror of the place.

The Indians feared and shunned this valley. They said, of old, strange things had happened there; it had been full of noise and fire and steam; the earth had opened up, belching forth great dragons that destroyed the people. And indeed it was all like the vast crater of an extinct volcano, for hot springs bubbled forth and a grey ash cropped up through the shallow soil.

There was no game in the valley. In its centre was a solitary lake, black and bottomless, and haunted by a giant white water-snake, sluggish, blind and very old. Stray prospectors swore they had seen it, just at dusk, and its slightest, staring eyes were too terrible ever to forget.

And into this still, cobweb-hued hollow we dropped—dropped almost straight down over the flanks of those lean, lank mountains that fringed it so forlornly. Here, ringed all around by desolate heights, we were as remote from the world as if we were in some sallow solitude of the moon. Sometimes the valley was like a gaping mouth, and the lips of it were livid grey. Sometimes it was like a cup into which the sunset poured a golden wine and filled it quivering to the brim. Sometimes it was like a grey grave full of silence. And here in this place of shadows, where the lichen strangled the trees, and under-foot the moss hushed the tread, where we spoke in whispers, and mirth seemed a mockery, where every stick and stone seemed eloquent of discontent

and despair, here in this valley of Dead Things we found Jim.

He was sitting by a dying camp-fire, all huddled up, his arms embracing his knees, his eyes on the fading embers. As we drew near he did not move, did not show any surprise, did not even raise his head. His face was very pale and drawn into a pucker of pain. It was the queerest look I ever saw on a man's face. It made me creep.

His eyes followed us furtively. Silently we squated in a ring round his campfire. For a while we said no word, then at last the Prodigal spoke:

"Jim, you're coming back with us, aren't you?"

Jim looked at him.

"Hush!" says he, "don't speak so loud. You'll waken all them dead fellows."

"What d'ye mean?"

"Them dead fellows. The woods is full of them, them that can't rest. They're all around, ghosts. At night, when I'm a-sittin' over the fire, they crawl out of the darkness, an' they get close to me, closer, closer, an' they whisper things. Then I get scared an' I shoo them away."

"What do they whisper, Jim?"

"Oh say! they tell me all kinds of things, them fellows in the woods. They tell me of the times they used to have here in the valley; an' how they was a great people, an' had women an' slaves; how they fought an' sang an' got drunk, an' how their kingdom was here, right here where it's all death an' desolation. An' how they conquered all the other folks around an' killed the men an' captured the women. Oh, it was long, long ago, long before the flood!"

"Well, Jim, never mind them. Get your pack ready. We're going home right now."

"Goin' home?—I've no home any more. I'm a fugitive an' a vagabond in the earth. The blood of my brother crieth unto me from the ground. From the face of the Lord shall I be hid an' every one that findeth me shall slay me. I have no home but the wilderness. Unto it I go with prayer an' fustin'. I have killed, I have killed!"

"Nonsense, Jim; it was an accident."

"Was it? Was it? God only knows. I don't. Only I know the thought of murder was black in my heart. It was

there for ever an' ever so long. How I fought against it! Then, just at that moment, everything seemed to come to a head. I don't know that I meant what I did, but I thought it."

"Come home, Jim, and forget it."

"When the rivers start to run up them mountain peaks I'll forget it. No, they won't let me forget it, them ghosts. They whisper to me all the time. Hist! don't you hear them? They're whispering to me now. 'You're a murderer, Jim, a murderer,' they say. 'The brand of Cain is on you, Jim, the brand of Cain.' Then the little leaves of the trees take up the whisper, an' the waters murmur it, an' the very stones cry out ag'in me, an' I can't shut out the sound. I can't, I can't."

"Hush, Jim!"

"No, no, the devil's a-beein' out a place in the embers for me. I can't turn no more to the Lord. He's cast me out, an' the light of His countenance is darkened to me. Never again; oh, never again!"

"Oh come, Jim, for the sake of your old partners, come home."

"Well, boys, I'll come. But it's no good. I'm down an' out."

Wearily we gathered together his few belongings. He had been living on bread, and but little remained. Had we not reached him, he would have starved. He came like a child, but seemed a prey to acute melancholy.

It was indeed a sad party that trailed down that sad, dead valley. The trees were hung with a dreary drapery of grey, and the when moss muffled our foot-falls. I think it was the deadest place I ever saw. The very air seemed dead and stale, as if it were eternally still, unmixed by any wind. Spiders and strange creeping things possessed the trees, and at every step, like white gauze, a mist of mosquitoes was thrown up. And the way seemed endless.

A great weariness weighed upon our spirits. Our feet flagged and our shoulders were bowed. As we looked into each other's faces we saw there a strange lassitude, a chill, grey despair. Our voices sounded hollow and queer, and we seldom spoke. It was as if the place was a vampire that was sucking the life and health from our veins.

"I'm afraid the old man's going to play out on us," whispered the Prodigal.

Jim lagged forlornly behind, and it was very anxiously we watched him. He seemed to know that he was keeping us back. His efforts to keep up were painful. We feigned an equal weariness, not to distress him, and our progress was slow, slow.

"Looks as if we'll have to go on half-rations," said the Half-breed. "It's taking longer to get out of this valley than I figured on."

And indeed it was like a vast prison, and those peaks that bristled in the sunset glow were like bars to hold us in. Every day the old man's step was growing slower, so that at last we were barely crawling along. We were ascending the western slope of the valley, climbing a few miles a day, and every step we rose from that swamp-hole of the gods was like the lifting of a weight. We were tired, tired, and in the wain light that filtered through the leaden clouds our faces were white and strained.

"I guess we'll have to go on quarter-rations from now," said the Half-breed, a few days later. He ranged far and wide, looking for game, but never a sign did he see. Once, indeed, we heard a shot. Eagerly we waited his return, but all he had got was a great, grey owl, which we cooked and ate unctuously.

(To be continued.)





The Railroad Pass and the Deadhead

By

W. Arnot Craick

TO be able to ride free on a railroad train is one of those blissful sensations which is probably more enjoyed in imagination by people who do not have passes than it is in reality by those who do. It is such a commonplace to the man with a pocketful of annals to travel around for nothing, that he soon ceases to enjoy the experience. But, notwithstanding this inevitable result, there is an undoubted glamour about railroad passes that makes them objects of interest and desire.

By all established precedents in entering on such a subject as the present, one should first define just what a railroad pass is. To do this in an illuminative way, it is only necessary to refer once again to the story so often told of the farmer away back in the early days of the railroad, when typewriters were unknown, who wrote a letter to the president of an American railway demanding redress for the death of some pigs, killed by a locomotive. The president took the trouble to write in

reply a personal note to the farmer on the official paper of the railroad company, but, on account of his poor writing, only the signature was legible. The farmer could not decipher the letter, nor could his family or friends. Presently somebody suggested that it might mean that the president wanted the farmer to come and see him. Judging this to be the case, the farmer boarded the next train for the city and when the conductor came for his ticket, produced the letter, explaining that the president had sent for him. The conductor, seeing the signature, concluded that this was the case and allowed the farmer to travel free. Arrived at the city, the latter went to the president's office and explained to the great man's secretary that he had come to seek compensation for the death of his pigs. The president was away and so he was sent to the claims agent who adjusted the matter to his satisfaction. After that, whenever the wily farmer wanted to travel on the railroad, he took along the president's letter and, show-

ing it to the conductor, claimed a free ride. For twenty years he never had to pay a fare. The president's signature was sufficient to enable him to dispense with a ticket, and while the letter was really an invitation for the farmer to betake himself to a warmer region, he was always prepared to interpret it otherwise and travel as the guest of the road. This story will probably serve without further explanation to define a railroad pass.

It was by no means an uncommon thing in the early days for the higher officials of railroads to scribble off an order for free transportation on any slip of paper that came to hand and their signatures were always honored. Veterans like Mr.

in 1871. But those halcyon days are over. Issuing passes has become a regular business now and even presidents and general managers must conform to the rules and get the transportation they require through the proper channels and in the regulation form.

Generally speaking there are, or have been, three kinds of passes: The life pass, a delightful affair, which, alas! is no longer honored; the annual pass, the cherished possession of officials and members of Parliament; and the trip pass, the commonest form of all, which vanishes into thin air with the using thereof.

To an antiquarian the old "life passes" possess considerable interest. They were



Edmund Wragge, of Toronto, who was General Manager of the Toronto, Grey and Bruce many years ago, can recall the time when a few words from his pen were sufficient to secure anyone a free ride over that road. The same gentleman treasures an old, soiled and torn piece of paper on which Jay Gould had written in his own hand an order to the conductors of the Erie Railroad to pass Mr. Wragge from Suspension Bridge to New York. The old financier had been about to add, by force of habit, doubtless, "and return," and had written down the "and" when he remembered that it was not required. A rub of the thumb across the word served to obliterate it, partially at least. On such make-shift passes as these men travelled

usually issued in metal or ivory, intended to be hung as charms on the watch chains of the railway magnates of the earlier days, and were to be honored during the life time of the privileged possessors. Only a limited number were made and in consequence only a very small number of them have been preserved down to the present day.

The late George Laidlaw, who was connected with several of the local roads in Ontario, which have subsequently lost their identity in either the Grand Trunk or C.P.R., had probably more of these life passes than any other person. The Laidlaw family cherish no fewer than five of them.

The shareholders of the Credit Valley Railway Company, by resolution of October, 28, 1880, conferred a life pass on Mr. Laidlaw, including each member of his family. It took the form of a gold medalion, one and three-quarter inches in diameter. On the obverse is a coat of arms surmounted by a beaver. The shield is divided into four quarters; the right hand top corner containing square and compass; the left hand the Union Jack over three maple leaves; the right hand lower corner, a sheaf of wheat; and the left hand a locomotive. The coat of arms is surrounded by scroll work, with the words "Credit Valley Company" on the

land Taylor, Secretary-Treasurer"; on the right, there is an inscription passed at a meeting of the shareholders of the company held on the 13th day of September, 1871.

The Victoria Railway pass is a silver card three and one-quarter inches long and one and seven-eighths inches wide, with embossed screw heads at the corners, inscription "Life pass to George Laidlaw and his family" on one side and resolution of the shareholders on the other. The Toronto and Nipissing pass is also a plain silver card with inscription and resolution.

The Grand Trunk Railway issued a number of life passes in the early days,

of a drastic character prevent the wholesale dispensing of free transportation as in the olden days. In the United States the regulations are even more strict than they are in Canada, and such a circumstance as Mr. William Winwright recorded the other day would be impossible. In the year 1871 he issued a G.T.R. pass to a gentleman reading from Montreal to the terminus of the road at Rome's Point. On the back of the pass he wrote in his own handwriting, "Connecting roads to New York please honor," and signed his name. This pass actually carried the man right through to New York, an altogether incredible feat at the present day.

The Dominion Railway Act provides that free carriage may be given by railroad companies to their own officers and employees, or to members of legislatures or of the press or to such other persons as the Board of Railway Commissioners may approve. Railroad employees of humbler rank than those lucky officials who are furnished with annuals frequently ask for transportation and it is indeed ludicrous to read the letters which some of them write when preferring their requests. That they are the most benevolent people on earth is soon apparent, for not only do they usually support wives and large families, but in many cases they also provide food, shelter and clothing for fathers-in-law, mothers-in-law, sisters, cousins and aunts. So deserving are they that their requests are nearly always granted.

The C.P.R. officials never tire of telling the story of the section foreman at Grand Valley who wrote, "Please issue pass favor of my wife, Grand Valley to Toronto and return, but do not make it good for longer than three days." The motive which prompted him to ask for such a short time limit is unknown—it will admit of several interpretations.

An employee of the same railroad in British Columbia was discharged. He asked the superintendent at Vancouver to furnish him with a pass to Ontario. The latter did not wish to do this and wired to Montreal inquiring if he should issue one. Sir Thomas Shaugnessy, to whom the matter was referred, telegraphed back, what purported to be "Don't let him

walk." On the strength of this the superintendent gave the man a pass and he came east. Sir Thomas heard of the way of his coming and was wroth. Investigation followed and it was discovered that, by the omission of a period in transmission, the president's message had been altered from a prohibition, to what sounded like a very charitable expression of opinion.

Some years ago there was a station agent at Teeswater, Crabbe by name, who was transferred to Merrickville. In writing for transportation, he said, "Kindly send me a pass favor myself and wife and eleven little Crabbes." For the sake of the little Crabbes, no doubt he was furnished with the necessary paper.

Members of Parliament, by virtue of their office, are entitled to travel free on every railroad in the Dominion. It is said that an attempt was once made to keep them off the Grand Trunk's crack train, the International Limited, on which passes, as a rule, are not honored and to which private cars are never attached, but the M.P.'s are superior to any little railway by-law and they travel when and where they like. They are not given passes by the railroads, but the Clerk of the House issues cards which certify that they are members and as such are entitled by the Railway Act to ride on any railroad train in the Dominion. These cards are made in the same style as railroad passes and have the advantage of combining in one all the privileges that would otherwise require several dozen cards to express. The cards are numbered and a book is issued to the railroads giving a list of the members with the respective numbers of their passes. This serves as a check should any member be so foolishly silly as to lend his pass to anyone else. Before the Railway Act made it legal for M.P.'s to ride free on the railroads, the latter were accustomed to issue annual passes to them. It is said that there were only three members who would not accept the complimentary—the late Dalton McCarthy, Sir William Mulock and W. F. McLean. If there were others, their names are forgotten.

The enforcement of the Dominion Railway Act has undoubtedly tended to reduce the number of passes issued and the rail-



outside. On the reverse side is an inscription conferring the pass on Mr. Laidlaw.

By resolution of the shareholders of the Toronto, Grey and Bruce Railway, September 13, 1871, a life pass over this old road was granted Mr. Laidlaw. It is a bloodstone locket, one and one-half inches long and seven-eighths of an inch wide, with a bloodstone set in gold. On one side is the family crest, which consists of a hand, heart and dagger, with the words on a belt surrounding, "Fides probat coronat." On the other side is a monogram reversed, T. G. & B. Ry. Inside on the left is inscribed, "Toronto, Grey and Bruce Railway. Pass Mr. George Laidlaw at all times free over this Railway, signed by Jno. G.—, President, and W. F. Suther-

which are still treasured by the descendants of those on whom they were conferred. The one illustrated is in the possession of Dr. H. B. Yates of Montreal, and was granted to his father, at one time chief engineer of the railway. It is made of ivory and originally had a nickel rim. On one side the inscription reads "Grand Trunk Railway of Canada—Free Pass," and on the other, "Grand Trunk Railway of Canada—Chief Engineer." It was worn as a watch charm and a very useful charm it used to be.

The passing of the Interstate Commerce Act in the United States and the Dominion Railway Act in Canada have very considerably altered the conditions under which passes may be issued. Restrictions

way companies themselves have not been the last to welcome the relief. Officials used to be plagued by all sorts of persons advancing all sorts of arguments for free transportation and generally speaking, they had to produce the pass. Now they have the law of the land to back them up and can refuse requests with good reason. Some of them even go to the extent of quoting scripture, referring applicants to Numbers 20, verse 18, "Thou shalt not pass," and to Nahum I., verse 15, "The wicked shall no more pass," ending up with a reference to Jonah I., verse 3, "So he paid the fare and went."

On the Intercolonial Railway, prior to the days of the Commission, it was reported to be positively scandalous the way passes were issued. Every politician in Canada had a claim on the management and used his authority to secure transportation for his friends and his constituents. A traveler once told the writer that on one occasion when he was going from Montreal to Halifax, the conductor informed him that the entire passenger list in the sleeping car in which he traveled, with but two or three exceptions, was made up of "dead-heads." There were great days for the grafters, great and small, and that circumstance accounts in a large degree for the deficits that annually confronted the people.

In the United States, as has already been pointed out, the change made by the Interstate Commerce Act has been even more drastic. An action bearing on this subject has recently taken place in the American courts, which will illustrate the severity of the law. In 1871, a man named Medley and his wife agreed that, if the Louisville & Nashville Railway Co. would issue to them annual passes for the rest of their lives, they would not prosecute a suit for damages on account of personal injuries received in an accident. After the passing of the Act prohibiting the issuance of free transportation, the railway company discontinued providing Mr. and Mrs. Medley with their annuities. The couple were naturally aggrieved and took action in the Kentucky courts to compel the railroad to live up to its agreement. They were successful in their suit, but the defendants carried the case to the Supreme Court at Washington, which overruled the decision of the Kentucky court, hold-

ing that the performance of private contracts could not be urged as an excuse for violating a statute. In a subsequent case, the Monon Railway which was penalized by the Circuit Court of Northern Illinois for issuing passes in payment for advertising matter in a magazine, appealed to the Supreme Court but failed to secure a reversal of judgement of the state court.

This wholesale cancellation of time-honored privileges recalls the case of Bill Nye, the humorist, who, among others, was compelled to give up his annual pass on the Santa Fe Railway in 1887, when the original Interstate Commerce Act made it illegal for railroad companies to issue free transportation for certain purposes. Bill Nye was a great friend of the late W. F. White, general passenger agent of the Santa Fe, and he wrote that gentleman a pathetically pathetic letter on the occasion. The document is so amusing that a few extracts from it may not come amiss.

"Dear Sir:—I enclose herewith annual pass No. Q085 for self and family, over your justly celebrated road for the year 1887.

"I also return your photograph and letters you have written me during the past five years. Will you kindly return mine?

"And so this brief and beautiful experience is to end and each of us must go his own way after this.

"Alas!

"To you this may be easy but it brings a pang to my heart which your gentle letter of the first instant cannot wholly alleviate.

* * *

"It is well enough for you to talk about going your several ways. You have every facility for doing so, but with me it is different. Several years ago a large north-western cyclone and myself tried to pass each other on the same track. When the wrecking crew found me I was in the crotch of a barefoot tree, with a broken leg. Since that time I have walked with great difficulty, and to go my several ways has been a very serious matter with me.

"But I do not want you to think that I am murmuring. I accept my

doom calmly, yet with a slight tinge of unavailing regret.

"Sometimes perhaps, in the middle of the dark and angry night, when the cold blasts wall through the telegraph wires and the crushing steel rushes with wild and impetuous fury against the windows of your special car, as you lie warmly encoined in your voluptuous berth and hear the pitiless winds with hoarse and croupy moans chase each other around the Kansas hay-stacks or shriek wildly away as they light out for their cheerless home in the Bad Lands, will you not think of me as I grope on blindly through the keen and pitiless blasts, stumbling over cattle guards, falling into culverts and beating out my rare young brains against your rough right of way? Will you not think of me? I do not ask much of you, but I do ask this as we separate forever.

"As you whiz by me do not treat me with contempt, or throw crackers at me when I have turned out to let your haughty old train go by. I have spoken of you always in the highest terms, and I hope you will do the same by me. Life is short at the best, and it is especially so for those who have to walk. Walking has already shortened my life a great deal, and I wouldn't be surprised if the exposure and bunions of the year 1887 carried me off, leaving a gap in American literature that will look like a new cellar.

"Should any one of your engineers or trackmen find me frozen in a cut next winter, when the grass gets short and the nights get long, will you kindly ask them to report the brand to your auditor and instruct him to allow my family what he thinks would be right?

"I hate to write to you in this dejected manner but you cannot understand how heavy my heart is to-day as I pen these lines.

* * *

"Can I do your road any good, either at home or abroad? Can I be of service to you over your right of

way by collecting nuts, bolts, old iron or other bric-a-brac?

"I would be glad to influence immigration or pull wheels between the tracks if you would be willing to regard me as an employee.

"I will now take a last look at the fair, young features of your pass before sealing this letter. How sad to see an annual pass cut down in life's young morning, ere one-fourth of its race has been run. How touching to part from it forever. What a sad year this has been so far. Earthquakes, fires, storms, railway disaster and death in every form have visited our country, and now, like the biting blasts from Siberia or the nipping frosts from Manitoba, comes the congressional cut-down, cutting off the early crop of flowering annals just as they had budded to bloom into beauty and usefulness.

"I will now close this sad letter to go over into the vacant lot behind the high board fence, where I can sob in an unfettered way without shaking the glass out of my casement."

The interchange of annual passes between the officials of various railroads is a species of courtesy that calls for no comment. In the case of certain dignitaries, the shower of these dainty little paste-boards which descends on their heads at the New Year is positively embarrassing. In they come—all styles, all shapes and all colors—outfitting the happy recipients to take their pick of accommodation on all the roads of America.

On one occasion, the president of a little railroad in New Brunswick, a few miles long, sent an annual to Sir Thomas Shaughnessy of the C.P.R., with the request that the president of the big transcontinental line would reciprocate. Sir Thomas wrote back, pointing out how unreasonable it would be to expect an exchange of privileges when the C.P.R. was so very much longer than the little New Brunswick road. To this the easterner replied, "I am quite ready to admit that your road is longer than mine, but I would respectfully point out that mine is just as broad as yours." Needless to say, this clever answer brought him the desired pass.

Sometimes, however, there are railroad officials who are more gullible than Sir Thomas. The story is told that a prominent contractor on the G.T.P., who is also interested in a big lumber mill back of Port William, was very anxious to get a pass for himself and his car over the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway. It happened that the company operating the lumber mill owned a small stretch of track, six miles long, connecting their mill with the Fort William branch of the G.T.P. The contractor gave this six-mile section a fancy name and issued a number of elaborate annual passes. One of these he sent to the T. & N. O. asking for a return of the courtesy. Some official of the latter road wrote back

a very polite letter, enclosing the desired pass and thanking him profusely for his kindness, adding that "I have never travelled on your road before, but I hope to be able to get over part of it at least this summer."

A small number of passes are issued by the Pullman Company, but the C. P. R. which operate their own sleeping cars do not issue any. It used to be the custom of both the Wagners and the Pullmans to provide officials with books of coupons entitling them to free berths in their cars, but this has been done away with.

In fact, it is becoming every day, more difficult to obtain free transportation, and railway companies, in addition to the restrictions of the law, are asking a quid pro quo for every pass they issue.

A VAGRANT'S SONG

Light loves and lighter laughter,
Let kisses break the song—
Though sorrow follow after
We while the world along.

We never deal with Reason,
Nor speak the tongue of Trade;
To barter were a treason
For us, the unafraid.

All cheerful in disaster,
We smile at every fate.
Greet The Great Tragicaster
With reckless hours elate.

We never met a specree
Our bumpers could not drown,
New life is in the tankard,
Come, drink the tankard down.

In fellowship with gladness
We laugh our lives away,
In Joy's own blessed madness,
Disciples of To-day.

This life's a ragged garment,
Tho gay and warm of weave,
Lord send, we drop it gaily,
When comes our time to leave.

James P. Haveron.

The King's Man at Washington

By

M. O. Hammond

BETWEEN the world of politics and the atmosphere of diplomacy a wide gulf seems fixed. The one is a reality and obvious to the common man, because in the political world the common man has a voice. It is a game he understands and it is to a great extent played in the open: the politician seeks the platform where all the world may hear him and acclaim his genius. But the diplomat works in the quiet of the chancellery. He shrouds his movements with mystery. He never tells all he knows. He transacts business with his superiors by telegraph in a mystifying code. He seeks, not the glare of the platform but the select company of a dinner party of official or social standing, and attends receptions late at night, where he lingers under the spell of pretty women and the fragrance of a thousand flowers. He believes in the dictum of Talleyrand that the dinner table is the best place for the transaction of public business.

In a word, the distinction between politics and diplomacy is that the one is national and the other international, but he would be rash who would say they are entirely separate and distinct. Politicians have direct relations even with the other in their own country. But when one nation has business with another it is through the circuitous route of diplomacy. And the diplomacy concerned in these few lines is that represented by the British Embassy at Washington, presided over at present by Right Hon. James Bryce, who recently has been negotiating a treaty of general arbitration with the United States on behalf of Great Britain.

It is only on the occasion of such an accomplishment as this that the people of

a nation realize the importance of masterly service by the men who represent them at foreign seats of government. The record of diplomacy is scarred by many failures, but usually they are covered by no worse a punishment than the recall of the Minister by his Home Government. Should he score a triumph, he never has the worship that falls to the victor on a battle-field. For many years Great Britain paid comparatively slight attention to her appointments to Washington, and Canadians have made bitter complaints of what they thought were sacrifices of their interests by the representatives of Downing Street. One needs only to witness the award in the Maine Boundary and the reported willingness to hand over this country to the United States bodily after the Civil War and the "Alabama" claims case. Better days have dawned and recent treaty-making has been conducted by members of the Canadian Government themselves.

The step which now seems certain of accomplishment in the making of a general treaty of arbitration between the two great English-speaking countries is the culmination of a movement that has been growing for more than a decade. It is not long since the Irish dominated the politics of the United States to such an extent that, carrying to this side of the ocean the hatred of England generated at home, they made cordial relations impossible. Now, Ireland is being pacified by concessions and the prospect of Home Rule, while the present Ambassador to the United States is of Irish birth and has a long and satisfactory record of administration for the Irish people.

The parties to the negotiations of 1911 have been fully alive to the delicacy of their task, for a formal alliance was impossible, from the jealousies that it would create with other nations, and the conflict it would cause with existing understandings and alliances. Long before Mr. Bryce was thought of as an ambassador, in 1899, he expressed these sentiments:

"That cordial friendship with the United States which we all desire and should all prize most highly, will be rewarded, not promoted, by talk about formal alliance. The suggestion of such an alliance creates disgust and suspicion abroad. The establishment of permanently friendly relations with the United States will make for peace not only between England and America, but also between England and the rest of the world."

These words came from a busy calendar after Lord Poucefote, then British Minister to Washington, had paved the way for the present accomplishment as part of the brilliant record of service which he left behind him. But of that, more anon.

The initial establishment of diplomatic relations by Great Britain at Washington

must have been a matter of some delicacy. Here was a hot-headed young nation, fresh from the victories of a long war in which they had forever thrown off the yoke of the mother country and set out on what they believed to be the only true path of freedom. One cannot imagine the news of the arrival of George Hammond, the first envoy, in 1791, causing any great port of satisfaction in the heart of George Washington. It is doubtful if he sent any silk stockings aside to the waiter to invite him up, and to say that dinner was already on the table. The intercourse between them was doubtless confined to the severe formalities that customarily veil international hatreds in diplomatic circles.

In those days Washington was no place for a white man, anyway, doubtless most of them thought; for, surrounded by the exotic blacks, surrounded by pestilential swamps, and separated by many miles from any decent society, the diplomatic assignment must have been far from attractive. British Envoys came and went, however, and the list if scanned to-day has an occasional glimmer of adventure.



FORMER BRITISH EMBASSY ON LAFAYETTE SQUARE



THE PRESENT BRITISH EMBASSY AT CONNECTICUT AVENUE AND N. STREET

George Hammond's term ended in 1795. Then came Robert Liston, 1796 to 1800; Anthony Merry, 1803 to 1806; Hon. David M. Erskine, 1806 to 1809, and after him came trouble.

The record of Francis Jackson, who arrived in 1809, is that he was recalled at the request of the United States Government in the same year. Augustus John Foster presented his credentials as successor on July 2, 1811, but the record shows that his "services terminated June 21, 1811, by declaration of war against Great Britain." Ah! those were stirring days. An envoy has ceased to be an envoy before he really becomes one. The days of the cable and the wireless were yet to come. Mr. Foster retraced his steps in haste in consequence of the unjust war that the young republic waged on the mother country in the hour of England's greatest struggle with Napoleon. If he sought any revenge, he must have had it in the advance of the British troops and the burning of Washington as one of the acts of retributive justice.

After these diversions the position of the British envoy settled down to peaceful lines. Hon. Charles Bagot took up the thread in 1816 and served to 1819; Right Hon. Sir Stratford Canning from 1820 to 1823; Right Hon. Charles Richard Vaughan from 1825 to 1833; Henry Stephen

Fox from 1836 to 1844; Lord Ashburton came on a special mission in 1842; Rt. Hon. Richard Pakenham from 1844 to 1847; and Rt. Hon. Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer from 1849 to 1851.

The term of Lord Lytton is one of the bright spots in the early history of the embassy. He was a literary man of reputation, and as "Owen Meredith" he is remembered with delight by thousands of readers all over the world. The Embassy in those days was in what is now known as the old Corcoran House, a massive brick structure at the corner of Pennsylvania and Connecticut Avenues, facing Lafayette Square, around which the best of Washington society then hovered. A high brick wall surrounded the garden, much of which yet remains, and in this seclusion, amid a profusion of blossoming magnolia and tulip trees, the Envoy Extraordinary forgot the cares of State and wrote his cherished "Lucile." On a nearby corner of the same Square is the Decatur House, where lived Commodore Stephen Decatur, who fought the *Firmin* of Tripoli after the Revolution when the United States flag was not yet known or respected in the Barbary States, whose adventures inhabitants made havoc on the commerce of the new Republic.

Following the Lytton regime, came John Frenes Twistleton Crampton, but

the United States Government broke off diplomatic intercourse with him in May, 1856. His successor was Lord Napier, who served from 1857 to 1859. His departure was on a hint from the United States Government, based it is said on a belief that he was neglecting his duty, having failed to acquaint the President of an important action by the British Government affecting the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. This, indeed, however, was the edge of the Civil War crisis, and another account credits Lord Napier with a too great fondness for an attractive Southern widow.

Lord Lyons, who was Minister from 1859 to 1864, had the immensely difficult role to play of neutrality during the greater part of the War, when the North was constantly jealous of the friendship of the British nation for the South. A less tactful man might have brought the two countries to war when everyone's nerves were on edge. One useful incident in allaying feeling was the visit to Washington in 1860 of the Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward, at the time of his tour of Canada. The young Prince was received at the White House, and the whole affair and the relation of Queen Victoria to it did much to quiet northern hostility to England.

Sir Frederick Bruce, who served from 1865 to 1867, was a younger brother of Lord Elgin, who had visited Washington to negotiate the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854 during his term as Governor of Canada. Sir Frederick was born in 1814, entered the diplomatic service in 1842 and died, while still Minister to Washington, in Boston in 1867.

A long term by Sir Edward Thornton followed, which brings us down to the more momentous and interesting regimes of the last generation.

The first of these is that of Hon. L. S. S. West, afterwards Lord Sackville, who came in 1881. His family relations were not thought to be of the best, and he was given a frigid welcome in Washington Society. However, he braved it through until October, 1888, when an incident occurred which gave him long notoriety and disturbed the relations between Britain and the United States for a considerable time. A Presidential election campaign was in progress and in the heat of it a man in California named Morey wrote to Lord

Sackville and, pretending to be a friend of Great Britain, asked the Minister which party he ought to support in the best interests of relations with the mother country. The Envoy replied in a letter marked private, unmindful of the fact as afterwards shown, that it was a trap, advising Morey to support the Democratic party. This, of course, was injudicious, for a diplomat should not take sides in an election in a country to which he is accredited. The letter was at once published, and it created no end of a storm. The Republicans were naturally incensed, while the Democrats were scarcely less so, for it brought down on them a cloud of hatred from the Irish in the country.

On the 27th of October the United States Government demanded the recall of Lord Sackville, and on the 30th of the same month he was informed by the U. S. Secretary of State that for reasons already known to him the President was convinced that his continuance at Washington in the official capacity of Her Majesty's Minister was no longer acceptable, and would be consequently detrimental to the relations between the two Governments, and that his passports were therefore sent to him. "Lord Sackville accordingly left Washington," says the official chronicle, briefly.

The effect of this disturbance on the diplomatic waters was felt for a considerable time, and it was all the more regrettable for the influence it reflected from the unsatisfactory condition of the Irish question across the sea. The result would have been much worse had it not been for the brilliant efficiency of the Minister from Great Britain who followed. This was Sir Julian, afterwards Lord Pauncefote, whose term of nearly 14 years will ever be a bright page in the annals of Britain's diplomacy. Although he came to Washington without previous diplomatic experience, having been legal adviser to the Foreign office, he was not long in his post before he had demonstrated remarkable capacity and initiative for his task.

The likenesses of Lord Pauncefote suggest a stern old English gentleman possessing something of the dignity and unbending quality attributed to John Bull himself. While he had the dignity and the zeal of his cause, he yet was intense-

ly human, and was not only Dean of the Diplomatic Corps while he was in Washington, but was personally very popular. Lady Pauncefote and her four daughters were keenly interested in the work of diplomacy, and they lightened his burdens and promoted his cause at the various inevitable social functions.

Lord Pauncefote was fond of the common people and often strolled off by himself in the poorer sections of the city. He had a tremendous admiration for the ability, of its kind, of the average street fakir, and was often seen edging into a greasy crowd around a man selling liniment or glue for mending china, or some such trifle. The amiable Ambassador—for he was the first at Washington to be given that rank—used to say he visited the realm of the fakir for the sake of hearing him talk, and that many men in Parliament had much less forensic ability than the spell-binders of the street corners.

On one occasion Sir Julian was the guest of the Gridiron Club, Washington's famous organization of newspaper correspondents. He had a pleasant time, of course, and met the hosts as fellow men, not as correspondents. A short time afterwards, when the arbitration treaty was a prominent public topic, Sir Julian met on a street car, the correspondent of the Baltimore Sun, who spoke to the Ambassador, recalled the pleasure his visit had afforded the Gridiron Club, and proceeded to ask him about the treaty then under consideration. To his astonishment Sir Julian spoke freely about it and gave him what in journalistic parlance is called "a good story." It was properly displayed in the Baltimore paper, telegraphed and cabled all over the world and created a great stir in diplomatic circles. The Ambassador was asked to disavow the interview, and he replied that he could disavow it, but truth compelled him to say that he "had had the conversation with an amiable person on a tramcar."

Lord Pauncefote brought with him to Washington all the Englishman's love of outdoor exercise. He not only was fond of athletics himself, but he encouraged it in his staff. One day this game was useful, for a mad dog seen tearing down the street in front of the Embassy caused two of the staff to vault the fence, bear down

on the dog and kill it before it could do anyone any harm.

Sometimes Lord Pauncefote's dignity got the better of his judgment. Thus for a long time he held that his position entitled him to precedence over everybody except the President, and it was only after the venerated diplomat had received a special hint from the Foreign Office at London that he consented to call on the Vice-President.

Apart from the charm of his personality, which after all unfortunately was appreciated by but a limited circle, Lord Pauncefote earned his title to fame by lasting work in the field of diplomacy. Coming to the United States at a time when relations were seriously strained by the blunder of Lord Sackville, he set about the cultivation of friendly feelings between the two countries. Soon after his arrival he undertook to put an end to the vexed Alaska seal question, and negotiated with Mr. Blaine the treaty which established the Paris tribunal. This was something to achieve with a statesman of the Blaine type, for his diplomacy was never what would be termed of the pacific type, and the Behring sea fisheries had strained the relations of the two countries almost to the breaking point.

Soon after this, in 1895, came the crisis precipitated by President Cleveland's belated message on the Venezuelan boundary, which brought the two countries nearer to war than they had been since 1812. This was indeed a trying hour for the British Ambassador. The United States Minister in London assured to smooth matters over, but with little success. Lord Pauncefote then tried his hand, but even he was handicapped by lack of sympathy with his pacific methods on the part of members of his Embassy staff. Finally, through his tact, patience and wisdom, the dispute was left to arbitration, war was averted, and the Ambassador had earned the gratitude of the entire Anglo-Saxon race.

Later, Lord Pauncefote and Secretary Olney negotiated the general arbitration treaty, which up to a few weeks ago held the record in the annals of the principle of arbitration in modern times. It was hailed with delight by every friend of peace and civilization in the world. It was, however, never ratified by the United



LORD PAUNCEFOOT

Who came to the United States when British-American relations were strained, and who promoted a good understanding.

States Senate and remains in the pigeon-hole of the Senate Executive Clerk, covered with dust and buried under amendments. Such a treaty was but a few years ahead of its time, and the cause has been merely that much delayed. Having failed to secure the adoption of this treaty, Lord Pauncefoot became an eager advocate of the Czar's plan for an international meeting in behalf of universal peace, and wisely dominated the Conference at The Hague.

His final claim to popularity in the United States was his conduct of a delicate situation during the period of the Spanish-American war. During this crucial time he truly represented the sentiment of his country in the friendship he manifested for the cause of the United States when practically the rest of the world was either hostile or indifferent. He was literally the only friend of the United States among the representatives of the great powers at Washington at that time. Coupled with this is his service in adjusting the relations with Great Britain at the time that the United States wanted to own and carry on the Isthmian Canal.

When Lord Pauncefoot died in May, 1902, he was still in office, his term having been twice extended beyond the age limit, because of his excellent services.

He was everywhere praised for the soundness, sense and sanity of his judgment, and Secretary Hay said of him: "His Majesty's Government has lost a most able and faithful servant and this country a valued friend."

When it was announced that the successor to Lord Pauncefoot was to be Hon. M. H., afterwards Rt. Hon. Sir Michael, Herbert there were high hopes of a continuation of the recent good record. Herbert had married an American wife and was in close intimacy with society in the Eastern cities. The Ambassador, however, was in poor health, in fact already the hand of death was upon him, and he died in office in September, 1903, without any special record of achievement.

Although Sir Michael Herbert left behind him the reputation of being "a most accomplished dinner giver," and a friendship with President Roosevelt enjoyed by few other diplomats, Sir Mortimer Durand, his successor, a much abler man, was to suffer by his deficiencies in social relations with the President. Sir Mortimer came to Washington after a long residence in the Orient, his father having been prominent in the India Civil Service for 40 years. The younger Durand got his start there, accompanied Lord Roberts on his Afghan campaign in 1879, as political secretary, and in 1883 he undertook a special mission to the wily Ameer of Afghanistan



SIR MORTIMER DURAND

been done to show that the hopes of 1907 have not been disappointed. He was famed as a statesman, the first Ambassador from Britain to Washington of Cabinet rank; a scholar, for Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman had declared him "the best all-round, the most accomplished man in the House of Commons;" a writer, and indeed the author of the best book ever published on the United States Government, namely, "The American Commonwealth," a man who knew the Republic from end to end by personal contact, as well as nearly all the rest of the world; and was the first white man to stand on the top of Mount Ararat; an Irishman by birth and a beloved administrator of the country that had sent so many Anglophobes to the United States; a friend of the British colonies and dominions and possessing a wide knowledge of them through travel and personal acquaintance. Finally, a man of whom the British Premier, "C.B." already quoted, had said: "Bryce had been everywhere, he has read almost everything and he knows everybody."

Mr. Bryce had behind him a long career in the public service, having entered Parliament in 1880 as member for Tower Hamlets in London, where if the rude East Enders did not follow him in his academic thought, they at least respected him. For years he represented Aberdeen, a constituency that makes the proud boast that it had not one illiterate voter. He was President of the Board of Trade from 1892 to 1895, and for a time was Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs. He had the courage to oppose the South African War, but cannot be accused of lack of interest in the over-sea dominions, for he was one of the founders of the Imperial Federation League. In 1903 he became Chief Secretary for Ireland, and that unhappy Island never had a more painstaking Secretary, nor one on such good terms with the Nationalists.

It was from this task that he was called to Washington, and everyone agreed that the choice was logical and inevitable. To his task at Washington he has brought the same qualities of intensive cultivation of the mind, the same alertness of thought, speech and action, the same keenness of observation, and the same happy manner of meeting the world's best

during his service as Under Foreign Secretary. Subsequently he was Minister to Persia and to Spain. With such a record and such a temperament he was scarcely the man to "catch on" with President Roosevelt.

The situation in Washington was complicated by the inroads that the German Ambassador, Speck von Sternberg, had made in the Roosevelt confidences. The very day "Speck" reached the country he hastened to Oyster Bay and was soon engrossed with the President in the enthusiasms of rifle shooting. He soon, of course, got into the "tennis Cabinet," was constantly in the company of the President, and naturally had some influence with him. On the other hand, President Roosevelt saw little of the British Ambassador. This was bad enough, in the feverish state of Anglo-German opinion. To add to the complications, there was an "eternal feminine" in the person of Lady Susan Townley, wife of the Embassy Counsellor, an ambitious woman who was accused of setting up a court of her own and of writing letters home to England containing slighting references to the Durands.

Friends of the Durands, on the other hand, after his return to England, claimed that the Ambassador made himself unpopular in Washington by too great insistence on the rights of his Home Government in his relations with the United States authorities. One of the affronts with which he was charged was that he refused to bring pressure to bear on Japan, Britain's ally, at the time of the Portsmouth Peace conference. Whatever the cause—and personally he was declared to be a man of dignified, simple, straight-forward diplomacy and of great personal charm—Sir Mortimer Durand's term suddenly terminated by his resignation, equivalent to a recall, about the first of the year 1907.

This brings our chronicle down to the term of the present Ambassador at Washington, Rt. Hon. James Bryce, who took office in April of that year. Never has an envoy from Great Britain come to Washington hailed with so much satisfaction by the people among whom he was to mingle and to labor. Here was a man that seemed to possess all the qualifications, and though it is too early yet to estimate his achievements, enough has

men that carried him to the front in his native land. The result is seen in the conspicuous place he holds in the social and political world of the United States. He is constantly in demand as a speaker. He goes about the country as a man of forty or fifty instead of 73. Yesterday he addressed a peace society, to-day a meeting of a thousand men in a colored Y.M.C.A., to-morrow we hear of him at a Canadian Club in Ottawa, or Toronto, next week he is in Boston before a literary organization talking of some phase of English literature. To such a man, although Nature, already prodigal enough, has denied him the supreme gifts of the orator, speaking comes easily. His mind is saturated with information on a hun-

Great Britain, and President Taft for the Republic, who in this treaty seeks to implement suggestions which originated with him and found an immediate response in the country to which they were directed.

We have spoken thus far chiefly of the political side of the British Embassy. The social side is more prominent in the daily life of the Capital.

Here, in the city of Washington, is one large centre in the United States where the people who are rich and *nothing else* have trouble in obtaining recognition. The new congressman comes to town with all the glow of a political triumph, and his wife expects to take society by storm. Alas, for her confidence! There are several thousand



EARL GREY AND AMBASSADOR BRYCE
Derriving from the Parliament Buildings, Ottawa.

dred topics, and given time and strength, he can do much in the diffusion of information and the inspiration for right thinking.

Mr. Bryce has been constantly active in the various branches of his diplomatic work. He had to do with the adjudication of the long-standing fisheries dispute between the United States and Canada and Newfoundland, which reached a happy conclusion at The Hague last year and at Washington in the supplementary conferences in January. His greatest effort, however, has been in forwarding the general treaty of arbitration between Britain and the United States, which, at the moment of writing, seems probable of realization during the present year. Such an achievement is only possible through the efforts of sane humanitarian statesmen like Mr. Bryce and Sir Edward Grey for

ahead of her, just as important, and she has to wait her turn.

The home of the embassy is a large brick building at the corner of Connecticut avenue and N street, Washington. Large high-ceiled rooms, decorated by men sent specially from England, a spacious hall and grand staircase, looking up to a painting of Queen Victoria in her coronation robes, give character and solidity suggesting the country here represented. One room with a desk in the centre, littered with papers and books, at once locates the working place of the literary worker, the man of the world, who reigns here as ambassador, and who from human sympathy and intellectual understanding has his fingers on the pulse of the United States of the Empire he represents, and indeed of the whole world.

LITTLE TALES FOR SUMMER WEATHER

The Ingrate

By William Hugo Fabre

"THIRTEEN, black, odd and second down!" The group gathered around the black and red painted table broke into a nervous laugh at the sound of the number condemned by usage as unlucky.

"I can't huck thirteen! She's a repeater to-night."

A jovial, red-faced drummer counted a few five and ten-cent pieces, all that was left of his pile, and laughingly made his way toward the door. The croupier ordered a milk and Vichy and suspended the play while he drank solemnly. It was a welcome respite for the winners, but a hard ordeal for those who were losing—this waiting for the little ivory ball to go whirling again over the wheel and rattling across the brasses.

Wallace Grant wondered vaguely how these men could have laughed. He tried to remember when he had last felt in the mood for laughter and the thought came to him with sickening insistence that he would never have cause to feel glad again.

Thirteen! and he, with a gambler's curious superstition had been hammering twenty-four, the present date, all the evening. He left his place and paced nervously the length of the room, stopping near a green-covered, crescent-shaped table where the heavy sports were playing stud. He lighted a cigarette with hands that shook pitifully and stood watching the play.

"The gentleman ruins a hundred," cried the dealer crisply. "Does anybody like the looks of it? No? It's all yours, sir," and he pushed a huge pile of blue chips and yellow notes toward a stolid, heavy-faced man who apparently awoke from a sound sleep to reach for them.

Wallace gazed at the puffey-eyed man hungrily. A fierce envy leavened by personal hope arose in him at the sight of the gambler's success. He drew a gasping breath, but the hot, smoke-laden air choked him and he turned again toward the roulette table.

"Once again, gentlemen," the croupier was saying. "Round and round she goes; where shall I stop nobody knows."

The ball started with a harsh whirr which lessened little by little as the ivory dropped towards the boxes. Then came the chinkety-click-click-rick of the last moment of supreme suspense before the little sphere, the soulless bearer of a world of wild hopes and bitter disappointments dropped, satisfied, into its bucket.

Wallace pushed his way again toward the wheel. He glanced around the room as he went, noting the familiar details calmly. It would be the last time, any way, no matter what happened.

He noticed the little Italian who frequented the place nightly, perched on his stool at the far end of the board. So things were going badly with Giovanni too, thought Wallace. It was easy to see

how luck went with the excitable little foreigner. On evenings when he won, his face beamed with happiness and he made a nuisance of himself by his noisy mirth. But when the numbers ran adversely, as now, his distress was tragic. Heretofore, Wallace had been able to see the amusing side of the scene, but to-night the tragedy stood out grand and bare, a skeleton stripped of all the graces of jest and humor.

He asked for chips in a dispirited, hopeless manner. Kaleidoscopic glimpses of his recent life passed like flashes through his mind while he screwed up his courage to resume his play. In the early Montreal spring he had been drawn by new companions into a gay, faster life than was his wont. His habits became more expensive than he could afford. Then came debt, a new element in his hitherto well-regulated existence and one with which his inexperience found it difficult to cope. He remembered how he had confided his troubles to the reckless leader of the little set which had welcomed him to its midst after a first chance meeting.

"Try Donahue's," had been the careless answer. Clarence was going there himself that evening for a fix and would introduce him.

He had won that first night! Oh yes, he had won! Not enough to relieve his difficulties—Fate, with her usual irony, had seen to that—but enough so that he had been able to be a prince of good fellows during a wild revel in the small hours. The next night had found him again watching the ball spin. And then memories crowded thick and fast, hurting him.

He came out of his reverie with a start and found himself standing beside Giovanni. The Italian's luck had turned and he was chattering gaily to his neighbors, to the croupier, to anyone who would listen while he placed his bets.

Wallace realized that he had to play.

He began by betting small amounts on number twenty-four, loth to relinquish his superstition. Time and again his money covered the small circle that seemed to fascinate him and time and again it was swept away. He knew what he would do if he lost! There was nothing that he could do to avert it. He groaned and went very white. Trembling he hedged

on a color bet—and lost. His hand sought his pocket and found a crumpled note. With a convulsive movement he crumpled the note back into his pocket and turned as though to go. Then he laughed to himself harshly. Flee from what? Where to? No! He must stay until the game was played out and then—well—the end.

He shoved his all across the board, placing it on his favorite number, twenty-four. Then he turned his back to the table.

The ball spun. Wallace heard the whirr through ages of agonized waiting—then the click on the brasses—and he wanted to cry out that he couldn't bear it. The croupier's voice began sleepily, "Twenty"—Wallace felt a thrill from head to foot—"three, red, odd and second down," it continued mercilessly. Wallace uttered a low cry and his knees weakened under him. He staggered blindly from the table and heard someone behind him say contemptuously, "You take it pretty hard, Sport?"

The cruelty of it! Hard! Of course he took it hard. He looked up and saw the proprietor, watching him from the door of the fur room. A thought struck him and with it came another rush of hope. Donahue was a fat, good-natured Irishman who seemed to take it seriously to heart when his customers dropped their money in his place and who congratulated them with beaming heartiness upon their successes.

* * *

"Donahue," he said in a choked whisper, "I'm up against it!"

"How 'ye lost agin, Misher Grant?" The genial gambler was commiseration personified.

"Yes—I—I've lost agin." Wallace whispered as he drew his companion out of earshot of the group around the fur layout.

"Now—now, that's too bad," Donahue's face wore an expression of deepest gloom. Wallace stood biting his nails and wondering how sincere was the sorrow apparently expressed with such vividness in the other's countenance. "Donahue," he began shakily, "Could you—that is—would you lend me some money to carry me through? I—I'm up against it."

"Now—now, ain't that too bad, Misher Grant? I feel just like if my own brother had told me that." Donahue shook his head dolefully. "Just as if you was me brother," he said slowly. Then he braced himself as for an effort and hurried through the rest of his speech. "An' if it was me brother, Misher Grant, I couldn't do a t'ing for him—not a dam t'ing. Fer why? Well, I don't lend to no wan."

Wallace drew his breath with a quick intake and a look of sudden resolution came into his shifting eyes.

"Donahue," he said, his voice hardening to a more forceful note, "I must have this money—two hundred I need. If you don't come up with it quick you'll be sorry." His hand shot into his pocket and drew out a pistol. He held it concealed from all except the proprietor.

"Look!" he cried.

An amused twinkle played in the Irishman's eyes as he glanced at it. "So ye're goin' to hold me up fer two hundred bones right in me own place—eh? An' if I don't come up ye're goin' to assassinate me with that?" He pointed contemptuously at the shining thing. "Now—now ain't it funny?"

"Shoot you? Not by a d—m sight," Wallace said tensely. He covered the pistol with his handkerchief and held it to his breast. "That's where the bullet will go in just one minute if you don't loosen. Where will your pretty, gilt ball be then—and your hundred thousand dollar income—after the police have baited it?"

The gambler gazed for a long minute coldly into the eyes of the man who threatened him. "Ye do seem to be in thröable, an' that's a fact," he said slowly. "Now suppose ye tell me all about it."

Wallace wilted and slipping his revolver into his coat pocket, said humbly, "My God, Donahue, I—I'm short as the bank!"

"Why didn't ye say so in the first place?" cried Donahue fiercely. "I may run a gambin' j'int but I don't want the room of any man on me conscience. An' wan t'ing more—don't think yer bluff scared me—for it didn't. Now will two hundred fix ye up?"

"Yes," faltered Wallace. He lied when he said it, but he thought it was all he could get.

"Here," said Donahue, not unkindly. He handed Wallace a roll of bills, walked over to the fur layout and became absorbed in watching the deal.

Wallace stood irresolute for a moment on the threshold looking first at his benefactor and then longingly at the roulette wheel in the other room. With a sudden gesture of relief he stole furtively back to his old place.

Sitting down, he drew Donahue's money from his pocket and gazed at it earnestly as it lay in his hand, shadowed by the edge of the table. Here was enough certainly to make good the check that he had recklessly drawn and cashed that afternoon but it was not enough to cover the forced loans of which he had previously been guilty. The bank that employed him was merciless in matters of this kind.

"Ten lots of twenty dollars each on a thirty-five to one shot," he murmured, "One of them must make good and then I'd be square—square." He turned to a neighbor and asked, "How have the numbers been running? Never mind colors." "Low—a whole bunch of first dozens and the O and double O every other trip, pretty near," said the man, plastering the numbers from one to ten as he spoke.

Wallace laid a bill on number one and awaited results.

"Number ten, black, even and first dozen," sang the new croupier cheerily after the ball had stopped. Wallace was not dismayed—he had plenty of ammunition. He played the O four times only to hear one, two, six called, and then double O.

He began to get worried and changed his bet to the latter number. As the ball fell the croupier called, "Single O." Hot tears of rage and helplessness sprang into Wallace's eyes at this last blow of Fate. Could he not win? Was it an impossibility? There were now only four bets left him.

His mind became chaotic—he played in a panic, an insane light raging in his eyes. Once—twice—twice—and only two bets left. Now the third was gone. And after the next? There was no loophole now. If he lost—he drew a long smothering breath at the thought—the game would be over—The game! He laughed bitterly at the misnomer.

He placed his last bet on O, a mist clouding his brain. He was conscious of no feeling of suspense. A great peace encompassed him. Poor human endurance had reached its limit and he would rest. After the drop of the ball came a voice from a great distance, calling and mocking him with, "Thirty-six, red, even and third down."

His hand sought his coat pocket. A

flash—a sharp report—and Donahue came tearing through the press of panic-stricken men who were trying to escape from the place of danger. He bent over the prostrate form for a moment. Then he straightened himself and wiped the sweat from his brow.

"The unfortunate cur?" he said, with a deep-toned curse, the passion of which shook his frame.

The Poet and the Peasant*

By O. Henry

THE other day a poet friend of mine, who had lived in close communion with nature all his life, wrote a poem and took it to an editor.

It was a living pastoral, full of the genuine breath of the fields, the song of birds, and the pleasant clatter of trickling streams.

When the poet called again to see about it, with hopes of a beefsteak dinner in his heart, it was handed back to him with the comment:

"Too artificial."

Several of us met over spaghetti and Dutchess County chianti, and swallowed indignation with the slippery forks.

And there we dug a pit for the editor. With us was Conant, a well-served writer of fiction—a man who had trod on asphalt all his life, and who had never looked upon bucolic scenes except with sensations of disgust from the windows of express trains.

Conant wrote a poem and called it "The Doe and the Brook." It was a fine specimen of the kind of work you would expect from a poet who had strayed with Amory's only as far as the florist's windows, and whose sole ornithological discussion had been carried on with a waiter. Conant signed this poem, and we sent it to the same editor.

But this has very little to do with the story.

Just as the editor was reading the first line of the poem, on the next morning, a being stumbled off the West Shore ferry-

boat, and loped slowly up Forty-second Street.

The invader was a young man with light blue eyes, a hanging lip and hair the exact color of the little orphan's (afterward discovered to be the earl's daughter) in one of Mr. Blansy's plays. His trousers were corduroy, his coat short-sleeved, with buttons in the middle of his back. One bootleg was outside the corduroys. You looked expectantly, though in vain, at his straw hat for ear holes, its shape insinuating the suspicion that it had been ravaged from a former equine possessor. In his hand was a valise—description of it is an impossible task; a Boston man would not have carried his lunch and law books to his office in it. And above one ear, in his hair, was a wisp of hay—the rustic's letter of credit, his badge of innocence, the last clinging touch of the Garden of Eden lingering to shame the gold-brick men.

Knowingly, smilingly, the city crowds passed him by. They saw the raw stranger stand in the gutter and stretch his neck at the tall buildings. At this they ceased to smile, and even to look at him. It had been done so often. A few glanced at the antique valise to see what Conant "attraction" or brand of chewing gum he might be thus dining into his memory. But for the most part he was ignored. Even the newsboys looked bored when he scampered like a circus clown out of the way of cabs and street cars.

At Eighth Avenue stood "Banco Harry," with his dyed mustache and shiny, good-natured eyes. Harry was too good an artist not to be pained at the sight of an actor overdoing his part. He edged up to the countryman, who had stopped to open his mouth at a jewelry store window, and shook his head.

"Too thick, pal," he said, critically—"too thick by a couple of inches. I don't know what your lay is; but you've got the properties on too thick. That hay, now—why, they don't even allow that on Proctor's circuit any more."

"I don't understand you, mister," said the green one. "I'm not lookin' for any circus. I've just run down from Ulster County to look at the town, bein' that the hayin's over. Gosh! but it's a whopper. I thought Poughkeepsie was some pumpkins; but this here town is five times as big."

"Oh, well," said "Banco Harry," raising his eyebrows. "I didn't mean to hurt in. You don't have to tell. I thought you ought to tone down a little, so I tried to put you wise. Wish you success at your graft, whatever it is. Come and have a drink, anyhow."

"I wouldn't mind having a glass of lager beer," acknowledged the other.

They went to a cafe frequented by men with smooth faces and shifty eyes, and sat at their drinks.

"I'm glad I come across you, mister," said Haylocks. "How'd you like to play a game or two of seven-up? I've got the keards."

He fished them out of Nosh's valise—a rare, immitable deck, greasy with bacon suet and griny with the soil of cornfields.

"Banco Harry" laughed loud and briefly.

"Not for me, sport," he said, firmly. "I don't go against that make-up of yours for a cent. But I still say you've overdone it. The Reubs haven't dressed like that since '78. I doubt if you could work Brooklyn for a key-winding watch with that layout."

"Oh, you needn't think I ain't got the money," boasted Haylocks. He drew forth a tightly rolled mass of bills as large as a teacup, and laid it on the table.

"Got that for my share of grand-mother's farm," he announced. "There's

\$850 in that roll. Thought I'd come to the city and look around for a likely business to go into."

"Banco Harry" took up the roll of money and looked at it with almost respect in his smiling eyes.

"I've seen worse," he said, critically. "But you'll never do it in them clothes. You want to get light tan shoes and a black suit and a straw hat with a colored band, and talk a good deal about Pittsburg and freight differentials, and drink sherry for breakfast in order to work off phonny stuff like that."

"What's his line?" asked two or three shifty-eyed men of "Banco Harry" after Haylocks had gathered up his impugned money and departed.

"The queer, I guess," said Harry. "Or else he's one of Jerome's men. Or some guy with a new graft. He's too much hayseed. Maybe that his—I wonder now—oh, no, it couldn't have been real money."

Haylocks wandered on. Thirst probably assailed him again, for he dived in to a dark grocery on a side street and bought beer. Several sinister fellows hung upon one end of the bar. At first sight of him their eyes brightened; but when his insistent and exaggerated rusticity became apparent their expressions changed to wary suspicion.

Haylocks swung his valise across the bar.

"Keep that while for me, mister," he said, chewing at the end of a virulent claybank cigar. "I'll be back after I knock around a spell. And keep your eye on it, for there's \$850 inside of it, though maybe you wouldn't think so to look at me."

Somewhere outside a phonograph struck up a head piece, and Haylocks was off for it, his coat-tail buttons flopping in the middle of his back.

"Devry, Mike," said the men hanging upon the bar, winking openly at one another.

"Honest, now," said the bartender, kicking the valise to one side. "You can't think I'd fall to that, do you? Anybody can see he ain't no lay. One of McAdoo's come-on sound, I guess. He's a shine if he made himself up. There ain't no parts of the country now where they dress like that since they run rural free

delivery to Providence, Rhode Island. If he's got nine-fifty in that valise it's a ninety-eight cent Waterbury that's stopped at ten minutes to ten."

When Haylocks had exhausted the resources of Mr. Edison to amuse he returned for his valise. And then down Broadway he gallivanted, coiling the sights with his eager blue eyes. But still and evermore Broadway rejected him with curt glances and sardonic smiles. He was the oldest of the "gags" that the city must endure. He was so flagrantly impossible so ultra rustic, so exaggerated beyond the most freakish products of the barnyard, the hayfield and the vanderbilt stage, that he excited only weariness and suspicion. And the wisp of hair in his hair was so genuine, so fresh and redolent of the meadows, so clumsily rural that even a shell-game man would have put up his peas and folded his table at the sight of it.

Haylocks seated himself upon a flight of stone steps and once more exhumed his roll of yellow-backs from the valise. The outer one, a twenty, he shuffled off and beckoned to a newsboy.

"Son," said he, "run somewhere and get this changed for me. I'm mighty nigh out of chicken feed. I guess you'll get a nickel if you'll hurry up."

A hurt look appeared through the dirt on the newsboy's face.

"Aw' watchert'ink! G'wan and get yer funny bill changed yerself. Dey ain't no ferm clothes yer got on. G'wan wit yer 'stage money'."

On a corner lounged a keen-eyed steercr for a gambling-house. He saw Haylocks, and his expression suddenly grew cold and virtuous.

"Mister," said the rural one. "I've heard of places in this here town where a fellow could have a good game of old sledge or peg a card at keno. I got \$950 in this valise, and I come down from old Uter to see the sights. Know where a fellow could get action on about \$9 or \$10? I'm goin' to have some sport, and then maybe I'll lay out a business of some kind."

The steercr looked pained, and investigated a white speck on his left forefinger nail.

"Cheese it, old man," he murmured, reproachfully. "The Central Office must be

baghouse to send you out looking like such a gillie. You couldn't get within two blocks of a sidewalk crap game in them Tony Pastor peeps. The recent Mr. Scotty from Death Valley has got you beat a cross-town block in the way of Elizabethan scenery and mechanical accessories. Let it be skidoo for yours. Nay, I know of no gilded halls where one may bet a patrol wagon on the ace."

Rebuffed again by the great city that is so swift to detect artificials, Haylocks sat upon the curb and presented his thoughts to hold a conference.

"It's my clothes," said he; "durned if it ain't. They think I'm a hayseed and won't have nethin' to do with me. Nobody never made fun of this hat in Ulster County. I guess if you want folks to notice you in New York you must dress up like they do."

So Haylocks went shopping in the bazars where men spoke through their noses and rubbed their hands and ran the tape line ecstatically over the bulge in his inside pocket where reposed a red nubbin of corn with an even number of rows. And messengers bearing parcels and boxes streamed to his hotel on Broadway within the lights of Long Acre.

At 9 o'clock in the evening one descended to the sidewalk where Ulster County would have forewarned. Bright tan were his shoes; his hat the latest block. His light gray trousers were deeply creased; a gray blue silk handkerchief flapped from the breast pocket of his elegant English walking coat. His collar might have graced a laundry window; his blonde hair was trimmed close; the wisp of hair was gone.

For an instant he stood, resplendent, with the leisurely air of a boulevardier connecting in his mind the route for his evening pleasures. And then he turned down the gay, bright street with the easy and graceful tread of a millionaire.

But in the instant that he had passed the wisest and keenest eyes in the city had enveloped him in their field of vision. A stout man with gray eyes picked two of his friends with a lift of his eyebrows from the row of loungers in front of the hotel.

"The juiciest jay I've seen in six months," said the man with gray eyes. "Come along."

It was half-past eleven when a man galloped into the West Forty-seventh Street Police Station with the story of his wrongs.

"Nine hundred and fifty dollars," he gasped, "all my share of grandmother's farm."

The desk sergeant wrung from him the name Jakob Bulltongue, of Locust Valley farm, Ulster County, and then began to take descriptions of the strong-arm gentlemen.

When Conant went to see the editor about the fate of his poem, he was received over the head of the office boy into the inner office that is decorated with the statues by Rodin and J. G. Brown.

A Trial by Golf

By W. Hastings Webling

"THE trouble with you, Morley, is you're not keen!"

"In what particular, dear Betty?" queried the young man with the respectful gravity in which he usually accepted her occasional lectures.

"Well, you never seem to consider anything worth while."

"Yes, I do, fair cousin," he protested gently, "I think you decidedly worth while, and take golf—"

"Very well," she interrupted somewhat scathingly, "We'll take golf. Everyone knows you are an awfully good player, but you never win anything!"

"Victor's Cup last winter in Balm Beach," he reminded her, diffidently.

"Pshaw! any Pot-hunter can win things like that—I mean something worth winning. The Club Challenge Cup, for instance."

"Been in the semi-finals two years running and finals this year," he pleaded, a propitiating smile on his clean-cut face.

"I don't think I would mention that, if I were you," she said slowly, "after letting that little red-headed Sammy Smithers beat you, and this only his second season."

"When I read the first line of 'The Doe and the Brook,'" said the editor, "I knew it to be the work of one whose life has been heart to heart with Nature. The finished art of the line did not blind me to that fact. To use a somewhat homely comparison, it was as if a wild, free child of the woods and fields were to don the garb of fashion and walk down Broadway. Remeth the apparel the man would show."

"Thanks," said Conant. "I suppose the check will be round on Thursday, as usual."

The morals of this story have somehow gotten mixed. You can take your choice of "Stay on the Farm" or "Don't Write Poetry."

"O, say, Betty," he exclaimed, stirred by her sarcastic tone, "you know how that happened. Sam is such a joke I couldn't take him seriously—why I was five up at the turn."

"But he beat you on the last hole!"

"Sort of thing might occur to any fellow. I let up on him, the little brute suddenly developed phenomenal form and made the last six holes in two under par. A thing he never did before or never likely to do again. Of course, I admit it was largely carelessness on my part."

"That's precisely what I say, you're not keen enough!" she proclaimed, with finality, "no one should let up in competition of any kind, until the game is won. It's fatal, and exactly where you fall down."

"Well, I wouldn't be so beastly hard on a chap, just because he doesn't collect a whole lot of useless junk. The last time you raved me about lacking business ambition and that sort of thing. I went right out next day and took a flutter on the stock market. Result!" he exclaimed, triumphantly, "I cleared over three thousand dollars in one month!"

"Yes, and lost it all, with more beside, last week. O! I heard all about it!"

"Who in the name of mischief told you that?"

"Never you mind who told me—you can't deny it!"

"Well, never mind," she said, rising from her chair and depositing some frothy looking fancy work in a bag. "I have several calls to make and mustn't keep mother waiting. But Morley, don't forget this, you play off to-morrow, with Mr. Lanesborough for the President's medal."

"Yes, we play in the finals. What are your wishes, fair cousin of mine?"

"I want you to 'back up' as the boys say, and beat him—do you understand?"

"Sure thing! I'll do my best, but I don't mind telling you, Lanesborough is some player, when he's on his game."

"Yes, yes, I know, but so are you, if you'll only back up. O! Morley, I do so want you to win that medal," she pleaded earnestly.

Morley Vansittart rose to the full height of his five feet ten of physical fitness and looked curiously into the eager eyes before him. "Betty," said he, half jokingly, "why this abnormal and surprising interest in a mere golf match? Anything up?"

Her pretty oval face flushed deliciously, as she hesitated a minute, then she said, "Morley, if Mr. Lanesborough beats you to-morrow, he is going to give me the medal for a brooch—if I promise to wear it. You—you know what that means?"

Before he could reply, she had escaped his relaxed grip, and made a sudden exit through the portiers, leaving the young man staring vacantly.

"Well, what d'ye know about that?" he gaped in unaffected astonishment. "Bertie Lanesborough, by all that's ridiculous—why, I didn't think that blamed Britisher knew enough!"

"Is that you, Morley?" exclaimed a surprised voice behind him. "I thought you had gone hours ago. Where's Betty?"

"Just vanished into space, Aunt Emilie," said he, turning to greet a tall handsomely gown'd lady, who stood busily buttoning her gloves. "Aunt Emily," he blurted out, "what's the matter with Betty? Are they—is there anything between Lanesborough and her?"

"Why—what do you mean, Morley? They are very good friends, I believe."

"I guess there is more in it than that!"

Fact is Betty just as much as told me there was—What a blighted fool, I've been!"

"Really, Morley," observed Mrs. Willis Vansittart, quietly fastening the final button, "I don't quite see the cause of all this excitement. You must have noticed his growing attention to your cousin lately. I think it would be an excellent match."

"Why, how can you say that, Aunt Emilie," said the deeply perturbed youth, "you know Betty and I have been sweethearts, ever since we were kiddies. I've always taken that for granted. She isn't going to marry him, is she?"

Her understanding eyes noted his troubled expression, and she had mercy. "I don't know about that, but that certainly isn't engaged—yet! But, Morley, let me recommend one fact to your serious consideration. Never take anything, that is worth anything, for granted. Especially a woman."

"You bet I won't after this!" exclaimed her relieved nephew. "Good-bye, Aunt Emilie, I'm off to the links for a good work out."

The door slammed and Morley jumped into his car and was soon racing out to the Links.

The club house was vacant when he arrived, so quickly changing his clothes, he engaged a caddy and started out to get in form for the momentous match on the morrow. He preloved steadily for over an hour. His approaching was excellent, his drives far and sure, while his putting, though not perfect, was well up to his average.

"I think that kind of game will about hold Mr. Bertie Lanesborough," he muttered, as he returned his clubs and bag to the caddy, and strolled towards the Club house. "Keen is it! I'll show her what I can do when I once start! I'll sweep the greens with that blossoming Englishman to-morrow, by Jove, or swallow my niblick, hang me if I don't!"

Ascending the steps to the Club house, he saw Lanesborough. Morley was in no mood for conversation, so he attempted to pass with a casual nod.

That worthy, however, was not to be avoided.

"I say, old chap," he exclaimed with an attractive smile which lighted up an other-

wise rather plain, heavy, but good-natured face, "where the deuce are you off to? Been waiting nearly an hour for you."

"May I ask why?" inquired Morley, frigidly.

"What's up, Van?" said the Englishman, gazing with surprise into the frowning face before him. "You look like a man attending his own funeral. Nothing wrong is there?"

"Not the slightest."

"Sit down then and have a drink. I have very important matters to discuss with you."

Drinks were ordered, and Morley dropped reluctantly into a chair and waited for Lanesborough to proceed.

The Englishman leisurely refilled his pipe and gazed at Morley plaintively out of his deep set eyes. "In the words of your classic diction," he said at last, "I'm up against it!"

"Up against what?" said Morley, somewhat puzzled but strictly on his guard.

"Fact is," continued Lanesborough, solemnly, "Your uncle and my father have just put their heads together and decided solemnly volens that I shall marry your Cousin Betty."

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" fired Morley who's flushed face and blazing eyes signalled a gathering storm.

"D—d if I know, old chap. Splendid idea from their point of view. Amalgamate two very important international interests, besides cementing two particularly friendly families by the hallowed ties of matrimony."

"Well, what's to prevent you signing the contract and settling the deal?" inquired Morley ironically.

"That's where the rub comes in," replied the self-centred young Englishman. "I like Miss Vansittart no end. She's a jolly ripping good little sort, but you see, I'm rather booked in another quarter. To be frank with you, I'm awfully gone on a little lady in London, Connie Carlton, of the Gaiety—ever heard of her? My word! old chap, she's a regular Queen, what?"

"Why in thunder don't you marry her then?"

"With I could, but you don't know my Guv'nor. He's awfully down on the stage. Fact is we nearly came to a bally old row over Connie. He thinks all actresses are engaged by his satanic majesty, to com-

plete the downfall of unopinionated young fellows like myself—what? But Connie's so different. But the Guv'nor wouldn't have her at any price, and so he shipped me over to America, to try and gain sense, as he put it, and accumulate experience in your uncle's office. Next thing he meets your cousin last summer in England, and made up his obstinate old mind then and there, we were simply created for one another, and the match was Heaven ordained."

"I reckon your 'Guv'nor's' got another guess coming," interrupted Morley, bitterly.

"Right—to! but that doesn't prevent him making my young life miserably unhappy. I feel like cutting the whole thing! But what good would that do, Connie needs a lot of keeping up and if I married her there'd be 'nothing doing' with the Guv'nor, you can gamble on that!"

"I'm sorry for you," observed Morley, unbending slightly, "but hanged if I can see how I can help you."

"But you can!" replied the Englishman energetically. "Win the medal to-morrow!"

"What in the name of mischief are you giving me?" cried Morley, half inclined to think his companion was loosing his mind.

"Steady on!" said Lanesborough, bending forward and putting his hand impressively on Morley's knee. "I've tried to put the Guv'nor off by saying I was ready and willing, but Miss Vansittart herself was the obstacle. Pardon, old chap, but I took the liberty of suggesting she preferred you. Awful rot, but the best I could do at the moment."

"I don't quite see where the awful rot comes in," returned Morley, tartly, once more on his dignity. "I don't mind telling you, that possibly you have accidentally stumbled on the truth for a change."

"Ha, ha!" roared Lanesborough, suddenly exploding with loud laughter. "O, very funny! Very funny, indeed! Why, I thought you were too much engaged in yourself to think of becoming engaged to anyone else. Fact, I think I once expressed this sentiment to your cousin and she said you were rather a nice boy, badly fooled by a generous Providence and bunkered in a

sand-trap of self-indulgence—or words to that effect! However, we're drifting from the subject. My Gov'nor evidently wrote your Gov'nor on this point and his reply must have been very conclusive, and not entirely flattering to you—I should say. His next letter was followed by a cable, threatened to have nothing more to do with me, cut my allowance and all that sort of thing, if I didn't get busy on the lines I have mentioned. And, by Jove, he'd do it too. You don't know my Gov'nor!"

"Regular old rip-tailed, isn't he?" remarked Morley, who was expected to say something.

"Yes. Well, the other night after dinner at your uncle's house I was left entirely alone with Miss Vansittart, and I must say she looked topping. Well, there was no escape, so I did it!"

"Did what," said Morley in fiery accent.

"Proposed to her, dear boy, sworn I couldn't live without her and all that sort of thing. Don't know how I ever did it, and by Jove, I did it rather well—considering."

"What happened next," said Morley with studied self-control, "did the express gratitude for the unusual honor and fall fluttering into your arms?"

"Not exactly, old chap," replied the practical Englishman, "she said, however, that she would give the subject serious consideration. When might I hope for her answer? She looked into my face rather funnily, I thought, and said after you win the President's medal. I expressed my gratitude, and promised to do myself the honor of pinning the emblem over her heart or something of that sort and made rather an effective exit. No sooner, however, did I get outside in the fresh air," continued Lanesborough, seriously, "than I came to—realized that I'd not been quite playing the game. Went home but couldn't sleep. Felt awfully cut up next morning. Feel awfully now. Hang all interfering fathers, I say!"

"Sorry for you," said Morley, "but what are you going to do about it?"

"Perhaps—I don't—intend to win, Twigg!"

"Hallo!" exclaimed a high-pitched nasal voice. "What are you two conspir-

ators up to—not squaring the match, are you?"

Both men turned guiltily, to see Samuel J. Sealthers approaching.

"Say, you fellows ought to have been at the Club this afternoon—great fun! The boys were all betting on the match to-morrow, and you'd think it was for the heavy-weight championship of the world. One fellow said you couldn't come back. Van—that started it! Your uncle took it up, and he bet Colonel Wills a level hundred you'd win. Others followed, and by Jimmy's Christmas, they were soon all at it. I backed Bertie for a 'tenner' with Dr. Quinby"—continued the little man proudly noting the effect he had made.

"Beat Van myself, once, you remember, but Bertie can give me half a stroke a hole and lick me any day he wants to, so guess I'm in right, at least that's how I dope it out."

Morley's face darkened. He rose from his seat.

"Look here, Lanesborough," he said, "I'll bet you a hundred I beat you. This match is going to be fought to a finish. Understand!"

"To a finish!" echoed the Englishman.

The following morning broke clear and cool, and conditions generally were mostly favorable for the game. The match was for thirty-six holes, eighteen to be played in the morning and eighteen in the afternoon. At the close of the morning round, Lanesborough who had been playing superbly, was three holes up, and to judge by the consensus of opinion during luncheon which followed, the eventual outcome of the game seemed a foregone conclusion.

The game of Golf is not, however, decided round a dining room table, neither is it played by arm-chair critics. The latter received a jar when Morley started off in the afternoon round by winning the first three holes. After that, it was a battle royal.

Many ladies had now joined the gallery, and were just as keenly interested as anyone. Morley noticed his Aunt and Betty among the crowd and from the latter, he received a wireless message, which was easy to decipher. It had the desired effect, he played as he never played before, and in spite of the Englishman's really brilliant game, Morley had the match all square at the thirty-fifth hole.

The two contestants walked side by side to play the last hole.

"Bet you another fifty I win," said the Englishman, whose sporting blood was all aflame.

"Done!" replied Morley, as he teed up his ball for the final drive.

Whether from over anxiety or over confidence no one knew, but he topped it badly, while Lanesborough followed with a "bird" straight down the course, about two hundred and fifteen yards.

Morley elected to use his "bessey" and got a "screamer," but unfortunately it hit the projecting branch of a tree to the right of the green and fell slap into the bunker.

Lanesborough took his favorite creak and got a long, low ball against the wind, just a little too low, for it struck the top of the same bunker and rolled back into the sand.

He was still away and the useful niblick, that faithful friend of the unfortunate golfer, was called into requisition. He got a little too much under the ball, and it failed to clear. Once more he tried and this time he made a magnificent recovery, landing the sphere, within three feet of the flag.

It was Morley's turn: he also had to rely on his niblick. After very careful examination of the ground, and the line he had to negotiate, he took a sharp half-swing and landed well over the bunker, the ball falling, unfortunately, into a somewhat cuppy lie, a few yards from the green.

Thus came the critical point of the game. Should he try to lay his ball

"dead" for the hole and go down in his next shot, which, providing Lanesborough made his "put" would make them all square on the match, or should he try to put down in "one" by a venturesome running-up shot. He hesitated to take the final plunge. His eyes briefly scanned the throng of excited faces that eagerly waited his next move. The graceful form of the white clad Betty instantly caught his glance, and to her he looked for inspiration. The blue eyes seemed to literally blaze with strange compelling force. That settled him. "Putting creak, caddy!" he called.

Once more he took his distance, and with a careful, cool, well-considered shot, he sent his ball deliberately towards its waiting goal. On it rolled, straight as a string, gradually becoming slower and slower, till it reached the hole, there, it hesitated for one brief second, which to the straining onlookers seemed almost an eternity, and then rolled quietly in.

The match was over, and Lanesborough quickly grasped the hand of his conqueror, and half wrung it off. "Thank God, old chap, you beat me fairly and squarely and we played the game!"

"Thanks," replied Morley—"You gave me the best match I ever had in my life."

* * *

And afterward, he pinned the medal on Betty's waist.

"Would you really have let Lanesborough do it?" he asked.

She colored and then gave him her eyes. "No," she said.

How Waterfront Got Even

By H. E. Taylor

WATERFRONT swore vengeance with a flow of language that would have done credit to a mule-skinner, then begged the makings. As he rapidly twisted the tobacco into a cigarette I noticed the marks of recent dissipation but made no comment. Slowly he inhaled while I awaited the story.

Waterfront had been rolled and rolled badly and was feeling mighty sore, hav-

ing lost a winter's work in a few short hours. His claim on Black Hill Gulch had turned out good pay and his poke from the first clean-up was heavy with gold dust. He had hit the Town with the best intentions, but the lure of saloon and dance-hall had proved too strong after months of loneliness and hard work on his claim. At first it had been only one small drink, but how could one refuse

a treat. Then more drinks, then drinks for the bunch, a few dances and a few more drinks, then oblivion; and he had awakened in the silty behind Pete's saloon cleaner, very sick, very sore, and dangerous.

I mildly suggested the police.

"Ah hell!" he said. "What's the use? I'm no squealer. Besides a fellow doesn't want every one in this burg to know what a fool he is, and I'll get back at that bunch yet and have the laugh on those four-flushers. What do they take me for, a cheechako?"

"Well," I said, seeing that he was talked out, "anyone who goes up against a game like that deserves all he gets. So I guess it's you for the Black Hills again. Waterfront, your dogs are at the cabin, and a grubstake, if you're broke. My advice is to hit the trail as soon as you can and clear out."

Waterfront and I were old pals, having munched in over the ice in '96. We had dock-walloped for a stake at Bennett, at Canyon City, below the White Horse Rapids, and finally at Dawson. He had picked up the name "Waterfront" at the time of the rush to Sixty Mile, and "Waterfront" he was to all his friends. We had been on every stampede together since we struck the camp, and had both made a strike about the same time, he on Black Hill Gulch and I on Eighty Pup above on Hanker.

Knowing that if there was any chance to make his threat good that he would overlook no bet, I was anxious to get him out of town. After a little persuasion he went. I was mighty glad to see him take the trail for Bear Creek.

* * *

The summer passed, and that winter I went outside, got the solder and tin cans boiled out of my system and touched a few of the high spots down the coast as far as Monterey and came in over the ice in March. I had received a few short letters from old Waterfront bemoaning his hard luck at having to stay on the Gulch and vowing vengeance against Pete and all connected with his saloon.

The spring opened with the rush to the Tanana, and things were booming when we struck Dawson. Every day boat loads of old Bear-doughs, still trailing in

their luck and following the lure of the gold, dropped down the river and disappeared into the North. The second night Waterfront munched in. He was very subdued for one who was usually first to stampede, but would give no explanation.

"What's biting you, old pard?" I said. "Haven't you got that old grinch off your chest yet?"

"No chance," he growled, "and what's more I've sold out to Kelly on 7 above, for a good figure and expect to strike for Fairbanks in a few days. From all accounts it's a hummer. Are you on?"

This was a surprise, and I could not help envying him his luck. I was tied up on the Pup with water, and saw no chance of getting out, and the stampede fever was on me, too.

"Well, here's luck," I said, as he went down the trail. "Write when you strike, and use that power of attorney of mine if it's any good, and cut out the hooch this trip."

"No fear this time," he yelled back, "and I will sure stake for you."

That night a resort spread that a live one had struck Pete's and I drowned over to see what was doing. I had felt an uneasiness all day on account of Waterfront, and on entering the dance hall my fears were amply justified. There he was, tearing drunk and whooping it up with a peroxide fairy for all he was worth.

"Who's for the next long, tukey two-sten! Come on, boys!" he yelled, as he held up a poke half a yard long.

Presently there was a wild cheer as he opened the bag and threw dust and nuggets far and wide over the floor. Pete was there with the big smile and watchful eye as the floor-master swept the gold into a heap in the corner.

"Everybody dance! Drinks for the crowd! All they want! I own the lavret to-night!" Waterfront bawled.

I might as well have tried to stop the ice going out as stop that madman. The mob rose whooped it up, the bars, pool rooms, fare joints, were deserted. For hours the bunch went to it, danced, drank and ate their fill. Every old bum in the place was there; the money was tremendous. It looked like Hell broke loose as they fouled drunk and sang. But Waterfront had disappeared; his note came—none knew where, and none cared. I

hunted all night for him but gave up in disgust and went up to the cabin. I was through with Waterfront.

* * *

The day dawned on the biggest drunk that the oldest Sourdough could remember, but that night the whole camp knew how Waterfront had evened up his score.

True there had been some gold dust and a few nuggets in that poke, but the rest was made up of brass fillings and some copper and lead nicely washed. Waterfront had spent his winter evenings on that fake stuff and worked up the game

on Pete. Nerve! He sure had delivered the goods.

Three weeks later I received a letter from him explaining the plot. While the revelry was at its height he had quietly stolen away and had dropped down the river into Alaska very sober and very happy, and was then in the Tanana.

"Come north at once," his letter ran. "Your power of attorney is good and I have staked for you on Iron Creek fourteen feet to bedrock and a pay streak to suit the poorest of old Sourdoughs. Kind regards to Pete and his outfit. Yours,

"Waterfront"

On the Seventeenth Page

By Fred Jacob

FROM the front verandah of the summer boarding house the scene was just varied enough to avoid being exciting. On the stretch of sand, ladies with extensive hats and white parasols coquetted with the sun, but dodged its tan. Figures in bathing suits rolled about on the beach, or occasionally caused a flutter of interest by taking a dip in the lake, only to crawl out and be prone where the sun could dry them and scorch blisters on their arms. Dooms of children were running about, starting to go nowhere and then hurrying back again, greatly to their own gloe.

How better could a lazy man enjoy his holiday than gazing for hours at these young people between momentary efforts to read? I was at the seventeenth page in my book, which would almost fly open at that spot, so long had it been spread out, for as I became more familiar with the actors in the pantomime on the sand I lost interest in my story.

Yet there came an hour on that hot summer afternoon when I felt that I would be forced to read it in self-defense. Mrs. Carlton-Heward liked the verandah as well as I did, but not as a spot where one could lounge and smoke. Mrs. Carlton-Heward wanted always—to talk. It was less than a week since we first met,

and I already knew more of her family history than would have been required by her biographer. Still I found that her home affairs were as a bottomless mine.

Mrs. Carlton-Heward was pink and white and fifty, but she intended to blossom into a second youth. She had been telling me about it all afternoon. Mr. Carlton-Heward and she had made their minds up about this point years ago. They took life seriously and planned things out—it was the best way. When you marry—this to me at fifty—be resolved to settle down and become domestic while the children are growing up. Then when the last one goes—wedded, she meant, not dead—enjoy a second honeymoon. Be as frivolous as when in your teens.

The working out of this splendid scheme had almost been upset in the case of the Carlton-Hewards by Miriam, their youngest daughter. I had heard the story five times already, but could not say so. It was not lack of suitors—oh, dear no—Miriam had them lined up at the door like the fans at the ball game,—but she was an extraordinary child. She possessed most astonishing notions of duty, just like her father. Any characteristic that Mrs. Carlton-Heward looked upon as peculiar, but praiseworthy, she ascribed to

her husband. Miriam's idea of duty was that she should stay at home and smooth the path of parental old age, and it almost required brute force to turn her from her purpose.

"Ah, well," said Mrs. Carlton-Heward, "I cannot now be giddy without setting a bad example."

"I hope, my dear madam, that we are not carrying on a flirtation," I said, with an attempt at sarcasm.

"Oh, dear no," she chirruped gaily, "a man who does not know whether or not he is flirting may feel sure that he is safe. No, I want to be a chaperone and keep the nice boys around me. I can tell you all this because I feel sure that you were always old."

This nettled me. There was a girl—I recall her stiffly combed hair still—whom I could have wooed with perfect confidence. She comforted my vanity many times, but why should I tell Mrs. Carlton-Heward? Nevertheless, her remark made me feel rude. So I replied, "Well, when there is so much in the world to read, why should one take time to get married?"

"You are hinting that I am keeping you from your novel?" she exclaimed.

Mrs. Carlton-Heward was amiably itself and I felt half inclined to call her back and sacrifice myself to her conversational gifts for the afternoon.

I had just picked up my book again with the intention of reading at least one paragraph when Sidney Herbert came up the walk, spotless and immaculate as usual. I covered up my annoyance as well as possible while I offered him a chair. He was a callow creature, who affected a candid superiority towards everyone. He always described me as an unsympathetic listener, and yet I had truly heard all that I desired to hear of his vanities and vapors during the few months since our acquaintance had commenced in a business transaction.

"I did not know you were staying here," he said as he lighted his cigar and stretched out so that a glimpse of dainty sock showed above his trim shoes.

"No!" I said, indifferent.

"It hasn't been here for years," he went on. "I thought I'd run down and renew old acquaintances. I am at the hotel, in the very room I used years ago

during one glorious holiday. But strange to say, this house is the place I best remember."

There was no need to ask why. I knew perfectly well what he would reply.

"There was a girl spending the summer here, a charming little creature, so pink and white, like a great wax doll," he said, "Mamie Bright, that was her name. It just suited her."

"That is one I have never heard you speak about," I remarked.

"Perhaps not. Yet I had not forgotten her. All the fellows talked about her, but I said nothing, sly dog that I was, though I intended that they should all play second fiddle," said Herbert.

"You succeeded?"

"Succeeded?" My partner leaned forward and slowly knocked the first accumulation of ash from his cigar. "I just studied her and played my cards to suit. She was a sentimental little creature; so I merely talked. Oh, but I had the gift. I should have lived in the days of romance. When we sat on the bench we did not hear the waves; it was the sight of the crowing hearts in the city out of whom toil had crushed the power to love. I marvel now at the way I used to be able to talk, but Mamie was like the rest. She revelled in it."

"Did you spend a whole summer talking that way?" I inquired.

"Oh no, we discussed our own personalities," he replied, "at least Mamie thought we did, but in reality we only discussed hers. Of course she was misunderstood by those who should have known her best. She liked to talk about the way they wounded her, and, of course, I drew her out. There was a seat beneath a tree near the bench. Let me see. No, it is gone. We would sit there for hours and talk about feelings. And the other fellows! Well, first they were annoyed and then they contented themselves with freckle-faced summer girls." Herbert threw himself back in silent laughter at the recollection.

"I suppose you both got tired of it," I ventured.

"Tired of it, why Mamie lost her fluttering little heart completely. They told me she had been like a little butterfly. Well, she began to take things seriously."

"How did you know?"

"Oh, well, I had a little vanity. I suppose it was natural. A fellow soon gets to know his powers. I liked to watch her flutter, so to speak. In the evening I used to stand down there in the darkness under the trees just to see her come out again and again to peer up the road anxiously for my coming."

"Then you engaged yourself, and both went home and that was the end of it," I remarked, as cynically as I could.

"I am not the end you appear to think, my friend," said Herbert, cheerfully, "I saw it was serious with Mamie. Why, I could have taken her in my hand and crushed her like a flower, but at least I was a gentleman. I let her know casually that I could not marry till my education was completed. That was my way of letting her down easily."

"What became of her?" I inquired.

"I did not come back here next year. That was the summer I became engaged to Alice Martin, you have heard of her, but I really had not the heart to ask about Mamie. She was the sort of girl who never forgets, so I feared the impression might have been too deep." Then Herbert added, in his patronizing way, "You do not understand that, do you? Well, that is why you have always lived such a humdrum existence. You are the sort of fellow who would have gone back and after seeing the desolation caused, it is probable that you might have had a long and troublesome time with your conscience."

"Perhaps," I said, without feeling that he had been very uncomplimentary.

Our conversation died because my partner lacked fuel. He was satisfied to sit back with smiling recollections of his own irresistible youth chasing one another through his mind. I devoted my time to wondering how long he intended to stay and how many visits he would pay me before returning to the city. The rustle of Mrs. Carlton-Heward's skirt came as a welcome relief. She had a habit of appearing by accident whenever some one came to the house who looked worth knowing. There was a little drama in which we had to take part—it was customary on such occasions. Mrs. Carlton-Heward pretended to hasten to a retreat, but

not too quickly. I rose hurriedly, though, of course, I might have taken my time, and urged her to meet my friend. I did not tell her my thoughts, but it seemed to me a great opportunity for the new-found freedom to be exercised, and I felt sure that Sydney Herbert would be a willing victim.

Herbert did not take the introduction formally. He started forward with great effusion. "Why," he exclaimed, "I think Mrs. Carlton-Heward and I are old friends."

The lady looked blank.

"Were you not Mamie Bright?" he asked. "Surely I am not mistaken."

"Yes," she exclaimed, brightening, "you are right."

"Of course, it is some years since we met," he went on, with what seemed to me great audacity, "but by a strange coincidence we—we—have just been talking about you."

"Really, you will have to pardon me," said Mrs. Carlton-Heward, "but is your name Mr. Herbert. I am trying to place you. I have such a wretched memory for names and faces."

"I met you here one summer—" suggested Herbert, as though his statement would settle the matter.

"But I came here every summer until I was married," replied the lady, laughing.

"I was staying at the hotel—"

"Oh," she went on. "Oh, yes. Of course. There were always such nice boys at the hotel. Nicer every year, I think, for they culminated in my husband," she paused. "I really must seem awfully stupid, but when I come across old friends I do want to place them. Let us talk over old times and then, perhaps, I shall be able to remember the summer and who all were down here that year. I suppose that you can recollect some of our doings."

I climbed out of my reclining position to get an extra chair.

"Oh, yes," I said, "Mr. Herbert can tell you a great deal that happened that summer. I am sure he will be delighted to freshen your memory."

The remark was spiteful, but I could not resist it. I began again on the seventeenth page.

Knowledge

*Ah, ye who know, but do not know,
Who see, but do not see,
Come where the faded roses blow;
Here, at last, you may see and know,
Here, at the grave of mem'ry, lo!
You may find the golden key.*

A wistful violet or two,
Of books a score or so—
Then spake the soul of the Man who Knew,
As he plucked the petals, wet with the dew,
"Thus doth the flower grow,
Thus do the blossoms go;
Thus and thus," said the Man who Knew,
"There be few," quoth he, "who know."
But the poet said, "In the violet's eyes
I drink of the wine of Paradise."

An engine and a bolt or two,
Steel wires, a silken wing—
Then spake the soul of the Man who Knew,
As he felt the pulse-beat steady and true,
"Thus doth an airship sing,
Thus to the gale we swing;
Thus and thus," said the Man who Knew,
"To the clouds," quoth he, "we spring."
But the poet said, "As you sped away,
I flew with your ship to Yesterday."

A faded rose, a leaf, a few
Dried petals, frail, forlorn—
Then shook the souls of the Men who Knew,
Of the airman, poet, scientist, too,
Nor any word was born,
For every heart was torn;
Slow of speech were the Men who Knew,
That every rose has a thorn.

But the poet said, "What man but may
Fly back with a rose to Yesterday?"
And ye who know, but do not know,
Who see, but do not see,
Even you, where the roses blow,
Find, at last, you may see and know.
Here, at the grave of mem'ry, lo!
Is the poet's golden key.

—G. H. Maitland.

Wrecks and Fishermen

By

Peter Denvit

I REMEMBER now that I was tired that night and slept heavily. I had been out with the dories and we had just come home in the morning from the banks, so that, being a city-bred man from inland, and unaccustomed to the ways of the fishing fleets, I went into my room in Jack Loubet's house early after supper, and, blowing out my lamp, went asleep.

Had I been in the city, with electric light in the room, or even gas, I might have done differently, but as it was, even in the times that I did wake and hear the sounds outside, I was too indifferent, too oppressed with sleep, to fumble for the matches, lift the glass and find the wick of the lamp. So it was morning before I knew what happened.

Martha, the evening before, had remarked to me that the glass was falling. Jack, her husband, had bought one of the most costly barometers that ever rode out of London. He had saved money toward that end for years, in order that he, and his wife when he was away, might have the most accurate information possible concerning the weather. So Martha, as she rubbed the heavy white china plate before setting it before me, made the observation and added that she was glad the fleet had just returned, instead of just preparing for the banks again.

The windows of Loubet's house were square-paned. On all sides but one they contained rows of blooming geraniums; but on that one side, the side facing down across the stones and boulders of the shore to the harbor, there were no plants, nor even curtains. Martha would have nothing to obstruct her view of the bay when

the fleet was coming in. As I looked out and across the bay I observed the sky—common enough in the eyes of a landman, but ill-omened to the fisher folk.

There were squalls beating about the caves as I turned the wick of the lamp down. Before I slept I noted that the surf was running high and pounding on the shore with a sickening sound. Twice I waked. Once it was the scream of the wind that had penetrated my dreams, and as I lay, trying to identify the room—for in my sleep I thought I was back in a certain city—I thought I heard the boom of a gun. But the clamor of the wind and the whining of a loosened shingle disturbed my certainty and I slept again.

The second time I woke, a light was gleaming through a crack in the door which opened from my ground-floor bedroom into the general living room, dining room and parlor. I heard Martha run across the floor and open the outside door. I heard Jack Loubet call something back to her from outside, and then his footsteps retreating—I slept again.

In the morning everything was over. The wind still shouted and the surf still cast itself madly down on the rocks on the shore. But looking out over the bay I beheld the wreck of a great ship, and betwixt the wreck and the shore a small boat rose and fell upon the green seas, now high in sight, now hidden in the hollow behind a sweeping crest.

Martha hurried up the path as I opened the door. Her face was covered with salt spray. Her hair hung in black locks around her face. The salt was encrusted. Her eyes were hollow and her lips blue.



MARTHA'S WINDOW LOOKED DOWN ACROSS THE ROCKS TO THE SHORE.

"They're all off but him," she said, in a tired, heavy voice. "Jack and the preacher's gone for him now."

"Who's left?"

"Captain. He was asleep below in his cabin. It was the mate's fault, but that don't help the captain any. They've gone to try and take him off."

Turning in the path she pointed for a moment toward the small boat which by this time was nearer the wreck.

"How many'd you get ashore?" I asked.

"Bout two hundred."

"What boat?"

"God knows. We haven't her name—she's a big tramp—everybody's too done out to say. The mate mistook his light. It's all done now," and she added, glancing down the path as she entered the doorway. "Here they come."

Then I saw them, or rather, forty-three of them that were allotted to Martha's house.

There was only one hero in the crowd, the others were sject. The hero one could pick out at a glance by the way he carried himself. The forty-two others looked as though they had seen the sickle of Death poised, ready to descend upon them. One expected that their faces

would be haggard, their eyes hollow, their lips blue. One could see nothing to laugh at in the blankets and shawls in which the crowd were clothed. Their teeth were chattering. Some staggered. Men were trying, feebly, to assist women up the path. In one case a woman was assisting a man. And in the rear of the dreary procession came the hero—the fat man.

Martha and I settled some of them in the kitchen and in the living room. The women, Martha put to bed as best she could. The men crouched around the roaring wood stove or stretched on the floor in their scant covering, and slept.

But the fat man was attending to the children. He removed their garments and substituted those that the neighbors had by this time brought to the house. He lifted some of the little ones and carried them to various places where they could rest. Finally, everything having been attended to, he sat down on the floor and the heavy face relaxed into lines of weariness.

"Have a drink?" I whispered, as he nodded toward the stove. "Take a nip and I'll find you a place to lie down."

"Thanks," he said, "God, but that's good!"



THE SCHOONER WHICH COLLIDED WITH THE ILL-STARRED "BURGOYNE."



Three days after the wreck, the vessel had settled on her side, and the swells, rushing through her port-holes, made a weird picture.

He was a real estate man from Alberta and had been in England selling certain townsites. His venture was probably of a doubtful character; that is to say, he, no doubt, painted prettier pictures of these townsites than Truth himself would have painted, and it was probable that the investors in these particular sites were tying up their money for years to come. On the vessel, so I heard afterward, he had been rated as a "bouncer" by the saloon passengers, the reason for this being the fact that he ate with evident pleasure, talked noisily, and wore coats, waistcoats, trousers, neckties and overcoats that "bounced," so say were they. But when, in the gale, the ship struck, and when fear-ridden men and women rushed to the decks and threatened to overcome the discipline of the ship—the fat man loomed up like a policeman in the fog, took charge of whole groups of hysterical passengers, controlled them, comforted them and directed his end of the rescue work. The two hundred had been taken off in boats. He had been, next to the captain, the last to leave.

In a day or two the last traces of the ill-starred passengers were gone. The steamship company had sent a special

train and special officers to attend to them. The last two figures we saw, Jack Loubet, Martha and I, were those of the Fat Man and one other—the master of the ship. Loubet and the preacher had taken him off the bridge of the breaking-up liner by force. When he reached the shore he was a crumpled-up figure—a ruined man.

The eastern coast of Canada is one of the worst coasts. There is a constant turmoil there. The sea and the rocks are still in their strife only when the wind is away. The wind is the evil spirit of the coast, who hides in the bays and in the shadows along even the smoothest of beaches. For days he plays but a gentle part, wafting the schooners off the shore, bringing them in with the dawn; frowning the hot kitchens ashore and making the shadows of the fish-houses wells of luxurious coolness. But in a night and a day he throws off the disguise of peace, drops the soft mantle of the neyphr. He abets the aggression of the sea; urges its fury, strokes it into madness. And on the shore he makes the crannies in the rocks shriek with defiance, so that the quarrel may be the more noisy, and the better to his taste. Were he absent, the coast would live at peace with the sea, but where he is, is



Some of the Village men Were Out in Small Boats Looking for Wreckage, or Missing Bodies.

strife. And the ship that comes between the sea and the land is a ship no longer.

The wrecks of the Nova Scotia coast are too many to be listed. There have been famous collisions, as when the *Burgoyne* was sunk. There have been great liners wrecked, or even the huge freight carriers plying between Canada and the Old Country. There are the wrecks of which the public of Canada hears; there are others of which little is said. A fleet sails out of a harbor and is gone for weeks and weeks at a time. Meantime there are gales, and still no word of the fleet, until, of a peaceful morning when the dawn wells up in the sky like a breath of white smoke under a bowl, when the dawn wind, trailing lightly over the breathing sea, makes a black ripple, when the birds stir ashore, and the children sleeping over the fish-houses, begin to stretch their puny limbs—a single sail appears. Nearer it comes with the strengthening wind. One can see the rigging and guess at the color of the hull. And the women come down to the shore or stand as I have seen Martha stand, looking out the windows, their faces hard set, or weakly relaxed in hopelessness, their hands on their hips or their

arms folded, man-like, on their bosoms. Thus they peer out to sea.

"There's to' gallants on that ship," says one woman finally. She turns and walks slowly, dry-eyed, up the shore. The others stand staring.

"Ah!" with a sigh, "It's a red main-sail. It's not Jim's sail," says another, and she, too, turns back to her house.

One by one they recognize different points of identification, and realize that it is not the ship they are looking for. The others, one or two, or even a dozen—wait.

There is no excitement, no wild joy nor unmitigated grief among the fishermen when they know that it is *his* ship or not his ship. Only brides weep, or women who are expecting. The others have learned the easiest way of bearing things; they apparently assume, after a certain absence, that the "man" is dead, until he puts in an appearance. Sometimes, sooner or later, the man gets caught. It is a question of time, unless he has unusual luck, and in that case, perhaps he quits the calling and turns store-keeper, or becomes a lobster canner. The old philosophy of the fisherman's wife remains with her: "The



At Times You Might See Parts of the Wrecked Vessel's Sides Above Low-tide.

very end. Even when "her man" lies crouching decently in his bed, she is not sure that she will not even yet owe her widow's-lod to the sea. To weep would be to honor the sea by a display of one's impotence. To be glad when the man returns, is to love the sea. They are stolid.

I was in Martha's house five years after the great wreck. She had had a post card from the Fat Man, for the Fat Man always remembered Jack and his wife.

"There's your old room still there," she said, inviting me to spend another season with herself and her husband. "I'm expecting Jack in to-day."

"How long has he been gone?"

"Two months."

"Two months?" I said.

Among the neighbors I went. The men were in the village preparing to depart the next day for the banks. They were mending nets and boats.

"Oh Basil!" I called to a man who was hammering something to the deck of his schooner. "What's up? What're y' doing?"

"Fixin' a new cleat," he said. "How are y'?"

"Fine. How long's Jack Loubet been away?"

"Who?"

"Jack Loubet."

"Oh, him!" pausing to straighten his back. "He's been about two months. We got caught in a 'white' (squall). He was off in a dory with Pete Lapre. Why?"

"Martha is expecting him home to-day."

"Is she!" he exclaimed, his expression changing. "Is she!"

He gazed abstractedly out to sea, and whistled softly. Then turning to me:

"He'll be here, then." He spoke with simple conviction.

"You don't believe it, do you, Basil?"

"Believe it. O' course I do. When Martha Loubet says a thing like that—it's true. *She knows.*"

As I passed from fish-house to fish-house and boat to boat, I found that the news had suddenly spread. The women whispered of it, from one to the other: "Martha's man is coming home." The only authority they had for the belief was that Martha had said so and Martha *knows*. By this I took it that she had a super-sense.

Apparently she had.



JACK AND THE PREACHER PULLED THE BOAT ASHORE.

That night, having spent the afternoon in a neighboring harbor, I returned to the village. I met Basil on the outskirts.

"Jack Loubet's back," he said.

"When?"

"Two hours after you left. Came by the train from Montreal. He got picked up by a tramp. Took him to New York. Don't know the rest."

Martha was busy over the kitchen stove. She was alone, as quiet and even-voiced as ever.

"Jack's back," she said.

"Where?"

"Down by the boat. They're goin' out again in the morning."

It was as she said. He was there, as-

sisting in the equipment of Tom Foster's two-master. We shook hands solemnly.

The east coast of Canada is full of legends and history, intensely covered with beautiful things, with rivers, hills, bays, crags and beaches. The sea, of a summer night, lies softly in the lap of the land and dreams, with its face to the stars. The rocks stand like sentinels, around them the shadows creep. But the wind, running swiftly down from inland or arriving, panting, from the open sea, disturbs the peace of things, and sets the sea and the land quarrelling, so that ships, passing, or men in small boats venturing out, are destroyed and go to swell the number of the wrecks of that coast.



Your Habits and Your Health

By

A. W. Anderson

THAT poetic old doctrine of hell-fire which is so much ridiculed nowadays had in it at least one prize-worthy element. It taught men to model their every-day lives on considerations of future weal or woe. Without carrying this idea into the speculative region of future existence, a striking counterpart is to be found in the physical, and incidentally the mental and moral, life of the present generation. It has been axiomatic ever since the days of Solomon that a man must suffer in this life, if not in the next, for any persistent disregard of the great laws of health and morality.

Despite the warnings of philosophers and the advice of physicians, mankind in general continues to ignore the relation of the present to the future. It will persist in dealing only with the things of today, forgetting that what is done now must have an inevitable influence on what is done in years to come. This is a sermon which has been dinned into the ears of people from the days of Epictetus down to the latest writer on the right way to live, and yet it seems to fall fresh on the ears of listeners still. It is Hammetton who brings home in a lucid way the brevity of time and the need for rounding out each day's existence so that the whole of life may be harmonious. He takes his illustration from the field of reading. Many a man in his view is postponing his acquaintance with the great books of the world until a more convenient season. Perhaps he is accumulating a library which he fondly hopes to study when business cares begin to let up. To such a one Hammetton would say, of what avail will the knowledge of these books be when you have retired from the active work of

life and how many of them do you suppose you will be able to read anyway? It will be quite easy for anyone to figure out just how many books he can reasonably expect to read before death comes to terminate his opportunity, and it will be found that the sum-total is very small. How foolish then to forego even the petty chance we now have of adding daily to our store of knowledge.

But it is not of reading or of other mental accomplishments that it is so necessary to speak. These are of only limited appeal. Where everyone is affected is in the department of health. Here the lesson of making one's life all square every day is very needful. It is reasonable for a man to assume that the poetist's three score years and ten will be his, if he but observe the ordinary rules of health. He is entitled to that share of life at any rate. Why then should he not aim to have his years run their course evenly and placidly?

In the latter years of the eighteenth century there attended school in London, two boys who were destined to make names for themselves in the days to come. One youth spent all his spare time poring over books and gorging his mind on all sorts of bookish learning. The other spurned books and reamed the country whenever opportunity offered. The first overbalanced his physical strength; the second apportioned his time more evenly to study and to bodily exercise. The results of the two kinds of life soon made themselves apparent. The first youth became a man subject to all manner of distressing bodily ailments and died at a comparatively early age. The second developed into a robust

manhood and lived to a ripe old age. The two were Coleridge and Wordsworth.

A business man will often say, "I must put this matter through this week; the whole success of my business depends on it." He will work nights; he will gulp down his meals and in general will run himself to the verge of a nervous breakdown. Such examples are not far to seek; they are to be met with every day. But what's the good of it? True, there are necessary cases demanding expedition and these must be excepted, but taken all in all, most of these rush jobs, which oftentimes become chronic, are unnecessary when viewed from the proper standpoint. What does it avail a man if, in order to accomplish one petty little undertaking, he permanently injures his health and reduces his life—the years when he might enjoy living—thereby? It is suicidal.

It is just because practically everybody forgets this, that there are so many books of warning written and the subject is never allowed to grow cold. Arnold Bennett has been saying the same thing in a recent book but in a new way which is decidedly impressive. He points out that in the matter of time everybody, be he rich in worldly goods or not, has been served with precisely the same amount. Each and all of us has been given twenty-four hours of it a day and it is ours to do with it as we please. This precious possession is too often thoughtlessly frittered away. It is not conserved as a wise man saves his money, apportioning it for present use and future needs. It is not paid out with that regard to economy which characterizes most monetary transactions. In fact, it is not handled as carefully as it should be.

The idea that many people now act on, that the present only is ours and that we should take the best out of it, is only half the truth. If it is followed without any relation to the future, it is liable to lead one into trouble. A man may get into all sorts of harmful excesses through it. But where there is the added influence supplied by the thought that the proper use of the present is going to make for well-being in the future, then it is indeed a safe course to pursue.

It

A well-rounded day is therefore what everybody should aim at, the kind of day of which may be said when it is over, "I rose with hope and cheerfulness, I worked with thoroughness and enjoyment, I ate my meals with good appetite, I took my recreation with zest, I did a kindness when I could and I learned a few useful things." That is the way to live a life which will ensure an even course and a happy one down to old age.

A first essential then is to get the right perspective at the very beginning of the day. The waking hour is an important one. That it should be a reasonably early one is the opinion of most writers on the subject. Eight in rising will exercise a bad influence all through the day. Think to yourself how much good time you will rescue from the realm of unconsciousness by rising one or two hours earlier each day for the next year. If you get up at seven instead of eight, or at six instead of seven, you will save 365 hours or fifteen full days. If you determine to do still better and recover two hours a day, you will be creating for yourself thirty new days, and what cannot a man accomplish in thirty days? One wonders why more people do not go in for time-saving in this way. Of course, it is not intended to advise any serious curtailment of the hours of sleep and a man must preserve a minimum at least for this purpose.

One must learn to control the mind at the moment of waking else it may run riot, and if the subject be dyspeptic, he may begin to harbor all sorts of injurious thoughts and impressions. This tendency can be obviated by fixing on some helpful idea before going to sleep the night before and acting on it at the moment of coming back to consciousness. Keep the mind firmly fixed on this idea until its full meaning sinks in and then you will be able to rise with good resolutions for the day and a right understanding of your relation to life.

Then in working, learn the lesson that a few hours of good hard concentrated work is far better than many hours of worrying, dragging work. Better to work for only three hours a day earnestly and well, than to stick to your desk for eight or ten hours, driving an unwilling brain against its will. Here is where everybody

nearly makes a mistake. Because work is an essential to existence, a man is liable to consider it the essential, but it is no more an essential than sleep, food or exercise. It should not necessarily take the first place in the system of life, but should be made to conform with the general plan of living. By emphasizing it too strongly, one is liable to kill off by slow degrees those other faculties for improvement and enjoyment which are so needful for a well-rounded life. How many men of thirty or thirty-five are beginning to notice that they no longer take any delight in those pursuits that interested them when younger? They have simply allowed their work to step in and usurp the time which they might have given to recreation, and gradually the habit has grown on them until they are not only careless about other matters but powerless to enjoy them. There must be a daily cultivation of these other matters if they are to become a factor in one's life.

Rules for eating properly to harmonize the digestive functions with the general scheme of living have been discussed so often and in such varied ways that it seems almost superfluous to dwell upon them here. Suffice it to get this viewpoint—that it is not only expedient to observe these rules for the sake of present advantage, but much more because of their influence on the future. An excess to-day may be rectified to-morrow, but only temporarily, for it will have an undoubted bearing on one's future health. It is all

very well for the careless man to say that he will let future take care of itself but, unless he is a very extraordinary person, he will bitterly repent that decision when he begins to reap the harvest of his foolishness. Hurried eating may save ten or fifteen minutes to-day, but, if made a habit, it will extort days and perhaps years of efficient life later on. Is it not better then to eat and drink each day bearing this in mind, than to borrow from the future unnecessarily for present expediency?

In the rounding out of daily life for the advantage of future years, recreation must play a leading part. It is as essential to the well-being of all the component parts of man as is food to the body. Everyone must admit that exercise is necessary, if we would have our system toned up to the proper key to-day. How plain it must be then that it is quite as needful if the body is to remain efficient throughout the term of its years. It may be neglected without apparent ill effects for months and years but in the long run the man who ignores its claims on him will pay dearly for his folly.

In many other directions does this principle apply. Remembering that faculties which are not used become atrophied just as much as physical organs, a man will take heed to his daily habits and observe whether or not he is persistently neglecting those pursuits which are needful if he would have his life run a full and steady course to the end.

THE BEST FROM THE CURRENT MAGAZINES

The Losing Fight Against Fire

A NOTABLE article on this subject has been contributed by Ex-Chief Croker, of the New York Fire Department, to the *World's Work*. He summarizes his experience at the outset.

In the twenty-seven years of my service the number of men and the equipment of New York City's force of fire fighters was increased more than 500 per cent. In 1884 there were 52 companies with 866 men on the rolls. Now there are 258 companies with nearly 4,500 men on the rolls, and with 1,600 horses. In 1884 the department was equipped with apparatus that was antiquated and insufficient even for that early day. Since then this has been changed. Progress has been made constantly, until now the equipment is the most scientific and complete in the world. As a whole, the fire department of Greater New York is greater than the combined departments of the next five largest cities—and in spite of this the fire losses in life and property, and the dangers of frightful holocausts in New York are steadily increasing. The battle against flames has been a losing fight, all things considered.

This fact had been growing upon me for a long time. For twenty-seven years I had practically lived among New York's fires, viewing them first as a private, and for the last twelve years as chief of the department. In that time I had seen millions of dollars and scores of lives go up in smoke. At least fifty per cent. of this vast loss in property and human lives was directly due to inexcusable carelessness.

The development of fire fighting in this period had easily kept pace with the de-

velopment of complications in fires, which increase as buildings become higher and industrial development becomes more complex. The improvement in apparatus and equipment for fighting fires compares well with the increased efficiency in other fields. But, in spite of this, it became obvious to me that we were not making any progress in the unceasing battle against flames. Although we could put out any fire that might break out, just so surely fires would continue to break out and the inevitable losses would follow.

The Washington Place fire was the final blow. I forwarded my resignation as fire chief to Mayor Gaynor and quit the game of fighting fires after they had started, for the less spectacular but more progressive one of diminishing the number necessary to fight.

Fire fighting is war. The fire fighter is not a man to whom the peace and security that comes to the general public in "piping times of peace" is a reality. He knows nothing of peace. He is engaged in warfare all the time. His trade is fighting. He fights the bitterest and cruellest of enemies, not one day, or two days, or a week, but every day and every night, from the time of his enlistment to the end of his service. Every fire that he is called to fight is a potential man-killer. Nobody can tell how a building is going to "act" when it begins to burn. It may burn with a great flare of flames which may be extinguished quickly and in safety. It may be an insignificant blaze in which something unforeseen will happen and half a dozen men will be killed.



From the time the firemen leave their company house to respond to a call until the fire is subdued and the last man out of the building, nobody can tell whether the fire is going to be one that will be handled safely, or whether it is to be remembered as one that added to the list of firemen killed and injured in the line of duty.

There is no treachery like the treachery of fire. A roof or a floor, which, apparently, is as sound as it was on the day it was built, may cave in the moment a foot is set on it, or a wall that looks staunch and solid may fall without a second's warning. In 1899 a fire broke out in a three-story cigar factory at Eighty-seventh Street and Avenue A, a nasty little blaze in its way. It was necessary to get to the roof to fight it. With a squad of men and a "lead" of hose I climbed up and began to sound the tin-covered roof with an axe to test its condition. The fire was burning briskly down below, but the roof seemed strong enough to bear a regiment. As I went forward to bear a blow, striking the tin in front of me with the axe, I called back:

"Come on, men; she'll hold us, all right."

The next thing that I knew I was splitting out cinders down in the basement. The fire had burned out the supports in the centre of the building and when I put my weight on the weakened spot the roof gave way and let me down for a three-story drop. The men who were behind me saved themselves by rushing back to the walls. They hurried down to the street calling,

"The chief's gone!" and started into the basement to dig me out.

They met me as I was coming out. I was wet and burned considerably, but that was all. I never tried to figure out how I escaped that time. It was a case of the luck which keeps firemen from being killed when they are taking desperate chances.

There is no way to guard absolutely against such accidents. Of course, an experienced fireman can tell to a certain extent the condition of a building and how far the fire has weakened it. If it is obvious that a building is unsafe to venture into, naturally no sane man will go into it or order his men into it. But, as

I have said, fire-fighting is war, and if you go to war you are going to lose men, or else you haven't got near enough to the enemy to do him any harm. There is only one way to fight fire and that is to get as close to it as you can and whip it and whip it quickly. To do this it is necessary to take chances, which, while they may appear reckless to the layman, are absolutely necessary to the efficient practice of the fireman's profession.

In 1908 a fire broke out in a factory in Worth Street. It was a bad fire. Time after time, we apparently had the flames whipped down to a mere smudge only to have them break out again with renewed ferocity. The building was filled with heavy manufacturing material, but it was a strong building, the walls were standing staunch and true and the floors were apparently sound. A squad of men from an engine company started to take a "lead" of hose in through a window on the third floor to gain a point from which the fire could be fought with advantage. We had not been in on this floor, and though every second was valuable I stopped the men and climbed through the window to see if the floor was safe. It was a thick floor and it held my weight, which is greater than the average fireman's, without a quiver.

"All right, men," I said, and they rushed in like a squad of soldiers given the word to charge the enemy.

Two of the four that went in I never saw alive again. Less than a minute after I had let them go that floor gave way with a roar, the centre of the building caved in, and those four smoke-eaters went down in a crash of burning timbers. We pulled two of them out badly injured and two of them dead.

Such treachery as this, seen year in and year out, which takes from the fireman's side without a moment's warning the tried companion of a score of fires, makes him hate the flames as his worst enemy and turns him into an efficient semi-madman, with only one desire—to get at the flames and put them out. No patriot, fighting for the love of his country, is more anxious to beat an enemy than the true fire fighter is to put out a fire. Life and limb become matters of secondary importance; the fire's the thing, to put it out is all that a man thinks of.

Stubbs: Master of Traffic

AN interesting sidelight on the American man of affairs is afforded in a sketch of John C. Stubbs, who, as director of traffic of the Harriman lines, was that financier's right-hand man for several years. The sketch appears in *Munsey's Magazine*, and is written by Isaac P. Marcusson. The occasion of its appearance is the announced retirement of Mr. Stubbs at the age of 65.

Who is John C. Stubbs? Ask any railroad man up and down the glistening gridiron of quarter of a million miles of track in the United States, and he will tell you that Stubbs is a traffic wizard. Shippers, and all those who are required to know something about the great transportation game, know him, too. But not until he announced that he was going to retire did the mass of the people find out that this quiet, modest, slender man, the right hand of Huntington and of Harriman for many years, was a force all his own, and a power to be reckoned with in the ceaseless business that touches more of the population than any other industry. Like the unknown millionaire who is the silent bulwark of many a community, he was content to go his way, achieving a big task unheralded.

When you come to analyze his life, you find that there is none of the blare and clash of incident that usually punctuates the activities exploited by the human-interest historian. Instead, there is the simple narrative of quiet efficiency, written in imperishable terms in the growth of whole regions, and translated into action in permanent mileage on the railway map.

But it is not Stubbs the great rate-maker and traffic-producer that most interests us just now. Rather is it John C. Stubbs, the human being who chooses to leave his desk because he thinks he has worked long and hard enough.

It was to get at the root and reason of this determination that I sought him out. I saw him first in his office on the sixth floor of the Merchants' Loan and Trust Building in Chicago. Here, in a long, high-ceiled room, where the roar of the bustling city faintly smote his ear, he sat at an oak table, holding the invisible reins of traffic of the Harriman system. Up and

down nearly twenty thousand miles of track, and across the waters of two oceans, moved the people and the freights that paid tribute to his tariffs.

Yet there was no noise of confusion here. Compared with the highly-charged atmosphere at 120 Broadway, in New York, when his lamented chief was busy, it was like a Sunday school. One thing symbolized the extent of his powers. It was a map of the United States crisscrossed with red lines that showed the conquering way of the Harriman roads.

It is a room of character. On an easel in the most conspicuous place are portraits of his two great chieftains, Huntington and Harriman. On the wall at his right is a portrait of Edwin Hawley. There, too, are Paul Morton, his old-time traffic antagonist, but warm personal friend; Hopkins, Crocker, and Stanford, the giants of the Californian days.

A group of photographs behind his desk is a significant index to one phase of Mr. Stubbs' genius; for, like Harriman, he had a marvelous instinct for finding big men before they developed. Here you see the picture of Charles H. Markham, now president of the Illinois Central, whom Mr. Stubbs picked for promotion when he was agent for the Southern Pacific at Reno. Alongside is William Sorensen, now president of the Wells-Fargo Express Company, whom Mr. Stubbs dug out of an obscure freight clerkship in San Francisco. Here, too, is Charles M. Hays, president of the Grand Trunk, formerly a work-fellow of Mr. Stubbs on the Southern Pacific.

More impressive than all these pictures is the personality that dominates the room. If you first behold this slender, almost frail man of medium height out in a crowd, you would probably guess him to be a country lawyer or preacher. In response, his presence is not compelling. His face is freckled and lined; his blue eyes gleam kindly behind their spectacles; his white hair curls around a well-shaped head. There is something almost Lincoln-like in the homely simplicity and sincerity of his manner. You would never think that he was a lord of traffic, for

years the associate and confidant of the kings of capital.

Watch him in action, and the homely manner falls away. The blue eyes flash; the face is alert; he personifies tense movement. Then you see the fiber of the man on whom Harriman relied to get the life-blood of traffic that coursed through his great system of railroads.

In his office I talked with Mr. Stubbs about Harriman and Huntington. It was a proper setting for such reminiscence.

"Mr. Harriman," he said, "was the most remarkable man I ever knew. He could look further and deeper into things than any one else of my knowledge. It was this quality which explains what many people regarded as his unnecessary impatience and irritability. Before you had spoken half a dozen words, he anticipated what you were going to say, for his mind had raced ahead of yours.

"He had no ambition to be the richest man, but he did want to be the most powerful. Money and railroads simply meant power, and he loved power. I never knew a man who believed more implicitly in the future of the United States. He also believed in himself, like Napoleon.

"I never knew him to be unfair. He gave what he exacted. When he played forfeits with his children, for example, he made them pay up their losses to the last penny. It was his way of teaching them the big game.

"Strange as it may seem, Mr. Harriman never worried; but he thought in bed, ... his was what killed him. He worked all day, and thought out his problems at night.

"His way of solving the Erie problem was typical. The road faced receivership because it could not pay an issue of maturing notes. Mr. Harriman knew that this receivership would upset the stock market and work trouble for his own vast interests. It was on his mind when he went to bed. He tossed about until six o'clock in the morning thinking out a plan to meet the emergency. Then he turned over and slept an hour. At seven o'clock he was at the telephone, rousing his secretary, who received instructions to assemble securities necessary for a loan of five million dollars. At nine o'clock, when the banks opened, the money was available, and the notes were paid.

"No one ever really knew Mr. Harriman intimately. No one probed into what was in the back of his head. He was the personification of affection and loyalty to his family and to his friends, but, like the smiling Jap, he eluded solution.

"Mr. Huntington," continued Mr. Stubbs, "was a different type of man. Where Harriman was the financier, he was the builder. Both men were tireless workers.

"Mr. Huntington had one peculiarity which, so far as I know, has escaped his biographers. When he was past seventy, he hated the idea of being called old. Once we were fellow guests at a big dinner at the Metropolitan Club, in New York. Mr. Huntington sat across the table from me. During the meal, the man at my right pointed him out, and asked:

"Who is that fine-looking old man over there?"

"I told him, and he remarked that Huntington was a splendid and commanding figure. As we were going home that evening, I told Mr. Huntington about the incident, believing that it would please him. Instead, he fell into a rage.

"Did he call me an old man?" he inquired.

"I had to say yes, whereupon he asked: 'Why didn't you kick him under the table?'

Before we leave the subject of railroads, I should like to quote Mr. Stubbs on one more topic, for it shows another angle of his mind.

"If I owned the Union Pacific Railroad," he said, "I would distribute the stock at par. This is not socialism, but what I regard as the easiest method of developing a friendly feeling for the railroad. A wide ownership of bonds of small denomination would go a long way toward achieving the same end. When people have their money in a property, they are not so quick to try to tear it down."

Up to this time we had only talked of railroads, rates, and railroad men. The air was charged with the movement of large affairs. But when I mentioned his contemplated retirement, a new light broke over Mr. Stubbs' face.

"I don't see why any fuss should be made over a man's quitting his job," he said. "However, since I am going to re-

tire to my old home at Ashtland, Ohio, let's go down there and discuss it."

Thus it came about that I journeyed to Ashtland with him. There was more in that trip than merely getting one end of a magazine article. It was the intimate revelation of the sources of a man's life, and likewise a fresh and helpful excursion into the heart of an Anglo-Saxon democracy.

When I saw Ashtland, I also saw the background of the Stubbs character. Here, sheltered by green hills, watered by pleasant streams, is a centre of sound Americanism. It is a clean, serene, drowsy region unmarred by the ugliness of poverty. From this hardy and well-nurtured section came the first of the Studebakers, the clang of whose anvil rang across the valley. Out of its village school stepped Judge Peter Grosscup, destined to go down in judicial history linked with the Dobs and Standard Oil cases. In a cottage near by, William B. Allison dreamed his youthful dreams.

But first in Ashtland's gallery of fame, and first in the hearts of her people, is John C. Stubbs. He alone, of her prosperous or eminent sons, has chosen to return to the scenes of his boyhood.

Here comes one picturesque phase of the whole Stubbs incident. It illustrates the fact that deep down under the bustling American consciousness—truer and more permanent than the money-greed—is the instinct for home. When all is said and done, this is what draws Mr. Stubbs from the teeming tracks of traffic.

I walked down the Main Street with him. Nearly everybody knew him, and there were friendly nods and greetings on all sides. Those who did not know him knew who he was, and were proud of him.

I went to a luncheon at the principal hotel, where many of the leading citizens were gathered to greet him. It was an old-fashioned mid-day dinner, for the luncheon habit has not yet invaded the small communities. Anecdotes of the early days flew about. A playmate of Mr. Stubbs, now the leading merchant, told how, despite his frailty, he fought to the last ditch in the school duels. Another friend, now the editor of the daily paper, waxed reminiscent of war-time experiences; and so it went, with cheerfulness

and affection pervading. In the end it was proposed, more seriously than in jest, that Mr. Stubbs should be the next mayor of Ashtland.

"If he runs the town as well as he runs the Harriman lines," said some one, "we shall have money in the treasury."

Late in the afternoon I strolled with Mr. Stubbs through the charming huckle town, and it was then that we talked of the subject that lay uppermost in our minds; for I wanted to know why he was retiring from business. It was a fitting time to speak of peace and the mellowing years, for the still air was fragrant with apple-blossom and lilac. Like a rural Marcus Aurelius, this man of affairs discomfited upon life and work.

"I am going to retire," he said, "because I don't think a man should work after he is sixty-five. After that time all the real fight is out of him. I do not mean the pugnacious quality, but aggressiveness and the ability to take the initiative. While I have my own business particularly in mind, what I say is really true of all activities. In the army, a man is retired before he is sixty-five; why should not the same wise rule apply to other kinds of service, more arduous, more rocking than the soldier's life. It is youth that wins. The world belongs to the young man.

"You hear a lot of talk about genius; but there is no genius. It is simply hard work.

"All my life I have worked for other people. I have been too busy to make money. I am not a rich man. What little I have is savings. The big salary—^{had} not come until late.

"Now I want to devote a little time to myself. There are many books that I want to read; many places that I want to see. In short, I am tired of turmoil, and I want to rest."

He took me to a big brick house, sentinelled by maples, that stood on an eminence near the edge of town. A sweet wind blew in from the hills; the branches of a flowering cherry tree nodded against the porch; the deepening shadows of evening confined the earth. It seemed to be the abode of peace, spaciousness, and comfort.

"This is my home," said Mr. Stubbs. "Here I really expect to live."

He paused a moment. The years seemed to fall away from him, his look became young and eager, and he added: "Now you know why I am going to retire."

I thought of another picture; it was a marble palace in the Ramapo Mountains

that crowned a princely domain. In a splendid room a little man lay sleeping the unawakened sleep. At sixty-one, Mr. Harriman had sacrificed his life in the race that had no compensations.

Perhaps Mr. Stabbis is right.

Taking Care of Her Own Car

SOCIETY was horrified at first at the idea of a woman riding a bicycle, then rode it to death. It shuddered at the idea of a woman driving an automobile; now the woman who owns a car and isn't her own chauffeur on occasion, is not only hardly smart, but gets a reputation for timidity. This may or may not be so, but it is the beginning of an interesting article by C. H. Cloudy in the *World To-Day*. It goes on:

There have been for years many women who would drive their own automobiles, if they felt they could care for them—women with the means to purchase a moderate-priced car, but denied a masculine member of the household to do the grooming, and unable, or unwilling, to keep a properly accredited chauffeur.

To these, the salesman is now presenting a new argument. Instead of trying to convince a woman who is, although highly intelligent, without any knowledge of mechanics, that "my car doesn't need any care; all you have to do is to turn the crank and start it, then get in and ride," he tries to show her that "although this car, like any other car, needs attention to run at its best, that attention is something which a woman, as well as a man, can give it."

He shows her that even if a carburetor does get "out of whack," it isn't a matter of muscle and great knowledge to fix, merely a matter of a little know-how and practice. He shows her that an ignition system is not inherently an affair of the devil, impenetrable to the testimony of its actions at times, and that the magic which will exercise said devilishness is merely patience and, again, knowledge, which can be so easily acquired by a woman as

a man. He shows her the ins and out of steering-gear, of transmission, of differential, of valves, and of control; shows her, in fact, what he would show a man who expected to take care of his own car. The result is, there are more and more women driving cars all the time, who stable them, feed them, clean them, keep them in order, adjust them, "time them up," even if they still leave heavy repairs or matters of muscular labor to paid masculine help.

When it is boiled down to a matter of essentials, there is really nothing more complicated for a woman, in taking ordinary care of the average car, than there is in taking the same care of a sewing-machine or a furnace, two pieces of household apparatus that any modern Friscella usually understands thoroughly. Now is the time for the skilled automobile mechanic to rise up and roar. One can fairly hear him:

"What? An auto no more complicated than a sewing-machine? A motor-car as easy to take care of as a furnace? Nonsense. He doesn't know what he's talking about!"

And, from the skilled automobile mechanic's standpoint, the assertion is somewhat difficult to swallow. But observe, please, Mr. Skilled-Automobile-Mechanic, and you, too, Miss Want-To-Care-For-My-Own-Car, that the statement said "taking ordinary care of the average car."

Now, what is ordinary care?

In the first place, keeping the tanks full of oil and gasoline, the radiator filled with water. Is there, inherently, anything harder about unscrewing a cap and pouring oil, gasoline or water into a brass hole, than there is in squirting fluid from

ing-machine? A difference in magnitude, not kind.

Ordinary care includes, in the second place, keeping tires well pumped up. One can stop at a garage and have it done: one can buy cylinders of compressed air and do it oneself, with no more effort than is required to attach the hose and turn a handle, or one can get right down to hard facts and pump, just as one did with the bicycle, and if any woman will tell me that it is harder to pump up a medium-sized tire than it is to shovel in coal or take up ashes from a furnace, I will—contradict her!

In ordinary care is found, also, cleanliness. Cleanliness means not only of fenders, body and brass, but engine cleanliness. It means particularly spark plugs and cylinders. Spark plugs don't get dirty standing unused; they sputter up just when one is demonstrating one's machine for sale to a purchaser who doesn't know a spark plug from a reach rod, or an ignition system from a spanner, and who thinks any use of a tool on the engine means it is fit for the scrap-heap. Or, they get dirty just when we have put on our daintiest lawn dress, and are in the middle of a ride with our dearest enemy, of whom we want a fever!

In such circumstances, to await, helpless, the coming of something with trousers, who, by the way, unless he comes in his own car, is just as apt to be entirely ignorant of trouble in dirty spark plugs as you are, is humiliating, to say the least. How much more comfortable it is to play the man, don old gloves and a duster, or even an unsuitable apron, take out the offending plug, squirt it with gasoline or clean with a rag, rescuer it in place, hook on the wire, and—off again!

How to test for the offending plug with the burning coil, and how to remove and clear and replace the plug, is neither hard nor troublesome to learn. Any woman who can learn the intricacies of a shuttle, needle and feed on a sewing-machine can do this equally well; in fact, a lot of them do, which is, when all is said and done, the surest indication that the assertion, questioned by Mr. Expert-Automobile-Mechanic, is a true one.

To say, "These cylinders are getting carbonized," is to be horribly technical.

Many a woman has heard that from her repair man, in the now happily lost days of repair shop robbery, and said, "Well, for goodness' sake, stop it; I don't want the whole car carbonized!" and has paid roundly for the cleaning which she can do equally well herself, at no expense. For no one will contend that it takes either great skill or great knowledge to pour a little kerosene into the cylinders through their cups, and run the engine until the carbon deposit in the cylinders (the remains of burned oil) is burned away.

By the same token, some helpless woman drivers have had a repair man come to their car and paid him for time and knowledge, to start it, when all it wanted was a little "priming" or extra gasoline put in the cylinders, through those same cups, a thing sometimes necessary in cold weather!

Sometimes, when the motor begins to "mis," it is the battery which is at fault. A "mass fire" is easily recognized, its cure not much harder. It must be faulty ignition, not enough gas, or dirt, if it is to be curable on the road. If the batteries are all right, and there is no "short circuit" (wires touching where they should not), the trouble is in the plug, and it is ignition which is at fault. If the plugs are all right and there is no short circuit, seek the trouble in the storage battery. And the testing of the battery with the instrument made for that purpose (the ammeter) or the shifting of the wires from one set to another, is neither complicated, vastly difficult, nor hard to understand; certainly no harder than the adjustment of a radiator in a house, the reading of a steam-gauge on the furnace, or the management of dampers and doors to produce the desired temperature.

And magneto ignition—which, O feminine student at hard words! means an electrical system for igniting the gasoline gas charge in the cylinders, by means of a little mechanism called a magneto, which generates an electrical current instead of the battery—is almost troubleless, and reduces the hunt for electrical trouble to short circuits and dirt. If you learn where the magneto is, and see always that its wires are tightly fastened, you will know about all you need to about this part of the machine.

Carburetors, I will admit, are affairs not to be adjusted without exact knowledge. Yet on the carburetor depends the performance of the car. If it isn't working right, if it isn't producing the right kind of gas from the gasoline, if, in other words, the mixture is too rich or too poor, there is going to be trouble. Adjusting a carburetor to the car is a matter of knowledge rather than of skill. But, admitting that it gets out of adjustment and must be put back, any clever woman can learn from seeing it done, and understanding why this, that and the other, are done, to do it herself. She is intelligent, this Miss Take-Care-Of-Her-Own-Car, or she wouldn't understand it. It takes only intelligence to understand that a gasoline motor goes because a charge of gasoline gas and air is ignited in the cylinder by a spark, which ignition or "explosion" is accompanied by a great expansion of the gas, which expansion pushes a piston that turns a crank, which motion finally gets to the wheels and turns them.

Understanding this, it isn't much harder to understand that there is some best mixture of gasoline gas and air for the kind of car and the time of year, at the carburetor, to get the best power out of the gasoline used. It is this best mixture which the carburetor gives the car, and, understanding the apparatus and how it does it and why it does it, and how to adjust it, is a part of the education of every autoist, and it's about on a par with understanding the engineering principles of a heating plant. One can heat a house without knowing them, and one can drive a car without ever touching a carburetor, but if one would do either to the best effect and with the most intelligence, such knowledge is desirable.

Even as one star differs from another star, so doth one carburetor differ from another in glory and mechanism. But all have some method of adjusting the relation of gas and air. She who learns what this relation is, for her car, and can adjust the air or gasoline intake so the car runs best and with least smoke, either in winter, when the cold air makes more of it needful, or in summer, when the air can be cut down, saves herself trouble, time, and "repair" charges.

Then, there are a lot of little things about the engine which anyone can learn.

The belt which drives the fan may get loose. Any woman who can fit a dress ought to be able to take up a belt! Yes, it gets your hands dirty—wear gloves. Yes, it's messy—everything about an engine is messy, oily and dusty. Wear the proper clothes. But the continual revolution of that fan means cool water in the radiator, which means smooth running to your car.

The control may develop lost motion. If you understand the control, that is, can follow the rods and wires as they run from carburetor to the control handles on the steering-gear and from the timer to the same place, and can see where the lost motion is, you can correct it, providing, of course, that it is correctable with wrench or other tools. It may well be that in going over and caring for her car, Miss Take-Care-Of-Her-Own-Auto comes across things beyond her skill, strength or knowledge. But if she understands what is the matter, and what ought to be done, and can take her car to a repair shop and say, "Here, there is too much lost motion in this steering-gear," or, "My clutch slips and I lose power," she will get her work quicker, better done, and with less charges than if she is compelled to go to the garage, get a repair man to ride with her, and find out what is the matter, for himself, and then leave him to do what he pleases and render what bill he likes, to what he knows to be dense ignorance.

There are different ways of getting the knowledge required to care for one's own car. One girl I knew had a friend in the automobile business. She persuaded him to allow her to spend some time in the shop. She stood around for a couple of hours for several days and went away with a working knowledge of how a car is put together, which nothing but continual observation of different chassis in various stages of deshabille could have given her.

Another young woman contracted with the agent from whom she bought the car in this way:

"I'll have your car," she said, "and pay you cash for it. You will agree to have a man teach me how to run it, and take it to pieces and put it together again, so I can understand it."

The salesman didn't want to; it meant three days of a repair man's time, but

that \$900 in cash looked so very green, he—did it. The young woman has a mental picture of all the "works" of her car, and can tell as well as any one when anything is wrong, fix it if it is not too complicated, and is not a bit afraid to take her car on a day's run, if she has "tuned it up" herself.

A young woman was promised a motor the day she could demonstrate to her father that she knew how to take care of it. He was a civil engineer.

The young woman bought a couple of text-books on the automobile, studied them, then asked a friend for lessons in the simple essentials. One day she came to her father and told him:

"I'm ready to show you I know how to run and how to take care of a car."

Her father borrowed a friend's car and took her riding. She showed him first that she knew how to drive, and then, as fast as he disarranged the car in several ways, while she turned her back, she put it right again. He disconnected a wire from a spark plug—she found it in a moment. He disconnected the wire from the battery—she tested for current as soon as the car wouldn't start, and, finding none, went straight to the battery box. He removed a plug and fouled it—she located it, had it clean and back in place in five minutes. Other and more elaborate tests were dispensed with as being injurious to the car, but the daughter gave her father such a lecture on a car's construction and principles that he was glad to throw up his hands and ask her to have merry, and please to drive to the garage where the new car was to be bought!

There are dozens of such examples, and whether the car be the simple electric, the slightly more complicated and infinitely more flexible gasoline car, or the little steamers, you will see women not only running them, but running them with the comfortable knowledge that, even if they got out of adjustment, the power to "fix it" is within them, and not necessarily for them in a garage.

The matter of tires must not be neglected. For of all things which may happen on the road, calculated to strike terror to the heart of alleged helpless femininity, a punctured or burst tire is the worst.

Yet coming back once more to the stove and the sewing-machine, the present

scribe can see nothing more difficult in replacing a tire with a new one, save the muscular effort required, than in "tuning up" a heating system, emptying radiators of air, seeing that the water stands at the top of the system, that flues are free and dirt-pockets clean, etc. It is true that it does take a little strength to remove and put on a heavy tire. A medium-sized tire can be managed without trouble by any woman with the understanding of how to go to work, and patching a punctured inner tube is certainly no harder than patching a torn skirt!

Telling a delicate woman that the first thing she must do if she would repair a tire, en route, is to lift the car up from the road enough to allow the wheels to revolve, seems, at first thought, equivalent to saying at once, "You can't do it." But in every motor-car tool chest is found a little apparatus called a "jack," and this tool will do the lifting up of the car for you with less exertion than is necessary to pump water from a well, and with the same motion.

Modern tires are held on mechanically, not alone by air pressure, as were the old double-tube bicycle tires. It is only necessary to use a wrench to get off the retaining nuts and rings and free the rubber "shoe." Getting the tire off the rim is more a matter of patience and the right use of a tire tool than great strength, and putting the new or patched inner tube in place is neither difficult nor exhausting.

Pumping up is undeniably hard work! But it can be done, with time, patience and a foot-pump, and if there are several to take turns at it, it is really not so terrible a job as it might appear. But the modern way to pump a tire is to have a small tube of compressed air along with you, connect it to the tire, turn a valve, and presto! the tire is ready for use!

Repairing a tire, like all the rest of the moderate, every-day, not highly scientific cases which any car requires, if it is to run at its best, is entirely a matter of the right knowledge, plus the will to do. The whole matter rests entirely with the individual woman in question. As between learning the average care required for the average car, and learning to cook a good meal, I think any one who knows anything about automobiles and who has tried to be his own cook, will back the person who tries

to learn the essentials of autoing, to finish first.

However incredulous the masculine reader may be, or his sister either, who has already regarded anything mechanical as about as mysterious as the stock exchange, the fact remains, more and more young women are taking care of their own cars, more and more are learning the simple essentials of keeping a car in tune, of keeping it clean and healthy, and able to run there and back with comfort. With many it is the case of "Do it myself or do without a car," and, so one young modern sister of Phœnix put it, "I never knew how much the men were bluffing when

they talked motor until I learned for myself how very simple such things as batteries, spark plugs, transmissions, and clutches were."

This, for a mere man to quote, is hum-bling, but goes far in proof of the point nevertheless, that there really is nothing more complicated in taking ordinary care of the average car than there is in taking the same care of a sewing-machine or a furnace!

Try it, Miss Want-a-Car-Very-Badly-Best-Ann-Affraid-Of-Its-Care, and see if you can write, as a conclusion to this tale, a good round Q.E.D.

Britain's Business Soldier

THOUGH written before the announcement of his appointment to succeed Sir Eldon Gorst as British Agent in Egypt, the following little sketch of Lord Kitchener in *The Organizer* will prove timely:

When Lord Kitchener returned to England from India, where he had been for seven years Commander-in-Chief, the popular opinion prevailed in Great Britain at that time that an appointment would be speedily found for him, enabling him to control, as far as it is given to mortal man to control, the military destiny of the nation. He would be allowed to devote to a large extent, at any rate, military policy. This is what nearly everyone, not actually engaged in pulling the wires of the nation behind the scenes, felt. And, strange to say, nearly everyone, irrespective of party, was disappointed. Popular supposition was belied. Lord Kitchener was not placed in the all-important position at the head of affairs which had been expected. Now, however, we need no longer lament. He has had his reward. The renowned K. of K. has been appointed a director of the Chatham & Dover Railway!

There is a tradition, begotten of truth, in railway circles, that the man of great name who joins the board of directors of a railway company in this way must be inevitably of the ornamental rather than

of the useful school. All who know Lord Kitchener say it is a tradition to which he will be wholly false. K. of K. is the last man in the world to trade upon his great name. His lifelong hatred of men who do that sort of thing has made for him more than one enemy in the past. But what does that matter to a man who does not care a fig how many enemies he makes provided he feels sure he has found the true way? The men who have served him in the past have brought only one passport—the passport of their ability.

A story comes from a highly authentic source to the effect that during the South African war a really first-class officer went to Lord Kitchener armed with a letter of introduction from a very illustrious British personage, the document almost amounting to a command that the officer should be given a certain post of responsibility on Lord Kitchener's staff. The great soldier had always been guided by one inflexible rule. "I choose my own men and not other people's" was his maxim, and he saw no reason why he should even then depart from it. The officer in question kicked his heels in Capetown for several weeks to no purpose, and ultimately had the good sense to return to London. An army officer may be a pet of society, but before a pet of society can hope to find favor with K. of K. he needs must prove himself "a man for a' that."

"K. is a remarkably good soldier," was once the rather carping tribute of a critic, "but I am not sure that he is not an even better foreman of the works." This remark was, unintentionally, a compliment, because, as a discerning military politician afterwards remarked, "No general worthy of the name could fail in that capacity."

To be described as a "foreman" means that he is essentially a splendid man of business. He has led armies to victory simply through his innate genius for organization. We saw a fine display of business-tactics and strategy in the way in which he settled things for us in South Africa after Lord Roberts had departed from the scene. It has been truthfully said that by his aid we did not merely beat the Boers; we conciliated them. At Khartoum, and even earlier in his career, he gave abundant proof of his skill as a business soldier. Lord Kitchener has the gift of silence, so invaluable to a great

business man. Soldiers who have seen active service under him testify that when fighting is afoot K. of K. invariably keeps his own counsel. There is never any leakage of information when he is in command, because, so far as those around him can gather, there is never any information to leak!

"A thing is ordered. It must be done. No excuses will avail." are the three great working precepts Lord Kitchener's subordinates must ever keep before them. And so it happened during the Khartoum expedition, when an officer lost a Nile steamer through another man's stupidity; he was a ruined man, since the responsibility was his. The fruits of long years of meritorious services were destroyed. K. of K. does not find it easy to forgive a failure. . . . But, after all, a man who has been called upon to fight the battles of the Empire cannot afford to be a sentimentalist.

What Is to Become of The Preacher?

A STRONG article on the smallness of the salaries paid to clergymen appears in *Henington's Magazine*, from the pen of Dr. Thomas E. Green, which will set many people thinking. He takes first a typical case.

The Reverend Charles Wesley Bradley is pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church in a thriving Wisconsin town of twenty-seven hundred inhabitants. We shall call this town Cedarville.

Cedarville stands in the midst of one of the most fertile farming regions in the Middle West. Situated in a southern tier of counties, its county line joins the rich Rock River valley of northern Illinois. Farm lands in the neighborhood are worth a hundred and fifty dollars an acre.

The two thousand and seven hundred people of Cedarville are almost all prosperous. For the most part they are intelligent, well educated, highly moral, good citizens. The town has two banks, a couple of weekly newspapers, a creamery, a grain elevator and a fine new high school.

Not an undesirable place for the Reverend Charles Wesley Bradley to be assigned to by the annual conference. The parsonage, though small, is a cheerful, well-built frame cottage. The Bradleys have lived in much worse houses; in fact, they have seldom lived in a better one. In the course of twenty years' itinerancy, a Methodist minister's family has a chance to experience a variety of housing conditions, and learns to be satisfied with mere comfort.

In addition to the house, Mr. Bradley's congregation allows him for his services as their pastor the sum of \$800 a year—that is, they promise him \$800. Generally the quarterly payments are in arrears.

Periodically this question of the minister's salary becomes acute, and the parish board of directors hold a series of meetings to consider ways and means of making up the deficit. When the relief comes and the minister is paid his back salary, the board always appears to be making him a present. He is expected to be grateful, and to show his apprecia-

tion by working a little harder than before.

To be sure he is grateful. The matter of arrears in salary is a constantly acute stage in the privacy of the minister's family. His wife, who is the business manager of the household, never rests from her responsibility of paying old bills. At forty she looks back on what seems a long life of poverty as hopeless as it was pathetic; a poverty that must hide its face behind a pretense of comfort and contentment, and that must contrive somehow to live up to the requirements of gentility demanded by a clergyman's social position.

The family must dress neatly, the children must be educated, the home must be attractive to visitors, there must always be room at table for a chance guest. The problem of maintaining the standard on a small income paid at uncertain intervals keeps the minister's wife in a state of nervous tension, hardly ever relaxed. Sometimes her tired nerves give way in a fit of temporary rebellion.

Mrs. William Anderson was the wife of the president of Cedarville's largest bank, and the leading woman in Mr. Bradley's congregation. Childless, rich, energetic, Mrs. Anderson gave much of her time to parish activities. She was the president of the Ladies' Aid Society, president of the Women's Missionary Society, and active in all the Epworth League, temperance societies, Bible study circles and the like which make up the life of a church.

Her motor car purred at the curb as she trailed her silken skirts into the little parlor of the parsonage.

"I've only a moment, Mr. Bradley," she said cheerfully. "Mr. Anderson is waiting for me to drive him to the farm. It's such a charming day to go to the country, isn't it? I wanted to make sure, though, that you remember that next Sunday is our annual collection for foreign missions. I do hope you will urge the congregation to give liberally. We want a good showing in the conference report, you know, and we must do our part in the great missionary movement which is waking up the church just now. Thirty thousand additional missionaries called for, just think of it! I hope Mrs. Bradley is well. Give her my love, and you will say all

you can next Sunday for the missions, won't you?"

"Surely," agreed the minister. "Missionary activity is the very life of the church. I had not forgotten, but thank you for coming just the same."

The motor car spun round the corner, the minister went slowly back to his shabby desk and sank wearily into his chair. Before him lay a circular of the Missionary Board, its headline in bold type staring him in the face:

"Fifty Millions for Missions."

For the first time, or perhaps not for the first, but for the hundredth time, it occurred to the Reverend Charles Wesley Bradley, "Why, in the name of common sense, did I not become a foreign missionary instead of an itinerant parson?" It is too late to wonder now. The Reverend Mr. Bradley, at forty-six years of age, with four half-grown children and a tired wife, is undesirable timber for the foreign mission service. But if he only had chosen the foreign field—

In Cedarville he is getting \$800 a year and a house, say \$1,000 in all. That is, he is promised that much, but getting it is more or less problematical.

In the foreign field he would have been paid at least \$1,500, and he would have received it with clockwork regularity. Moreover, the purchasing power of \$1,500 in American gold is so much greater in foreign lands than in the United States that the missionary finds his income almost three times as large as the figures indicate.

In addition to his income there is frequently a salary paid his wife. The Missionary Board does not ask the missionary's wife to perform the unpaid services expected of the parson's hard-worked, unappreciated partner. If the missionary's wife teaches or nurses or helps with the Gospel work, she is paid for it—as she should be, of course. The missionary's wife does not even have the drudgery of taking care of her babies. For every baby that arrives the family income enables her to employ a patient, efficient, silent-footed, restful servant.

Rare indeed is the minister at home who can have three or four quick, industrious, obedient servants, his own conveyance, a comfortable, not to say commodi-

ous dwelling, and a position of social eminence.

And there is no peril any more in the work of a missionary, if he be content to be simply a missionary. Let him keep clear of politics and avoid the ever-present temptations of mixing in with the grasping avarice and dishonesty of business promotion and he is as safe in Japan, in India, in equatorial Africa as he is in Wisconsin.

"Fifty Millions for Missions!" Every meeting of the Protestant churches in conference echoes this demand. Fifty millions, mark you, in addition to the regular appropriations of the missionary boards of the churches. The great sum has been called for and it will undoubtedly be found.

Of course, only a small part of the money will reach the thousand million heathens for whose conversion it is spent, although the fund will be administered with the most religious honesty, and with no little ability into the bargain. Converting the heathen is about the most expensive luxury in which the church indulges.

It has always been an item in the budget of the missionary board that it took one dollar to make a dollar efficient in the field. That will halve the appropriation. Actually, the cost of missions is greater than that. At least a missionary whom I met last year in Japan, on his way home on furlough after eight years'

work in India, told me that every dollar that came into actual practical use in his work had cost the Foreign Missionary Society three dollars and seventy-five cents to put it there.

Nevertheless, if it costs six dollars, instead of three dollars and seventy-five cents, the money would still be spent. The conscience of Christendom demands missionaries. Look at the situation.

According to the figures set forth by the World's Geographical Society, the population of the earth in round numbers is 1,440,000,000.

According to the most hopeful and optimistic figures compiled by religious statisticians, one billion of them are not Christians. Four hundred and forty millions comprehend the membership of all the divergent and oftentimes warring sects and kinds of Christians. A thousand million of the world's teeming life make up "the perishing heathen."

Among the various nations and peoples there are 13,350 missionaries, for whose support the religious forces of the United States contribute this year ten million dollars.

Since the vast majority of the heathen, when they are not persisting in their allegiance to Mohammed or Confucius, are continuing to bow down to wood and stone, it is apparent that we need more missionaries and more millions. The call has gone forth for thirty thousand new missionaries and fifty million dollars to back them up.



SMOKING ROOM STORIES

In a burst of penitence little Freddie was telling his mother what a wicked boy he had been.

"The other day, mama," he said, "I found the church door unlocked and I went inside. There wasn't anybody there and I—"

"You didn't take anything away, did you, son?" she asked.

"Worse than that; I—"

"Did you mutilate the hymn-books or play any tricks of that kind?"

"Oh, lots worse than that, mama," sobbed Freddie. "I went and sat down in the amen corner and said 'Damn it.'"—*The Housekeeper.*

* * *

O'Toole—"An' why are yez wearin' meernin', Muldoon?"

Muldoon—"Shure an' Oi hov t'. Th' editor on a magazine Oi 've been takin' wrote me yisterdy an' sed that me subscripshun had expired."—*Judge.*

* * *

A woman in one of the factory towns of Massachusetts recently agreed to take charge of a little girl while her mother, a seamstress, went to another town for a day's work.

The woman with whom the child had been left endeavored to keep her contented, and among other things gave her a candy dog, with which she played happily all day.

At night the dog had disappeared, and the woman inquired whether it had been lost.

"No, it ain't lost," answered the little girl. "I kept it 'most all day, but it got so dirty that I was ashamed to look at it; so I et it."—*Lippincott's.*

A number of years ago, when Alvey A. Adece was Third Assistant Secretary of State, an employee of the State Department was called to the 'phone, and the following colloquy ensued:

"Will you kindly give me the name of the Third Assistant Secretary of State?" asked the voice at the other end of the wire.

"Adece."

"A. D. what?"

"A. A. Adece."

"Spell it, please."

"A."

"Yes."

"A."

"Yes."

"A—."

"You go to the devil!" and the receiver was indignantly hung up.—*Metropolitan Magazine.*

* * *

In a southern county of Missouri years ago, when the form of questioning was slightly different from now, much trouble was experienced in getting a jury in a murder trial.

Finally an old fellow answered every question satisfactorily; he had no prejudices, was not opposed to capital punishment, and was generally considered a valuable find. Then the prosecutor said solemnly:

"Juror, look upon the prisoner; prisoner, look upon the juror."

The old man adjusted his spectacles and peered at the prisoner for a full half minute. Then, turning to the court, he said:

"Judge, durned if I don't believe he's guilty."—*Kansas City Star.*



One of the Inclined Railways for Reaching the Mountain Top

Hamilton— Canada's Manufacturing Centre

HAMILTON, situated at the head of navigation on Lake Ontario, is the leading manufacturing city of Canada.

Not only is it noted as a manufacturing centre, but as a city of homes. Lying in the very garden of Canada, living is comparatively cheap as the fruit and vege-



A Section of the Core at Night

May you saw the ad. in Maclean's Magazine.



Hamilton from the Mountains.
One of the Finest Views on the Continent

table districts of the Niagara Peninsula are on its eastern boundary.

Its splendid water supply, healthy climate, beautiful system of parks, pleasant homes, numerous recreation facilities, boating, etc., all tend to make Hamilton an ideal residential spot for high-class operatives in almost any line of manufacture.

As a shipping point, for manufacturers, its location geographically could not be better.

In addition to an excellent harbor, with six lines of boats making it a port of call, are six steam railways and four suburban electric roads.

The building regulations are well defined and the value of building permits

in 1910 was \$2,545,280, an increase of over \$1,000,000 as compared with 1909.

There were sixty-five permits for new factories and factory additions in 1910.

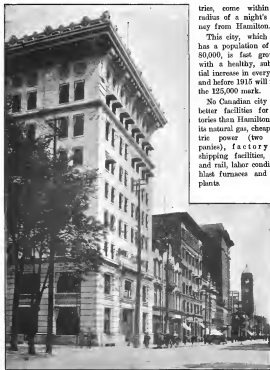
Altogether, there are four hundred factories in this city, with an invested capital of over \$40,000,000, paying in yearly wages over \$13,000,000 and putting on the market manufactured products to the value of \$50,000,000. The above facts and figures go to show most convincingly Hamilton's importance as a manufacturing centre and what the local industrial activity means to the country in general.

Practically all of the important manufacturing and financial cities of Canada and the United States, including the financial and political capitals of both coun-

tries, come within the radius of a night's journey from Hamilton.

This city, which now has a population of over 80,000, is fast growing, with a healthy, substantial increase in every year and before 1915 will reach the 125,000 mark.

No Canadian city offers better facilities for factories than Hamilton with its natural gas, cheap electric power (two companies), factory sites, shipping facilities, water and rail, labor conditions, blast furnaces and steel plants.



James Street looking North from the Federal Life Building to the City Hall;
Spectator Building midway, Bank of Hamilton just below.



King Street East at Night

When writing advertisers kindly mention MacLean's Magazine.



A Corner of Gore Park Showing the Style of Electric Street Lighting.

The reason why your factory should be located in Hamilton is because forty-four American firms have chosen Hamilton in preference to all other Canadian cities as the place in which to build their plants.

Because there is more United States Capital invested in Hamilton in industrial pursuits than in any other Canadian city.

Because every United States concern that has come to Hamilton has prospered and increased its plant.

Because several important Canadian industries have preferred to remove their plants from other Canadian cities to Hamilton.

For full information, write to

J. G. HENDERSON,

Commissioner of Industries,

Hamilton, Ontario, Canada.

When writing advertisers kindly mention Maclean's Magazine.

Why Man of Today Is Only 50 Per Cent. Efficient

By

Walter Walgrove

If one were to form an opinion from the number of helpful, inspiring and informing articles one sees in the public press and magazines, the purpose of which is to increase our efficiency, he must believe that the entire American Nation is striving for such an end—

And this is so.

The American Man because the race is swifter every day; competition is keener and the stronger the man the greater his capacity to win. The stronger the man the stronger his will and brain, and the greater his ability to match wits and win. The greater his confidence in himself, the greater the confidence of other people in him; the keener his wit and the clearer his brain.

The American Woman, because she must be competent to rear and manage the family and home, and take all the thought and responsibility from the shoulders of the man, whose present-day business burdens are all that he can carry.

Now what are we doing to secure that efficiency? Much mentally, some of us much physically, but what is the trouble?

We are not really efficient more than half the time. Half the time blue and worried—all the time nervous—some of the time really incapacitated by illness.

There is a reason for this—a practical reason, one that has been known to physicians for quite a period and will be known to the entire world ere long.

That reason is that the human system does not, and will not, rid itself of all the waste which it accumulates under our present mode of living. No matter how

regular we are, the food we eat and the sedentary lives we live (even though we do get some exercise) make it impossible; just as impossible as it is for the grate of a stove to rid itself of clinkers.

And the waste does to us exactly what the clinkers do to the stove; make the fire burn low and inefficiently until enough clinkers have accumulated and then prevent its burning at all.

It has been our habit, after this waste has reduced our efficiency about 75 per cent., to drug ourselves; or after we have become 100 per cent. inefficient through illness, to still further attempt to rid ourselves of it in the same way—by dragging.

If a clock is not cleaned once in a while it clogs up and stops; the same way with an engine because of the residue which it, itself, accumulates. To clean the clock, you would not put acid on the parts, though you could probably find one that would do the work, nor to clean the engine would you force a cleaner through it that would injure its parts; yet that is the process you employ when you drag the system to rid it of waste.

You would clean your clock and engine with a harmless cleanser that Nature has provided, and you can do exactly the same for yourself as I will demonstrate before I conclude.

The reason that a physician's first step in illness is to purge the system is that no medicine can take effect nor can the system work properly while the colon (large intestine) is clogged up. If the colon were not clogged up the chances are 10 to 1 that you would not have been ill at all.

It is to your advantage to mention Maclean's Magazine.

It may take some time for the clogging process to reach the stage where it produces real illness, but, no matter how long it takes, while it is going on the functions are not working so as to keep us up to "concert pitch." Our livers are sluggish, we are dull and heavy—slight or severe headaches come on—our sleep does not rest us—in short, we are about 50 per cent efficient.

And if this condition progresses to where real illness develops, it is impossible to tell what form that illness will take, because—

The blood is constantly circulating through the colon and, taking up by absorption the poisons in the waste which it contains, it distributes them throughout the system and weakens it so that we are subject to whatever disease is most prevalent.

The nature of the illness depends on our own little weaknesses and what we are the least able to resist.

These facts are all scientifically correct in every particular, and it has often surprised me that they are not more generally known and appreciated. All we have to do is to consider the treatment that we have received in illness to realize fully how it developed and the methods used to remove it.

So you see that not only is accumulated waste directly and constantly pulling down our efficiency by making our blood poor and our intellect dull—our spirits low and our ambitions weak, but it is responsible through its weakening and infecting processes for a list of illnesses that if catalogued here would seem almost unbelievable.

It is the direct and immediate cause of that very expensive and dangerous complaint—appendicitis.

If we can successfully eliminate the waste, all our functions work properly and in accord—there are no poisons being taken up by the blood, so it is pure and imparts strength to every part of the body instead of weakness—there is nothing to clog up the system and make us listless, dull and nervously fearful.

With everything working in perfect accord and without obstruction, our brains are clear, our entire physical being is competent to respond quickly to every re-

quirement, and we are 100 per cent efficient.

Now this waste that I speak of cannot be thoroughly removed by drugs, but even if it could, the effect of these drugs on the functions is very unnatural, and if continued, becomes a periodical necessity.

Note the opinions on drugging of two most eminent physicians:

Prof. Alonso Clark, M.D., of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, says: "All of our curative agents are poisons, and, as a consequence, every dose diminishes the patient's vitality."

Prof. Joseph M. Smith, M.D., of the same school, says: "All medicines which enter the circulation, poison the blood in the same manner as do the poisons that produce disease."

Now, the internal organism can be kept as sweet and pure and clean as the external and by the same natural, same method—bathing. By the proper system, warm water can be introduced so that the colon is perfectly cleansed and kept pure.

There is no violence in this process—it seems to be just as normal and natural as washing one's hands.

Physicians are taking it up more widely and generally every day, and it seems as though everyone should be informed thoroughly on a practice which, though so rational and simple, is revolutionary in its accomplishments.

This is rather a delicate subject to write of exhaustively in the public press, but Chas. A. Tyrrell, M.D., has prepared an interesting treatise entitled, "Why Man of To-day is Only 50 per cent Efficient," which he will send without cost to anyone addressing him at 134 West 65th Street, New York, and mentioning that they have read this article in *MacLean's Magazine*.

Personally, I am enthusiastic on Internal Bathing because I have seen what it has done in illness as well as in health, and I believe that every person who wishes to keep in as near a perfect condition as is humanly possible should at least be informed on this subject; he will also probably learn something about himself which he has never known through reading the little book to which I refer.

Editorial Bulletin

This magazine has received recently a number of letters from officials of the Churches in Canada, and a formal resolution from a Methodist District meeting, in regard to an article which the September issue contained. The points raised are grave ones and ones in which the reading public of Canada cannot fail to be interested. In fairness to our critics and to ourselves we are setting forth the facts more fully on special pages in this number. We are there publishing our reply and an announcement in connection with that reply. We thank our critics for setting us right when we have been in the wrong. At the same time we must ask them to do us justice by reading our reply and announcement. We have not sufficient space in this part of the magazine to make room for it here.

* * * * *

"The Black Canadian" is the title of the leading article in the November issue of the magazine. The Canadian people have many times been troubled with problem of selecting the people who are to be the fathers and mothers of future Canadians and with whom present day Canadians must live side by side. We have decided that we do not approve of the yellow man. We are not in a mood to accept more "objectionables" from the South of Europe. And recently we have been slightly alarmed by reports that the negroes of the United States were immigrating to the Canadian West.

* * * * *

The article in the next issue of *MacLean's Magazine* will be a study of this problem—"The Black Canadian." It will not be an alarmist article but will inform Canadians as to just what record the negro has already made in Canada. It will tell the story of the E-sex negroes, will show what sort of citizens they are, and what the "Black Canadian" is doing to-day. Canadians everywhere are bound to face this problem. *MacLean's Magazine* has no desire to alarm anyone. It will try to present the facts about the Canadian Negro and leave it for the readers of the magazine to draw their own conclusions.

There will be in the next issue some unusually good stories. Good Canadian fiction is not always easy to obtain, but *MacLean's Magazine* is looking for it, and in fact looking for everything that can be made of interest to the citizen of this country who wishes to be well informed upon the affairs of his own nation. There will be at least six excellent articles, including a character sketch of Reverend Dr. Curman, "The Pope of the Methodist Church," and a number of other subjects well illustrated with the best photographs we can obtain.

THE EDITORS.



"WE AND THE CLOUDS AND THE WIND WERE ONE MOTHERHOOD."

"Up in the Air."

MacLean's Magazine

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No 6

The History of the Forgets

By

James Grant

OVER forty years ago a rosy-cheeked, chubby and very gentlemanly French-Canadian lad, dressed in Lower Canada housespun, climbed one morning onto a stool, at a desk in the book-keeping department of a wholesale dry goods house in Montreal, and began the career of Louis Joseph Forget.

He was a good book-keeper. He was quick and by his quickness secured leisure for his own pursuits. His pastime was Arithmetic. He loved the processes of addition and subtraction. He kept little scraps of blank paper and a pencil always at hand, wherever, when his duties were over, he figured. He peopled his young life with figures. He dreamed of figures and learned a thousand things about the multiplication table which no one else would have seen at his age.

The senior partner of the dry goods house had not much liking for boys but he could not help watching this latest addition to his book-keeping staff—figuring. He, himself, had a habit of making additions, subtractions and multiplications on the narrow margins of mysterious papers labelled "Annual Report." When the junior clerk could get his hands on one of

these discarded annual reports he, in turn, turned his analyzing pencil to work upon it, poring over the things which this annual report meant, until one day the senior partner caught him and demanded, in a rough tone, what he was doing.

The junior was so frightened that it took him a long time to explain the case, but the story came out, word by word, and the senior partner, being after all a kindly man at heart, was interested.

"You see," said the little French-Canadian, "I have—I have saved—a—a little, m'sieu', and my family out in the Province—they have saved some money m'sieu', so that I was looking to see if there might be something—"

"That would pay good interest and be a good investment for the future," concluded the employer, tersely. "Humph! I see," and then, abruptly, "What's your name?"

"Louis Joseph Forget, m'sieu'."

The senior partner took an interest in Forget and gave him advice on investments. The boy was apt—remarkably so. One day the chief said:

"Louis, this is no place for you. You should be a stock-broker."



THE LATE SENATOR L. J. FORGET

"Oui, m'sieu," said Louis Joseph, "you must be right," and ten days later, or thereabouts, the dry goods house knew the junior book-keeper no more. Forget was in a stock-broker's office, on another high stool.

This was the beginning of that Forget's real career. He studied stocks more closely. Having mastered the art of figures he studied men; he read in the book which is older than any sacred script, the book of Human Nature as written on the tablets of faces. He was a devout churchman. He made many friends. When he was barely twenty he opened an office of his own. The friends he had made came to the new office and brought their money, their friends and their friends' money. Louis Joseph Forget, wise in arithmetic, wise in the history of stocks and securities, wise in human nature, became successful.

Thus began the first of the Forgets, the founders of "Forget et Cie." A little while ago the ex-junior book-keeper of the dry goods house, died, and was lamented as one of the greater men of Canada.

There remains now, Mr. Rodolphe Forget, nephew of Louis Joseph. He now is

the leader of French-Canadian Financial interests. In the last few years he has been becoming a more and more important figure and especially in the last few weeks with the organization of a ten-million dollar Paris-Montreal bank.

Now Rodolphe Forget is even less of a fool than his Uncle the Senator—which is a negative way of saying how great a man he is. But the real proof of Rodolphe Forget lies in the history of his recent encounters with Sir William MacKenzie. At least, this is the way the story goes.

The Toronto Street Railway Company has for years been, as it were, saturated with Montreal money. For years, Mr. Forget has been advising his French-Canadian clients in Montreal to make the people of Toronto contribute to their wealth by using the Toronto Street Railway in getting to and from the office, and home for lunch.

For years, however, Mr. Forget has been trying to make the Toronto Street Railway increase its dividends. The stock of that estimable corporation has been hanging around one hundred and ten for so long that it worried Mr. Forget, and whereas the Roman Catholic investors of Montreal



THE MONTREAL STOCK EXCHANGE—SCENE OF MANY OF THE FORGETS' ACTIVITIES

are said to eat out of his hand, he has nevertheless a certain duty to them in seeing that Toronto Street Railway paid a better dividend. Just the other day the announcement was made that the Toronto Railway Company would "cut a melon" for its shareholders, but there are few people who were aware that the announcement was also the announcement that Rodolphe Forget had, as it were, "put one over" on Sir William MacKenzie, the wily.

Rumor has it, that when the next to the last directors' meeting was called to pass the dividend for the Toronto Railway Company, Mr. Forget came up from Montreal, prepared to demand that the dividends be increased. The meeting was due a little before noon. Sir William MacKenzie knew of Mr. Forget's presence in town and of his intentions toward that directors' meeting, and he therefore took the precaution—so it is said—of running over to the Street Railway offices and directing the secretary to issue the regular dividend notices, and postponing the directors' meeting. This done, Sir William hopped on his special car and trotted

merrily away to Winnipeg, leaving Mr. Rodolphe Forget stewing.

But Forget's day came.

MacKenzie wanted to increase the capital of the Toronto Power Company the other day by two million dollars. He wished also to issue eight million dollars in bonds, wherewith to buy the Toronto Electric Light Company. These bonds were to be guaranteed by the Toronto Railway Company, just as the new stock of the Toronto Power Company was to be bought by the Street Railway Company. Sir William had it all planned. It was as simple as the proverbial manner of vacating a log—as simple as out-witting Mr. Rodolphe Forget.

But Forget, having been once fooled was five times wiser. He came rolling down King Street from the King Edward Hotel with a fist full of proxies from his clients in Montreal. He sought out Sir William MacKenzie before the directors' meeting was due and he said to him something like this: "Now Sir William, you want those bonds guaranteed and the ex-



LIEUT.-COL. THE HON. RODOLPHE FORGET, M.P.

tra stock bought by the Toronto Street Railway?"

Sir William said yes.

"Well," replied Forget, "These things shall happen *provided*—that you arrange for a dividend of eight per cent. on the stock of the Toronto Railway Company and—ah—dispense a bonus."

There was no answer, but Mackenzie did it.

Born on 10th December, 1891, in the French-Canadian town of Terrebonne, near Montreal, he has not yet celebrated his half century birthday. He is the son of Mr. David Forget and Angèle Limoges, both of old French families. The Forgets, of this family, came from Normandy. The late Senator's father and his family lived near David, the father of Rodolphe. They were known all over Charlevoix County for their thinking habits, their sound religious spirit, their good citizenship and thrift. Rodolphe's wits were sharpened by mixing with clever people. His schoolmates at Masson College of Terrebonne, were all members of representative families, like the Tourvilles, the Macdonalds and Tailhons, many of whom have risen to distinction. Rodolphe was always a strapping. He was tall for his age and precocious. He was keen as a briar and especially quick in his decisions, although he was not impulsive.

A quarter of a century ago, Rodolphe Forget was known in Montreal as a junior member of a stock-brokerage house—"L. J. Forget & Co., "Courtiers"—as they are called in French, who handled the entire financial dealings of the Roman Catholic Church in Quebec. This alone would have occupied a large firm. However, the new Montreal Street Railway and the Montreal Light, Heat and Power were children of the brains of the Forgets. They believed in the future and concentrated their energies and their money on developing these companies. They had become among the strongest in the country. The Forget interests bought, at a critical time, most of the stock of the Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Co. Rodolphe was very active on the Montreal Stock Exchange. Whenever there was a sharp advance in certain power or railway stocks, or when there was any big deal being carried out anywhere in the Province of Quebec,

Montrealers naturally looked to find young Forget's hand in it. He was called "a wonder" for several reasons. One was that he could always put a stock up when all others thought it was already too high. It is said that Rodolphe Forget "gets the crowd short" and then puts on "the squeeze" and makes them put the price up on themselves. Some people are afraid of him.

A few years ago he separated from his uncle and opened brokerage offices at the corner of St. François Xavier and Notre Dame Streets, near the Stock Exchange on the Wall Street of Canada. He was many times President of the Exchange and was instrumental in the building of the new Exchange building.

There was another adventure of his in the town of Quebec. There had existed there for years and years a rather pitiful group of corporations which limped along on a hand-to-mouth sort of fashion and which were a continual source of anxiety to the shareholders. There was the city railway service, a suburban service and a gas company, and three others. They were equally far gone in decay.

When Forget became interested, the people who held the stock tried to keep straight faces so as not to show how anxious they were to be rid of their stock-holdings. When these gentlemen found themselves bought out they could scarcely repress a shout, and all through the City of Quebec there was great rejoicing. Meanwhile the financial people of Canada laughed to hear how Rodolphe Forget was selling stock in his merger in France. What a wise fox was he, said they, to go to France! Poor French investors!

Forget fore-saw the completion of the Quebec bridge, during the construction of which employment must be given to thousands of men, which would necessarily mean increased traffic on the trans included in the merger. He saw that the dry docks to be constructed there would be a large and permanent industry. Further, he knew of a group of capitalists who were going to build new, enormous pulp and paper mills very near the ancient capital, and that the Provincial Government had planned extensive general development schemes for the whole north.

ern section of the province, which would mean much for Quebec.

He was one of the largest holders of stock in the Quebec Railway & Light Co., that is, the old company. He merged five companies into one. When it was learned that he had pledged himself to sell the stock at fifty, there was laughter among the brokers. But he did it. Quebec stock went on climbing. He announced that he had intended offering to the public \$4,200,000, but it was taken up by the underwriters and he had to announce that all the securities had been disposed of by private sale.

He sailed to Paris one day last October. Wise ones said he had gone to make a market for Quebec. Suddenly the Quebec stock began to rise in Montreal. His influence seemed to have reached across the ocean, for during his absence the stock rose ten points and even touched sixty-two.

He had a set-back last fall when he tried to get control of the Nova Scotia Steel & Coal Co., of New Glasgow, N.S. While he was using his heaviest financial forces to capture "Scotin," Harris, the president of that company, measured swords with him, and perhaps through over-confidence, for it was certainly no lack of ability, Forget failed. On the whole, however, he has been extraordinarily successful. Latterly he has devoted himself to the organizing of companies—

mainly public utility concerns—sometimes reorganizing them or binding them into a merger. His most notable constructive venture recently was the formation of the Canada Cement Co., in which he was one of the prime movers. He was a prominent factor in the recent Dominion Iron & Steel and Dominion Coal Co. battle.

In 1904 he was elected to the Federal House for his native county. He has represented the county ever since.

He is better as a financier than as a politician. He exerts considerable influence in the party on account of his financial potentialities, but his standing is said to have been somewhat impaired by the rumor that he is allied with the few rather weak "insurgents" against Mr. Borden. This may have been misinformation on the part of persons in Ottawa.

He is very active in charitable matters. He takes an active interest in civic affairs, university problems and military work. He is honorary colonel of the 65th Voltigeurs, of Montreal.

He was married twice, first in 1885 to the late Miss Tourville, and in 1894 to Miss Blanche MacDonald. His family consists of three sons and two daughters. His love of home is one of his best French-Canadian characteristics, and when asked what he most desires he invariably replies, "More time to spend with my wife and family."

TIMELY THIS TIME

I've striven hard for timeliness,
But just as sure as fate
Some other fellow writes the stuff
And mine's a trifle late.

I think I'll beat him out this time,
I fancy he'll be vexed
When he reads these timely verses on
The summer after next.

—James P. Hoverson.

The Four Lauriers

Being an impressionistic, but not unfriendly,
view of Canada's great men

By H. Franklin Gadsby

THE Autocrat of the breakfast table calculates that there are three John Smiths—the real John, known only to his Maker, John as he thinks he is himself, and John as he appears to the world at large. The Autocrat was under rather than over the estimate, for the last John, the one that other people see, is capable of infinite subdivision. For example, there are four Sir Wilfrid Lauriers that I have met and observed, and goodness knows how many others that I only dimly suspect.

The first Laurier that holds the eye is the Laurier in a hostile Ontario. Many of us have seen him in Toronto, that two-faced city which tears the roof off Massey Hall cheering for him and then snubs him under the fifth rib when polling day comes. What sort of a figure does he cut in a province, which, if it doesn't absolutely hate him, is cold to him, because being Ontario, it is convinced that no good thing can come out of Quebec? This is the way he does it. Listen:

Imagine a bright, sunny afternoon at Queen Victoria Park, Niagara Falls. The campaign of 1911, or is it 1912, is on. Or perhaps I've mixed it up with the campaign of 1908. Never mind! Sir Wilfrid is situated as he might be almost anywhere else in Ontario. He is in a Liberal riding, but he is entirely surrounded by his enemies. Welland County supports the Government, but Lincoln, Wentworth and Haldimand, which touch it on the west and south, send Conservative members to Parliament. This proportion fairly represents how the Premier of Canada stands in the good graces of the largest

and most populous province in the Dominion. Anywhere Sir Wilfrid Laurier goes in Ontario he is Daniel in the lion's den. Or, since Ontario is so largely Scotch and Presbyterian, it may be better to change the metaphor and say that everywhere he beards the Douglas in his hall.

But Sir Wilfrid is not dismayed. He knows his Ontario better than his Ontario knows him. The address has been read, the bouquet has been presented by a little girl mostly white stockings, and the band has played "Hail to the Chief." The Premier steps forward, bowing and smiling with French politeness. The very way he is dressed is a sign that he has read his book and learned all his lessons. There is, if you must know, a sort of likeness between Sir John Macdonald and Sir Wilfrid Laurier. The old Tory chief was clean-shaven, had a big nose, a long upper lip and a dome-shaped head, bald in front, and hair thick and clustering behind. That is Sir Wilfrid Laurier's picture, too, but the points of difference are quite as noticeable. In detail the likeness falls apart and disappears, but in the large it is strong enough for an astute politician to make use of and score a point. The main thing is that it exists, and that Sir Wilfrid is not above adding to it the red necktie and white vest which Sir John Macdonald so often favored.

In his day they used to say that Sir John Macdonald was like Diamond, and, as Diamond was a great man and colorful in his clothes, Sir John copied him. Now Sir John is copied in his turn by Sir Wilfrid, who seeks whatever success there may be in a judicious selection of waistcoats

and gravitas. Some people step into dead men's shoes; others utilize their vests and neckties. It is an interesting reflection that Benjamin Diersels, Earl of Beauséjour, is remotely responsible for all the red neckties in Canadian politics. And that the red necktie is a working force among Ontario Conservatives to-day let no one deny who remembers the campaign Sir Charles Tupper made in 1896. It was then he dug up Hugh John Macdonald, the surviving image, though somewhat weaker in the drawing, of his illustrious father. Hugh John did not have his father's brains, but he did have his father's easy manners and his father's nose and he wore red neckties like his father's, which is as near as a wise son can come to knowing his own father, and good enough for campaign purposes anyway. Hugh John made a great hit everywhere in Ontario. He always spoke with a bust of his father on the table beside him. He wore a red necktie; so did the bust. Sometimes he would blow his nose to call attention to the patent fact; the bust quivered sympathetically. At evening meetings the committee usually had it arranged to throw red light on Hugh John, the bust, and the red neckties. The effect was extremely moving. It went down to history as the Nose and Necktie Campaign.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier has never forgotten what a red necktie can do in Ontario. There are doubtless weak-kneed Conservatives in that crowd at Niagara Falls, sentimental old fellows, who find the road to yesterday through Sir Wilfrid's Laurier's white vest and are twenty-one again and cracking heads for Sir John on election day. And the red necktie lights them on their way back. And Sir Wilfrid, with that art which conceals art, says nothing on that particular point, but just lets the necktie do the speaking for him. It is art, of course, but it is a touch of nature too. It will be seen that Sir Wilfrid does not overlook any bets. He is, perhaps, more practical than his friends give him credit for.

And while Sir Wilfrid's red necktie is making its quiet appeal to wavering Tory hearts, what is his voice doing? Oh the necromancer! He is invoking for the Grits the shades of their great Ontario dead. He is reminding them that Alex-

ander Mackenzie, the honestest man that ever breathed, was in his time reviled also. He is proclaiming himself a Baldwin Liberal. What won't Saul do when he needs influential names to conjure with? "And Samuel said to Saul, 'Why hast thou disquieted me to bring me up?'" And Saul answered, "I am sore distressed; for the Philistines make war against me."

Outside Baldwin and Alexander Mackenzie and the red necktie, Sir Wilfrid Laurier doesn't employ much sentiment in addressing Ontario. He is too wise to scatter tears, or raise lumps in the throats of a hard-headed people. With Niagara Falls as his drop-scene he might say many things, which he shows his good sense by not doing. He might burn up a lot of rhetoric telling how his distant forbears discovered the Falls and held the fort then, just as he is trying to do, and he might blind the people and draw curtains over their eyes that way. But he doesn't. He might compare himself with the Falls and show how each stands about as good a chance of ever occurring again, because there will never be another French-Canadian premier in Canada. That trick can be pulled off only once. It's not many years now when the sceptre will depart from Quebec and the West will be making premiers. He might do that. But he doesn't. Seeing it is an open air meeting, he might ventilate the questions of the day. But he doesn't. He leaves the tabulated statements and tedious explanations to Rodolphe Lemieux and George Graham. He does what Macaulay accused Horace Walpole of doing—he chooses only the most interesting parts of his subject. Which is hard on Rodolphe Lemieux, who is a word painter himself and can strew flowers.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier might argue. But he doesn't. To tell the truth, the Premier doesn't care for argument, in which respect he also resembles Sir John Macdonald, who was an adept at speaking beside the question. In Quebec Sir Wilfrid uses soaring thoughts and poetic fancies. In Ontario he uses something else, but it is not argument. If a speech addressed to pure reason is what voters want they will get it far better from R. L. Borden than from Sir Wilfrid Laurier. In short, Mr. Borden's speeches are as far ahead of Sir Wilfrid's in fact and solid substance

as Edward Blake's used to be ahead of Sir John Macdonald's. And the analogy goes even further. Mr. Borden's speeches are received just as coldly as Mr. Blake's used to be, and one word from Sir Wilfrid Laurier will do as much to make a crowd forget what Lander Borden has been saying as one jest from Sir John would do to upset Mr. Blake's most eloquent periods. Some people call it magnetism. It is, perhaps, a better knowledge of human nature, a gift of putting oneself in the other man's place and telling him what he thinks himself. Mr. Borden, as Mr. Blake did, talks above people's heads; Sir John Macdonald never did; Sir Wilfrid Laurier never does. The crowd does not warm to Robert Borden any more than it did to Edward Blake, but it takes Sir Wilfrid Laurier to its heart much as it did Sir John Macdonald.

But I am getting away from my subject. It is still afternoon in Queen Victoria Park, Niagara Falls, and Sir Wilfrid is still speaking. He has caught his second wind and is putting reciprocity forward. Reciprocity, carried or not, is his trump card. Carried, it is a positive blessing; not carried, it is at least a good intention, which leaves a "benediction spread" like the sunset. Carried or not, it is a good election play, for the question is big enough to blot out the sins of a time-worn government and to eclipse Henri Bourassa and the Nationalists. Naturally Sir Wilfrid is making the most of it. He makes the most of it by hammering away at the salient points, stripped mostly of figures, for what he wants the audience to get is the idea, not the confusing details. He is giving the people just as much common sense as they can carry away without feeling tired. For a sample of how he does it, look at almost any speech of his on the subject in Hansard, for the unemotional House is very much like unemotional Ontario when it comes to a matter of business.

But the Premier has come to the last lap of his speech. There are charges and accusations made by the Opposition. Again the shade of John A. prompts him. He laughs a thing out of court when there is no other answer. He meets it as Sir John would—with a light word. He tells an old joke or an old story. The average Ontario voter doesn't care for new jokes

and new stories. It stretches his mind to grasp the strange face of them, but when he sees the old ones coming he begins to smile, as it were, at friends tried and true.

The Conservatives have said "Turn the records out; put us in." Sir Wilfrid comes back at them with Charles II's quip to his brother James, when that unpopular prince informed him of a plot to assassinate him, "They will never kill me to make you king." The Conservatives have said "Scandals." Sir Wilfrid counters, "There never was a man half so virtuous as Mr. Borden talks." The jest is a variant of Fox's gibe that "Nobody could ever be quite as wise as Lord Thurlow looked." The Conservatives have said "Extravagance." Sir Wilfrid parries out of Dickens, making use of Micawber to prove that thrift consists in living just within one's means. Here is Micawber's philosophy, as applied to the spendings of the Dominion of Canada: "Annual income, £20; expenditure, £20; result, happiness. Income, £20; expenditure, £20.0.0; result, misery. This is fooling and it goes. Yes, Sir Wilfrid talks good, nice, idiomatic English to Ontario, but his attitude is French. It is to benter. In a hostile Ontario he shrugs his shoulders.

The second Laurier that claims attention is the Laurier in Quebec. He has all the other heroes of that hero-worshipping province—Lafontaine, Cartier, Mercer, Chapleau—beaten a mile. Leaving the navy and individual politics out of the question, he unites all the qualities the French demand of their public men—grace, distinction, eloquence and stage presence. He is a man to turn and look at on any promenade in any company in the world. He might be taken for a great poet, a great actor, a great statesman. And any guess would be a good one, for he needs to be all three in his business. At all events, it is Quebec's boast that you couldn't mistake him for a little man anywhere. He is greater than the clergy; greater than that marvellous sujet, Henri Bourassa; greater even than Quebec, for he thinks in half continents and Quebec thinks only for herself.

His name is music in the Quebec believer's ear, for after all is said and done it is a French name and honor to Laurier is honor to the race. Envious people say that what Laurier gets in Quebec is divine

homage such as the ancient Romans paid their emperors, and that what the Quebec audiences should use at their political meetings is not benches and chairs, but prayer-mats. There are stories—manufactured, of course—to illustrate what the simple habitant is supposed to feel about his great compatriot. When it was announced that King Edward VII had ascended the throne of England, Jean Baptiste is figured as exclaiming: "What a pull he must have had with Laurier!" Another one is that Laurier's exact size was being discussed in a little Quebec village on the St. Lawrence. The great men of all times and climes had been mentioned. It was Jean Baptiste's verdict that Laurier's greatness exceeded them all, as the sun outshines a candle. "But," said the quizer, "is he greater than the Almighty?" "Perhaps not," was the reluctant reply, "but you must remember Sir Wilfrid, he is only a young man yet."

Sir Wilfrid himself is not without a sense of his own value with his own people. Being twitted once by a platform opponent, he quoted the words of the French philosopher, who, when asked what he thought of himself, replied "Very little when I judge; very much when I compare." All of which goes to prove that he is sure of his place in the hearts of his countrymen. He comes to his own and his own receive him like a god. And no other gods of the market place can put out his light. At the Quebec Tercentary he shared the cheers with "Bobo." Indeed Quebec took its cue from him as to how the applause should be divided. After the addresses had been read at the King's Wharf, where the Prince landed, there was a pause which was gracefully, heartily and diplomatically filled by the Premier of Canada, who stepped forward with his gold-laced, cocked hat in his hand, and led off with three cheers and a tiger for His Royal Highness. If Edward VII's son was "in right" at the Quebec Tercentary, it was Sir Wilfrid Laurier who put him there. But how would visitors, innocent of Canadian politics, puzzle it out. The Crown Prince would dash by, with his escort of scarlet and gold, and the crowd would dutifully cheer. The glittering cavalcade would be followed, perhaps, by a plain, open carriage, in which would be seated a tall, slender man

in the simple attire of a gentleman of the twentieth century—but having the grand air withal—and the sky would split with Vive Laurier! So far as Quebec was concerned, there were two royalties at these fêtes—George, Prince of Wales, heir apparent of Edward VII, and Wilfrid Laurier, the reigning King of Canada.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier loves his Quebec and his Quebec loves him. And of all places in it he loves most its quaint old capital city, which was the beginning of Canada, and he has often said that when he leaves politics or politics leave him, here he would like to pass his remaining days and here die and be buried. The reason Sir Wilfrid loves Quebec is because it is soaked with history. Every foot of it is sacred ground; every inch of it teems with sentiment. It is the experience of the ages that, when kings and statesmen have had their say, there is something beyond wisdom and right reason which determines the course of events. And that something is the feeling of the people—in short, sentiment. The world is ruled by sentiment, and there is no place in the world where sentiment is better conserved and oftener used than Quebec. Just as poets are in love with love, so is Quebec in love with sentiment, and always she seeks of her orators that they speak with a full bosom. Politicians have to grasp this point at the start or they don't go far—in Quebec. In Ontario they call it rhetoric and sniff at it; in Quebec they speak of it as the fire of genius and warm themselves at it. Sir Wilfrid is a great orator of the kind Quebec likes. Critics say that his English is better than his French. That may be. All one can tell is that the French people of Quebec hang upon Sir Wilfrid's French and keep asking for more. At one meeting at Three Rivers, in the campaign of 1908, an old gentleman on the platform was so busy drinking in Sir Wilfrid's words that he swallowed his false teeth, and a patriot of 1837—they call 'em patriots there—in the audience, fainted through sheer emotion.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier gives his Quebec what his Quebec wants, just as he gives Ontario what Ontario wants. He is a skillful Autolyneus, and suits his wares to his customers. He never for a moment lets go his grip of some of the largest fea-

ings in the human breast. He speaks of his old age. Sir Wilfrid is not old. His eye is bright, his mind clear, his voice strong, his form erect and buoyant. His picturesque hair is turning white, it is true, but it is not a badge of senility, it is a touch of colour. Sir Wilfrid was only recently sixty-nine, and Palmerston was carrying the British Empire at eighty. However, it pleases Sir Wilfrid, just as it used to please Sir John Macdonald, to be old for campaign purposes. There is a stage in the game of politics when it's time for a statesman to be old and to claim the privileges and affections due to age. Sir Wilfrid has judged that for him this time has come. Therefore let him be old, and let Quebec and all the other provinces be tender to his white hairs.

Sir Wilfrid asks again to be let finish his work, the National Transcontinental Railway, which will place him on the same pinnacle of fame with his greatest predecessor, Sir John Macdonald, one of whose monuments is the C. P. R. Here is a statesman who seeks a memorial more lasting than brass, a fame equal to the greatest—after which let his servant depart in peace. Quebec understands—and feels. Sir Wilfrid speaks of the new provinces he has helped to make and the principalities he has added to Ontario, Quebec and Manitoba. These are big words and big thoughts, brother men. It is, in short—to touch chords. In Quebec Sir Wilfrid lays his hand on his heart.

The third Laurier is the one we see in the House of Commons. Without being in the least a demagogue, the Prime Minister of Canada aims to be thought the tribune of the people. He goes to some pains to preserve the tradition that he is a democrat up to the hilt, in spite of titles before and letters after his name. Sometimes in the course of duty he has to put on his privy councillor's uniform and appear at state functions with his collars, ribbons and orders. But he does not choose to remain long in the public eye in such attire, and, as soon as decency will permit, slips away to his room and changes back to his everyday clothes. And what's more, he has always refused to have his photograph taken in "that gilded harness." Sir Wilfrid has a reputation for sunny ways. These sunny ways of his are only skin deep. Three-quarters of Sir Wilfrid's sunshine is just Gallic

politeness, the other quarter is tact and gracefulness. It is a sun that shines, but does not warm. At bottom the Premier is cold, calculating, absolute, adamant—firm, as successful premiers have to be.

He has no great gift of comradeship like Sir John Macdonald, whose sunshine was from the heart outward. He does not mingle freely with the members of his party. His little private retiring room, in the corridor off the press room, knows him oftener than Number Sixteen, where Liberals most do congregate. He rules, one would say, more by the admiration than by the affection he inspires. His temperamental inability to be a "good mixer" is all the more remarkable because Sir John Macdonald was such a fine hand at it. All poets have learned from Homer, and it is no derogation from Sir Wilfrid's greatness to say that he has models. On the great British orators—Pitt, Burke, Fox, Bright—Sir Wilfrid has formed his parliamentary style, and from Sir John Macdonald he has taken his tactics in the House. If he had it in him to be a "mixer" Sir Wilfrid would have been one, because Sir John was one, and everything Sir John did in the way of political manoeuvring was right.

In the Green Chamber Sir Wilfrid shows himself a captain adroit, aggressive, alert. He misses no little points of debate and sometimes, in the finess of procedure, to get ahead of the Opposition, insists on what appear to be trifles. Mr. Borden's mind moves too slowly to circumvent the nimble casuist, who knows the rules and sub-rules of Todd and Borden better than Mr. Speaker himself.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier's customary attitude in the House is bold and confident. The only time anyone ever saw Sir Wilfrid "rat" in the House was one afternoon when he got too far ahead for Quebec to follow him. It was only a small matter, but it proved that Sir Wilfrid would turn and go back if he had to do it to suit his pace to Quebec's. Dr. Roddick of Montreal had introduced a bill to create a central board of examiners for medical doctors, and to issue decrees which would be good all over the Dominion. The idea had many advantages. All the doctors in the House spoke up for it, and Sir Wilfrid himself made a little speech patting it on the back. Up rose Demers, of St. Jean and Iberville, known to be the

mouthpiece of Laval University. He said little, but that little was enough. It was little, but that little was enough. It was plain that Laval did not favor the bill. And if Laval didn't favor it, the clergy didn't favor it. And, though Sir Wilfrid may have won in 1896 by flouting the clergy on the Manitoba School question, he doesn't make a habit of it. The long and short of it was that Sir Wilfrid 'bout faced, the bill got the six months' hoist and was never heard of again. Only once again was Sir Wilfrid nervous about his Quebec majority, and that was when clause sixteen of the Autonomy Bill was amended to read differently but meant the same thing. However, Quebec saw through it and stood true. And so, in the House of Commons, Laurier looks over his shoulder to see if Quebec is there.

The fourth Laurier is one that not many people see outside of deputations and axe-grinders—Laurier in his private

office in the Eastern Block. He is not at home to interviewers, but the man who succeeds in piercing the cordon of private secretaries and getting past the Premier's next friend, Mr. William Mackenzie, finds an entirely new personality from any he has been studying before. This is not the wary politician up to every move in a game full of sharp corners; this is not the spellbinder nor the sunny smile; this is not even the practical statesman. This is a reserved and god-like being—Jove in a morning coat — seated high above our judgments. What his air conveys more than anything else is a profound detachment from sordid details. He does not fit into the devious game of politics as lesser men play it. He will not stain his mind by looking at their tricks and subterfuges. This is Laurier sitting for his picture in the gallery of fame. He must bear himself as if he already belonged to history.

AUTUMN

All day the clouds have hung in sombre stillness,
And falling rain has wept among the trees,
And lonely, haunting winds in bitter shrillness,
Have bade the world list to their memories.

While Autumn's veiling haze has draped the wood-lands,

In tender pity for their mourning song,
Sung to the curled brown leaves upon the hill-lands,
That mock their sadness as they dance along!

All day, my heart has sung of fond old memories,
In muffled minor chords that seem to break,
That could not form one glorious blissing measure,
Those tremulous ways such sacred windings take.

The day so dreary cleared for evening's star;
So may my heart rejoice for your dear sake!

—Amy E. Campbell.

Les Chateaux—and French Cookery

By

Anne Hollingsworth Wharton

THIS being a beautiful day, and the sunshine more brilliant than is usual on a September morning in this part of the world, we unanimously agreed to dedicate its hours to one of the most interesting of the neighboring chateaux. The most important question upon which we were not unanimous was whether Chenonceaux or Chinon should be the goal of our pilgrimage. Miss Cassandra voted unhesitatingly for Chenonceaux, which she emphatically announced to be the chateau of all others that she had crossed the ocean to see. "It is not a ruin like Chinon," she urged. "The buildings are in perfect condition, and the park and gardens of surpassing loveliness."

"Of course we expect to go to Chinon, dear Miss Cassandra," said I. "It is only a question of which we are to see to-day."

"Yes, my dear, but I have great faith in the bird in the hand, or, as the Portuguese gentleman expressed it, 'One I have is worth two I-shall-haves.' The finger of fate seems to point to Chenonceaux to-day, for I dreamed about it last night, and Diana" (Miss Cassandra always gives the name of the fair enchantress its most uncompromising English pronunciation) "was standing on the bridge looking just like a portrait that we saw the other day, and in a gorgeous dress of black and silver. Now don't think, my dear, that I approve of Diana; she was decidedly light, and Lydia knows very well that the overseers of the meeting would have had to deal with her more than once; but when it comes to a choice between Diana and Catherine, I would always choose

Diana, whatever her faults may have been."

"Diane!" corrected a shrill voice above our heads.

We happened to be standing on the little porch by the garden, and looked around to see who was listening to our conversation, when again "Diane!" sang forth, followed by "*Bon jour, Mademoiselle*," all in the exquisite accent of Touraine.

"It is Polly who is correcting my pronunciation," exclaimed Miss Cassandra, "and I really don't blame her." Then looking up at the cage, with a nod and a smile, she cried, "*Bon jour, jolie Marie!*"

Polly has learned some English phrases from the numerous guests of the house, and cordially greets us with "Good-by" when we enter, and "How do you do?" when we are leaving, which you may remember was just what Mr. Monard, who had the little French church in Philadelphia, used to do, until some person without any sense of humor undertook to set him straight. We trust that no misguided individual may ever undertake to correct Polly's English or Miss Cassandra's French, for, as Walter says, "To hear those two exchanging linguistic courtesies is one of the experiences that make life and travel worth while;" and the most amusing part of it is that the Quaker lady is as unconscious of the humor of the situation as the parrot.

After this little interlude, and while Polly was still puzzling over Miss Cassandra's salutation, "*Bon jour, jolie Marie*," with her head cocked on one side, we continued our discussion, Miss Cas-

sandra pressing the claims of Chenonceaux by what she considered an unanswerable argument, "And you must remember, Zéline, that your favorite Henry James said that he would rather have missed Chillon than Chenonceaux, and that he counted as fortunate exceedingly the few hours that he passed at this exquisite residence." After this Partisan shaft, Miss Cassandra left us to put on her hat for Chenonceaux, for to Chenonceaux we decided to go, of course, taking a train at eleven o'clock from what the local guide is pleased to call the monumental railway station of Tours, and reaching the Chenonceaux station in less than an hour.

At the station we found an omnibus which conveyed us to the Hotel du Bon Laboureur, the Mecca of all hungry pilgrims, where a good luncheon was soon spread before us, uninvited, as Walter expresses it, by a generous supply of the light wine of the country. Looking over my shoulder as I write, he declares that I am gilding that luncheon at the Bon Laboureur with all the romance and glamour of Chenonceaux. Perhaps I am; but I was hungry after our early and exceedingly light *déjeuner*, and the delicate little French dishes appealed to me. Being a mere man, as Lydia expresses it, Walter feels the discomforts of travel more than we women-folk. He says that he is heartily tired of luncheons made of flimflams, omelettes, entrees and the like, and when the inevitable salad and fowl appeared he quite shocked us by saying that he would like to see some real chicken, the sort that we have at home, broiled by Mandy, who knows how to cook chicken far and away better than these Johnny Crapauds, with all their boasted culinary skill.

Lydia and I were congratulating ourselves that no one could understand this rude distaste, when we noticed a handsome young man at the next table, evidently a Frenchman, laughing behind his napkin. I motioned to Walter to keep quiet, and gave him a look that was intended to be very severe, and then Miss Cassandra, with her usual amiable desire to pour oil upon the troubled waters, stirred them up more effectively by adding: "Yes, Walter, but in travelling one must take the had with the good. We have

no buildings like these chateaux at home, and I for one am quite willing to give up American social pleasures and luxuries for the sake of all that we see here and all that we learn."

Can you imagine anything more bewildering to a Frenchman than Miss Cassandra's philosophy, especially her allusion to American social pleasures and luxuries, which, to the average and untravelled French mind, would be represented, I fancy, by a native Indian picnic, with a menu of wild turkey and quail. It was a very good luncheon, I insisted, even if not quite according to American ideas, and variety is one of the pleasures of foreign travel—this last in my most instructive manner, and to Lydia's great amusement. She alone grasped the situation, as Walter and Miss Cassandra were seated with their backs to the stranger. In order to prevent further criticisms upon French living, I changed the subject by asking Walter for our *Loanne Guide Book*, and succeeded in silencing the party, after Artemus Ward's plan with his daughter's suitors, by reading aloud to them, during which the stranger finished his luncheon, and, after the manner of the suitors, quietly took his departure.

"We shall never see him again," I exclaimed, "and he will always remember us as these rude and unappreciative Americans!"

"And what have we done to deserve such an opinion?" asked Walter.

"Attacked them in their most sensitive spot. A Frenchman prides himself above everything else upon the cuisine of his country."

"And is that all, Zéline? And who is the he in question?"

When I explained about the Frenchman who was seated behind him and understood every invidious word, Walter, instead of being content, said sardonically that he regretted that he had not spoken French, as that would probably have been beyond Mr. Crapaud's comprehension.

A number of coaches were standing in front of the little inn, one of which Miss Cassandra and Lydia engaged in order to save their strength for the many steps to be taken in and around the chateau; but they did not save much, after all, as the coaches all stop at the end of the first avenue of plane trees at a railroad cross-

ing, and after this another long avenue leads to the grounds. Walter and I thought that we decidedly had the best of it, as we strolled through the picturesque little village, and, having our kodak with us, we were able to get some pretty bits by the way, among other things a photograph of a sixteenth-century house in which the pages of Francis I. were once lodged.

The approach to the chateau is in keeping with its stately beauty. After traversing the second avenue of plane trees, we passed between two great sphinxes which guard the entrance to the court, with the ancient dungeon-keep on the right, and on the left the Domes buildings, as they are called, which seem to include the servants' quarters and stables. Beyond this is the drawbridge which spans the wide moat and gives access to the spacious rectangular court. This moat of clear running water, its solid stone walls drained with vines and topped with blooming plants, defines the ancient limits of the domain of the Marques family, who owned this estate as far back in history as the thirteenth century. Where the beautiful chateau now stands, there was once a fortified mill. The property passed into the hands of Thomas Bohier in the fifteenth century, who conceived the bold idea of turning the old mill into a chateau, or, as Balzac says, "Monsieur de Bohier, the Minister of Finances, as a novelty placed his house astride the river Cher." A chateau built over a river—can you imagine anything more picturesque, or, as Miss Cassandra says, anything more unhealthy? The sun shone brightly to-day and the rooms felt fairly dry, but during the long weeks of rain that come to France in the spring and late autumn these spacious *salles* must be as damp as a cellar. Miss Cassandra says that the bare thought of sleeping in them gives her rheumatic twinges. There are handsome, richly decorated mantels and chimney-pieces in all of the great rooms, but they look as if they had not often known the delights of a cheerful fire of blazing logs.

The old building is in the form of a vast square pavilion, flanked on each corner by a bracketed turret, upon which there is a wealth of Renaissance ornamentation. On the east facade are the chapel and a small out-building, which

form a double projection and enclose a little terrace on the ground floor. Over the great entrance door are carvings and heraldic devices, and over the whole facade of the chateau there is rich luxuriance of ornamentation, which with the wide moat surrounding it, and the blooming parterres spread before it, give the entire castle the air of being *en fête*; not relegated to the past like Loches, Amboise, and some of the other chateaux that we have seen.

Unique in situation and design is the great gallery, sixty metres in height, which Philibert de Lorme, at Queen Catherine's command, caused to rise like a fair palace from the waters of the Cher. This gallery of two stories decorated in the interior with elaborate designs in stucco, and busts of royal and distinguished persons, is classic in style and sufficiently substantial in structure as it rests upon five arches separated by abutments on each of which is a semi-circular turret rising to the level of the first floor. Designed for a *salles des fetes*, this part of the castle was never quite finished, in consequence of the death of Catherine de Medici, who intended that an elaborate pavilion to match Rohier's chateau on the opposite bank of the river should mark the terminus of the gallery. The new building was far enough advanced, however, to be used for the elaborate festivities that had been planned for Francis II. and Queen Mary when they fled from the horrors of Amboise to the lovely groves and forests of Chenonceaux.

Standing in the long gallery which literally bridges the Cher, we wondered whether the masses and crowds held here in honor of the Scotch bride were able to dispel sad thoughts of that day at Amboise when she and her husband were called upon to witness the beheading of some of the noblest men of France and the hanging of over a thousand Huguenot soldiers. Mary Stuart was more than half French; was gay, light-hearted, and perhaps, in those early days, with a short memory for the sorrows of life; but it seems as if the recollection of that day of slaughter and misery could never have been quite effaced from her mind. To Catherine, who revelled in blood and murder, the day was one of triumph, but its horrors evidently left their impress un-

on the delicate physique as well as upon the sensitive mind of the frail, gentle Francis.

Since we have heard so much of the evil deeds of Catherine, it has become almost unsafe to take Miss Cassandra into any of the palace where the Medicean Queen is honored by statue or portrait. When we passed from the spacious *salles des gardes*, later used as the dining-hall of the Briconnet family, where Catherine's initial letters appear in the ceiling decoration, into the room of Diane de Poitiers, it seemed the very irony of fate that a large portrait of the arch enemy of the beautiful Diane should adorn the richly carved chimney-place.

Although she had already announced that she had no great affection for Diane, Catherine's portrait in this particular room excited Miss Cassandra's wrath to such a degree that her words and gestures attracted the attention of the guide. At first he looked perplexed, and then indignantly turned to us for an explanation: "What ailed the lady, and why was she displeased? He was doing his best to show us the chateau. We reassured him, smoothed down his ruffled feathers, and finally explained to him that Miss Cassandra had a deep-rooted aversion to Queen Catherine and especially resented having her honored by portrait or bust in these beautiful French castles, particularly in this room of her hated rival. "Diane was none too good herself," he replied with a grim smile; "but she was beautiful and had wit enough to hold the hearts of two kings." Then, entering into the spirit of the occasion, he turned to Miss Cassandra and by dint of shrugs and no end of indescribable and most expressive French gestures, he made her understand that he had no love for Catherine himself, and that if it lay within his power he would throw the unlabeled portrait out of the window: no one cared for her—her own husband least of all. This last remark was accompanied with what was intended for a wicked wink, exclusively for Walter's benefit, but his wickedness was quite overcome by the irresistible and contagious good humor and bonhomie of the man. Finding that his audience was in rapport with him, he drew our attention to the wall decoration, which consists of a series of monograms, and asked us how we read the design.

"D and H intertwined!" we answered in chorus.

At this the guide laughed merrily, and explained that there were different opinions about the monogram. Some persons said that King Henry had boldly undertaken to interpose the initial letters of Catherine and Diane with his own, but his for his part believed that the letters were two C's with an H between them and, whether by accident or design, the letter on the left, which looked more like a D than a C, gave the key to the monogram, "and this," he added with the air of a philosopher, "made it true to history; the beautiful favorite on the left hand was always more powerful than the Queen on the right. Not," he explained, "that the ways of the King Henry II. were to be commended; but"—with a frank smile—"one is always pleased to think of that wicked woman getting what was owing her."

"Rousseau thought that both the initials were those of Diane. He says in his 'Confessions': 'In 1747, we went to pass the autumn in Touraine, at the castle of Chenonceaux, a royal mansion upon the Cher, built by Henry II. for Diane de Poitiers, of whom the ciphers are still seen.'"

We turned, at the sound of a strange voice, to find the Frenchman of the *Bois Laboureur* standing quite near us.

"These guides have a larger supply of more or less correct history at hand, and this one, being a philosopher, adds his own theories to further obscure the truth." This in the most perfect English, accompanied by a shrug of the shoulders entirely French. "Chenonceaux being Diane's chateau and this her own room, what more natural than that her cipher should be here, as Rousseau says? And yet, as Honora de Balzac points out, this same cipher is to be found in the palace of the Louvre, upon the columns of *le Hallé au Eile*, built by Catherine herself; and above her own tomb at Saint Denis, which she had built during her lifetime. All the same, it must have pleased Henry immensely to have the royal cipher look much more like D.H. than like C.H., and there is still room for conjecture, which, after all, is one of the charms of history. So, *Monsieur et Madame*, it is quite a

estre chois"—with a graceful bow in our direction.

Evidently M. Crapaud does not consider us savages, despite Walter's unavowed remarks about the cuisine of his country, and, noticing our interest, he added, with French exactness: "Of course, the chateau was not built for Diane, although much enlarged and beautified by her, and when Catherine came into possession she had the good sense to carry out some of Diane's plans. Francis I. came here to hunt sometimes, and it was upon one of these parties of pleasure, when his son Henry and Diane de Poitiers were with him, that she fell in love with this castle on the Cher, and longed to make it her own. Having a lively sense of the instability of all things mortal, kings in particular, she took good care to make friends with the rising star, and when Francis was gathered to his fathers and his uncles and his cousins—you may remember that his predecessor was an uncle or a cousin—Henry promptly turned over Chenonceaux to Diane."

The more we saw of this lovely place, the better we understood Catherine's wrath when she saw the coveted possession thrown into the lap of her rival. She had come here with her father-in-law, Francis, and naturally looked upon the chateau as her own.

"But Diane held onto it," said Walter. "We have just been reading that remarkable scene when, after Henry had been mortally wounded in the tournament with Montgomery, Catherine sent messages to her, demanding possession of the castle. You remember that her only reply was, 'Is the King yet dead?' and, hearing that he still lived, Diane stoutly refused to surrender her chateau while breath was in his body. We have our Dumas with us, you see."

"Yes, and here, I believe, he was true to history. That was a battle royal of dames, and I, for my part, have always regretted that Diane had to give up her palace. Have you seen Chantonnay, which she so unwillingly received in exchange? No? Then you will see something less in his way, but far less beautiful than Chenonceaux, which for charm of situation stands alone."

And in a way, Diane still possesses her chateau; for it is of her that we think as

we wander from room to room. In the apartment of Francis I. her portrait by Primaticcio looks down from the wall. As in life, Diane's beauty and wit triumphed over her rivals; over the withering hand of age and the snarls of the unscrupulous and avaricious daughter of the Medici, so in death she still dominates the castle that she loved. Pray do not think that I am in love with Diane; she was doubtless wicked and vindictive, even if not as black as Dumas paints her; but had she as she may have been, it is a satisfaction to think of her having for years outwitted Catherine, or, as Miss Cassandra expresses it, in language more expressive, if less elegant, than that of Monsieur Crapaud. "It is worth much to know that that terrible woman did get her come-uppance."

If it was of Diane de Poitiers we thought within the walls of the chateau, it was to Mary Stuart that our thoughts turned as we wandered through the lovely forest glades of the park, under the overarching trees through whose branches the sun flashed upon the green turf and varied growth of shrubbery. We could readily fancy the young Queen and her brilliant train riding gaily through these shaded paths, their hawks upon their wrists, these, according to all writers of the time, being the conventional accompaniments of royalty at play.

Do you remember our impressions of Hollywood on a rainy August morning, and the chill gloom of poor Mary's bedroom, and the adjoining dismal little bodice where she supped with Rizzio—the room in which his was murdered as he clung to her garments for protection? I thought of it to-day as we stood in the warm sunshine of the court, with the blooming parterres spread before us, realizing, as never before, the sharp contrast between such palaces of pleasure as this, and Mary's rude northern castles. An appropriate setting was this chateau for the gay, spirited young creature, who seems to have been a queen every inch, from her childhood, with a full appreciation of her own importance. It seems that she mortally offended Catherine when a mere child, by saying that the Queen belonged to a family of merchants, while she herself was the daughter of a long line of kings. In some way, Mary's words were repeated to Catherine, who

never forgave the bitter speech, all the more bitter for its truth.

Finding that we had not yet seen the *Galerie Louis XIV.*, which for some reason, is not generally shown to visitors, our friendly cicerone, who, as he expresses it, knows Chenonceaux as he knows the palm of his hand, conducted us again to the chateau. For him all doors were opened as by magic, and we afterwards learned that he had some acquaintance with Monsieur Terry, the present owner of this fair domain.

Although the *Galerie Louis XIV.*, on the upper floor of the long gallery, is not particularly beautiful or well decorated, it is interesting because here were first presented some of the plays of Jean Jacques Rousseau: *L'Engagement Temeraire* and *Le Devin du Village*. Such later associations as this under the regime of the *Premier General* and Madame Dupin, are those of an altogether peaceful and homelike abode. In his *Confessions* Rousseau says: "We amused ourselves greatly in this fine spot. We made a great deal of music, and acted comedies. I wrote a comedy in fifteen days, entitled *L'Engagement Temeraire*, which will be found amongst my papers. It has not other merit than that of being lively." One may easily fancy Jean Jacques "growing fat as a monk in this fine place," as the surrounding country seems to be rich and fertile, and the kitchens of the chateau, which are shown to visitors, are spacious and fitted out with

an abundant supply of the shining, well polished coffee-pots, pans, and casseroles that always make French cookery appear so dainty and appetizing.

Monsieur Crapaud accompanied us, with charming amiability, through this most important department of the chateau, and never once, amid the evidences of luxurious living, did he ever look supercilious or, as Lydia expressed it afterwards, "as if he were saying to himself, 'I wonder what these benighted Americans think of French cookery now!'" Not even when Miss Cassandra asked her favorite question in royal palaces, "How many in family?" was there a ghost of a smile upon his face, and yet he must have understood as he turned to a guide and asked how many persons constituted the family of Monsieur Terry. This Cuban gentleman who now owns the chateau is certainly to be congratulated upon his excellent taste; the restoration of the building and the laying out of the grounds—all so well done, so harmonious; instinct with the spirit of the past, and yet so homelike and livable that the impression left upon us was that of a happy home. In the past, Chenonceaux witnessed no such horrors as are associated with Amboise and so many of the beautiful castles of Touraine. Small wonder that Henry wrote of this fair palace, as we read in a little book lying on one of the tables: "*Le Chateau de Chenonceaux est assis en un des meilleurs, et plus beaux pays de nostre royaume.*"

The Evasion of Florida Lusk

By

Alice MacGowan

I

LIGHT flashed out from the cabin: Aunt Zarepta had set all in order there, and lit the fire. Hearne Lusk lifted his seventeen-year-old, stolen bride down over the wagon-wheel and drove on to the small log shed, to put up his team. Florida hesitated shyly at the gate where she had been left, childishly timid lest the old woman finger still in the house. But, the horses fed, Hearne came running to her, eagerly, swiftly, on a bridegroom's light feet, and caught her up in an impetuous clasp. His struggle for this girl had been desperate and embittering. The Sterrets, with all their kith and kin, cherished an age-long feud against the tribe of Lusk and its dependencies and hangers-on. There were numerous killings to the credit—or discredit—of both sides. To-day, the vendetta was a sleeping one, that might at a touch break forth, and Hearne Lusk had risked his life for the girl in his arms, risked it for the mere sight of her often during that secret courtship. He had walked to the settlement once to have a bullet cut out of his shoulder; he had cheerfully taken a shot at Florida's elder brother when that zealous guardian waylaid him on another occasion; and, with all the tremulous triumph of this moment he knew that his risks were not over.

Florida liked Carter Broyles well enough till Hearne broke up that affair—why, they had the girl almost wedded to the fellow; they came so near putting compulsion on her to bring about the match as a mountain family ever does; yet the charm of Hearne Lusk's dark, passionate eyes, and hold though clandestine

time wooing, took her away from them all. He had married her and brought her to the little cabin which he had builded and furnished for her, mostly with his own hands, a habitation far removed from the Sterret settlement, and with but one neighbor near it, an old kinswoman of his own, Zarepta Fulgham. Now, as he kissed her and walked with his arm about her toward their own door, the dangers still to be thought of presented themselves, despite his love and ardor, and the triumphant joy of the moment.

The history of the Croffuts came darkly to his mind. Twenty years ago, Lusk Croffut, Hearne's cousin, had run away with and married Lissy Mabry, a connection of these same Sterrets. The pair lived together less than five years, and the Sterrets never let Croffut speak to his children after the wife stole them and returned to her tribe. Grimmer still was the story of Buck Tamplin. Buck would have the Willets girl, with whose people his own were at feud. The Willets made up with Susy afterward, and used to come about the place when her husband was away. Presently the young couple quarreled. And then one morning a neighbor found Buck's cabin with its door swinging wide, the hounds howling in the front yard, his wife dead home to her people, and Buck himself lying across the threshold with a knife sticking in his back. Oh, yes—that was feud work. All through the long drive over in the jolting wagon, the rapture of possession had surged strong in Hearne Lusk's veins. It throbbled no less exultantly still.

"We're home, Florida— we're home, darlin'. Ye' mine now," he whispered, holding her close. Then, as his sinister

TO AN OLD MINIATURE]

Olden and exquisite, verily fair,
Untouched of time, unmarr'd by mad desire,
Pure as a tear—yet radiant as a smile
In open meadows 'neath the sun's own fire!
Thine Love's own hand hid Love's own colors there;
Love smiles within thy pictured eyes
And smoothes thy lovely hair.

—James P. Haveran.

recollections yet obliterated upon the hour's consummation, he suddenly swung the girl around in front of him with a masterful arm that lifted her almost off her feet, and his hand on her shoulder, pushed her back a little, to stare into her upraised countenance, where the two stood in the broad, flickering fire and lamp-shine.

"For this cause shall a man forsake father and mother—and that means a woman, too, Florida—that means you, as well as me. If you ain't ready to forsake them Sterrets, each and every, right now?"—he named them over fiercely, her family and kin—"and never speak word to one of 'em again, you'd better tell me before you step foot in that house."

The girl in his grasp flung back her head and returned his gaze with eyes blue like wild gentians, long-fringed and adoring, a child's eyes, shaded by a flying thatch of bronze-brown hair. And the smile that answered his look was adoring too. She met his demand with no hint of demur or unwillingness.

"I don't care if I never put eyes on one of 'em again, Hearn," she declared swiftly, excitedly, in that eager voice which had but lately dealt with such matters as a doll's frock, the swapping of quilt pieces, or the negotiating of "a turrible hard word" in the blue-black speller. "I've got you—*you*, darlin'—and that's all I want in this world." She laughed out suddenly. "You needn't trouble yourself so greatly, neither," she told him. "Pappy has done give the word that he'll settle with any one of the family that dares speak to me. Ain't no danger that I'll go back to my folks when you an' me falls out, honey."

Full out! Hearnie Lusk hugged the slim, pliant, warm young figure hard to his heart, and, lifting her so, ran with her up the path to the cabin, and carried her across the threshold.

When he had set her down, she was silent a moment, looking about her. Then the wild gentian eyes filled slowly with sweet tears, lingering on the mute evidences of Hearnie's love and care. There on the wall beside the hearth were shelves, rough, but ample and convenient; there was the kitchen table, and beside it the churn-dash and lid, while below sat the four-gallon stone-ware jar that

was the churn. Ranged in their places were the maple bowl for mixing bread, the stirring-spoon and spurtle of whittled cedar—all made by his own hands.

"Oh, Hearnie—oh, Hearnie—it's just beautiful!" she whispered, turning to him passionately. "And you done it all for me—for me!" She caught the big man around the neck and hid her face on his breast. "Looks like they oughtn't to be nothing—nothing on earth—I wouldn't give up for yo' sake."

"You an' me is agoin' to be mighty happy here," he told her again and again, his lips against her hair. "They ain't but one thing we could fall out over, and that would be if you should ever speak to one of yo' daddy's family. Hit's war betwix me an' the Sterrets. You're a Lusk now, honey girl. Hit's obliged to be the same with you. Hit'd be all over betwix us time you begua to have dealin' with any Sterret, an' you needn't never doubt it." Thus he strove to hedge and wall his little cove of happiness, the field of his heart, hoping to reap therein, in years to come, its guarded harvest of love and peace. And Florida was zealous in acquiescence.

The months went past swift-footed to the two in the cabin that hung like a nest in Chestnut Creek Gap. It was in December that Hearnie had brought his bride home. At first he contrived many little improvements and conveniences about the place. As the winter wore away, he plowed, and harrowed, and made ready the truck patch, and he put in a lot of corn and some other small crops.

But in avoiding the Sterret neighborhood, and cutting himself off from his own people—only less alienated than Florida's—Lusk had built the nest for his love far from the source of supply for their simple daily life. Their little hoard of savings, buried in a tin baking-powder box beneath the hearth, was getting low. The conviction grew upon Hearnie that, unless he left Florida and went out with his team to earn some ready money, the approach of the next winter would find them without enough to go through comfortably. And so one evening in April, when they sat in the twilight on the front door-stone, Florida's head with its bright hair leashed against her husband's arm, he looked for a long time off towards the

West, where a thin new moon hung just over a sunset, clear, tranquil, lemon-colored. A whippoorwill raised its plaintive importunity down by the creek. Then it was silent for a moment; and dubious, haltingly, Hearnie brought forward the suggestion of tan-bark hauling.

"Looks like I've got obliged to do somethin', an' that pretty soon. I don't know anything that'd make as much—not right now—as tan-bark haulin'!"—watching her face as well as he could in the dusk; "but hit'd take me away from you. Hit'd shore leave you mighty lonesome, I'm afear'd."

Keened to close sympathy with the girl beside him, he seemed to feel a curious quality in the moment's silence which followed. Florida raised her head a bit and gazed about her, then shot a swift enigmatic glance at him, before she answered meekly:

"You' bound to know what's best, Hearnie. Do as you think well."

"I'd shore come home every Sa'day night," he told her eagerly, anxious to reassure her, if she doubted that it was hard for him to go away.

"I know you would—if you could," Florida assented. "An' I'll be a-washin' for you, come Sa'day. But any time you needed to stay, or the weather kept you, you have no call to be frettin' about me. I've got my work, and if I need he'p I can go over to Aunt Zarepta's, and call her in."

So it was arranged. Lusk took his team of the lean mountain horses, whose performance is so far in excess of what their appearance would seem to promise, and hauled tan-bark for The Company, down where, eight miles below the Gap and the little cabin, Chestnut Creek rolls into the river. He and his outfit made a link in the train of tan-bark wagons, each with its dark cubic mass swaying in its high frame, the drivers stop calling news or posts back and forth to one another, brakes screaming all the way down the Side. Sometimes the men sang by twos, or yodeled through the valley, as they brought the empty wagons back in the evening. But no slim figure stood in the doorway to welcome Hearnie, the sun striking upon a bright head; and he was often a prey to anxiety when he considered Florida's lonely life there in the Gap.

And Florida? She filled her solitary days with an endless round of little tasks and duties. There was Spotty, the gentle, under-sized, resourceful mountain cow that Hearnie had brought from the home place. Spotty had a calf in April. With what pride Florida went out to the milking gap at evening with her pail, and laid down the bars and called; with what pride she curried in the milk, and cared for it, and skimmed, and churned, and worked the butter! And there was the pig to look after, and a few hens with their broods—it wouldn't be long before she could give Hearnie fried chicken when he came home. There was her garden—her truck-patch, that Hearnie had made so well—she tended it faithfully. By the direct or indirect aid of old Zarepta, once each week—sometimes twice—her little store of butter and the choicest of the vegetables, and presently a squawking "fryer" or so, found their way to the distant settlement, and the small sums that came back in payment were carefully hoarded. She loved to be out in the June of the mountains, with its wonderful purple distances, its flying shadows of summer clouds; its silver skeins of rain, and fragrant damps in the forest. And in early June waves of barrel and purple rhododendron began billowing up the steep sides of the gulch. The long, long, exquisite, silent, dreaming days followed each other, rain washed, sun filled, drenched with a still intense beauty and sweetness. Full to the brim, too, for Florida, with homely tasks and enterprises. She had always a long itemised account of undertaking and accomplishment for her man's return; and she came to him with it, hurrying, eager, like an anxious, appreciative child. Yet Hearnie's stay down in Lower Chestnut began almost immediately to be played with reports of Florida's attending play-parties—play-parties—she, a married woman!

He asked her about the first one: he had missed getting home for two Saturdays and so had not seen her for three weeks. She answered, with a little catch of the breath, but an entirely unmoved countenance, that she had gone over to help the Desees girls out with supper.

"Wasn't that a mighty long trip for you, honey child, alone, in the night?" questioned Hearnie, in surprise.

"Yes, hit would 'a' been a sorter far ja'nt," assented Florida; "but Aunt Zarepy, she was agoin' over to take 'em some truck she'd cooked, and so we went together. Do ye know, Hearnie," she added sagely, "hit looks curious to me that folks can pleasure themselves with such as that? Hit made me reel right funny to think that less'n a year ago I used to go to play-parties myse'f."

Reassuring words; yet two weeks later old Lige Grover stopped to tell Hearnie that he'd better look after that woman of his'n—she was gettin' a heap too gay.

"My gals tells me that Floridy's been to two play-parties in the last week," the old mischief-maker related, with gusto, bending over his horse's neck to switch its forelegs free of flies. "Floridy Sterrett was the sightliest gal on Caney Fork. Her and Cyarter Broyles was mighty nigh wedded when you come along an' grabbed the gal, an' of you go off and leave her to run her own machine like you're a-doin', I don't blame her for hikin' out to play-parties an' such, where Cyarter's at—damned if I do!" he ended with a wheezy laugh. But Hearnie Lusk turned on him a look so black that he hastily thumped his heels into the old sorrel's ribs and smiled on without more words.

Cyarter Broyles! That evening, when work was done, Hearnie went over to the pay-shed and stated briefly that he was obliged to go home, though it was but Friday. The man behind the rough desk looked up and laughed at him good-naturedly. To Hearnie, who was seeing red, hidden mockery sounded in the laugh.

"I reckon you want to get off for the dance at Ventner's?" the paymaster said as he counted out the money.

Hearnie growled an unintelligible answer. Yet, once mounted on his wagon-seat, facing the red light of an evening sky, the suggestion wrought in his mind. Andy Ventner's place was not so much out of his way, and—well, he would see. The trip was a long one, and by the time he approached the vicinity of Ventner's farm it was late—nearly nine o'clock—and those who were for the dance had already arrived; he had the green silence of the woods-rood to himself. Chin on breast, he brooded. Surely he had loved Florida. He went back

over his own conduct, and decided that, if there were any fault, he had loved her too well. That was it—he had given her too much of himself, and she had tired of him, and turned to an earlier lover. The thought was fire.

Tethering his horses in a little glade, he stole through the grove toward the lights and sounds that told of merry-making. He would watch to-night. He would not go in to the dance and confront her there, as he first intended. He would watch outside, and then—. He never completed that sentence in his own mind. There were three cabins on the slope; and the window and door of each sent forth long streams of ruddy shine; while from one sounded the thin, figging staccato of the countryman's fiddle. Hearnie listened to the thrud and stamp of feet on the floor, dancing to the tune of Muskrat; and stole nearer to see if he could identify any of the figures that crossed the light as Florida—or Cyarter Broyles. While he watched fruitlessly the dancers within, suddenly Florida came slipping past a doorway outside, looking back over her shoulder, her fluttering calico dress caught close around her. It was Florida—there was no mistaking the set of the graceful head on the slim neck, the burden of bright hair. An indistinct figure in the shadow of the house joined her, and they sat down together, apparently to talk.

The man in the grove stood there long, fighting with himself, trying hard to get where he dared to go forward and speak to his wife. To kill Cyarter Broyles now would not give him back Florida—little Florida—as she had been. He must think what he ought to do. The jiggling fiddler changed to "Citico," and then the dancem called for "Old Joe Clark." To Hearnie Lusk, hidden in the grove, the bright glare of the interior, the heavy stamping, that swift movement, and the loud, gay, calling, encouraging, protesting, exclaiming voices, all were but a dim background to what was going on there in the shadowed angle outside. When he won at last to sufficient calmness, and strode up to the bench by the wall, it was empty.

"Hello, Hearnie!" shouted somebody from the door. "You here?"



He set her down in their new house, and they laughed in one another's faces.

"Yes," returned Lusk, raising a ghastly face to his host's gaze. "I was passing along—going by, you see—and I 'loved I'd stop in and get my wife."

Old man Ventner came out effusively—quite too effusively, Hearn thought.

"Florida?" he said doubtfully (unusually, it seemed to Lusk). "Well, now, as it chances, Florida was here early this evening. She never came to the dance; but she happened in, like—same as you did, maybe. She's gone home, I reckon. Won't ye stay, Hearn—now ye' here? Come in—come in and have a drink, anyhow."

But Hearn was on fire to be gone. If the old man was lying to him, if Florida was still in the house, with that—whatever it was—that she had been talking to on the bench by the door, he wanted to get home and find it out. If what Ventner said was the truth, he would face her the sooner, and know it. He stumbled back to his team, tore them loose from the branches where he had tied them, and started off through the woods by a short cut, difficult to find even in daylight.

The short cut, after the manner of its kind, delayed and befuddled him. He was fumbling about for its dim trace, when the joyous clamor of a coon-hunt came to him far ahead and to his left. While he still hesitated, at fault, the rout streamed athwart his course, hounds yelping eagerly, four or five young fellows whooping, skylarking, and cheering on each his dog by name. For that one moment when they plunged across the open track, the tall forest stood illumined, every wayside bush was distinct, and Hearn's road was clear to him. Yet instead of whipping up and hastening ahead, his arm involuntarily dragged the horses back almost to their haunches. For of these laughing young faces, danc'd upon by the ruddy shine of the pine torches, he could have sworn that one was that of Carter Broyles.

The hunt, with its trail of dim light, its whooping men and baying dogs, bore off to his right. Presently Hearn relaxed his arm and drove slowly ahead. Well, whether that was Carter Broyles or not, the only thing to do was to get home and see how Florida looked and what she said. When he reached his own

cabin it was midnight. In a daze of uncertainty, he put the horses up, and approached his dwelling with a heart that labored high in his throat. Florida answered his hail, opening the door just as she had apparently risen from her bed. She was plainly amazed to see her husband and, it seemed to him, uneasy.

"W'y—w'y, Hearn, honey!" she cried. "I never looked for ye to—is anything the matter at —?"

"I come a-past Ventner's—the dance ——" he broke in upon her, and then could have bitten his tongue off for speaking before there was any light by which he might see and study her face. But he got the quick snap with which she received his news—he made the most he could of that.

"Did ye—did ye see me thar?" she faltered finally. She was kneeling on the hearth to blow the coals bright, that she might light a candle. "I went over to take Mis' Ventner some carpet chain I been dyeing for her"—holding up small, yellow-stained fingers to show that they had been in the dye-pot. "I—I never studied 'bout hit bein' the evenin' of the dance. I wished I hadn't went, after I found that out."

Hearn looked at her dumbly. He had parted his lips to ask her who it was that she sat talking with on the bench in the shadow of the door. Suddenly he closed them and turned away. What was the use? If a woman aimed to deceive you, she could lie. The dark thought came to him that he could learn more by keeping his own counsel and appearing satisfied with her explanations.

All through the night that brought no sleep to him, the whisper was in Hearn Lusk's ear that Florida was a Scarlett after all. Yes, he saw it now; she had been good and willing to have him take work at a distance. She had always let him go without complaint or repining; the spells of depression and weeping which he had at first—fond fool!—accounted for with his absence, were indeed dispelled by them. Had not his wife even seemed to anticipate his departure with an excited joy which plainly looked beyond to something desirable that she could not share with him? Had he not always found her refreshed and cheerful when he re-

turned? Writhing in soul beneath these sinister suggestions, he yet forced himself to lie silent and motionless. He knew that at last Florida slept; but for him the night wore away in wakeful torment. About dawn a thought came to him—a test—and he rose ready to apply it.

"Florida," he began slowly at the breakfast-table, fixing his brooding dark eyes upon the face opposite him. "The Company has done offered me a steady job over at Far Cove."

"That's good," said his wife absently. Her blue eyes were on something outside window, and she smiled to herself. "I reckon you'll take it, won't ye, Hearn?"

Lusk looked at her and drew his breath sharply. Where was the loving, tender, childlike bride he had brought home to his cabin but a few months ago—the clinging sweetheart he had carried across its threshold, her arms close around his neck? He swallowed once convulsively before he spoke. It seemed impossible to reach this girl. He felt miles away from the soul of her.

"I reckon I will," he said. "Could you be ready to move, come Wednesday?"

Florida looked around at him with a frightened stare. Her young face crimsoned, then abruptly bleached to startling pallor.

"To move?" she whispered after him. "I can't go away from here, Hearn. Sure enough, I can't. Oh, you won't ask me to go away from—here—will ye? I'd be so good, honey. I'd do anything you ask me to—but that. How long you goin' to be workin' at the far end of the Cove, Hearn?"

"About six months," he told her suddenly. "What's the matter with you on the subject of movin'? Other men's wives go to whar the work is. What's the matter with you?"

"Nothin'—nothin', Hearn," she hastened to assure him. "It's just that we've got such a good truck-patch planted here; and there's my little chicken-house you made me. And Spotty, she's used to this range now; she'd hate mighty bad to change. And the Sel'm Stars is agoin' down at dark, Hearn—hit'd be a mighty bad time to—Hearn, there ain't nobody—nobody in the neighborhood that I hate to leave, of course—you'd know it wasn't that—"

She broke off on a wavering note that had no conviction in it. Lusk—ashamed to look at her—sat and eyed the floor.

"Well"—he got to his feet heavily—"hit's a pretty bad business when a man's wife won't go with him where he has obliged to go to earn the livin'," he said finally. "But bein' as them's yo' rather, I'll work down to the Far Cove by my lonesome, and when you want me you kin send word for me—do you understand that, Florida?"

"Hearn"—she came fawning about him, with her palms out and her pitiful eyes raised—"don't you go and git mad at me. I—just leave me stay here till you come back, an' I'll have everything fixed up so pretty you'll be glad you let me do my way."

The man turned that dark face, lit by its passionate eyes, full upon her: the little, lim, weak-looking thing, so pretty and childlike—a Scarlett, and already following her own secret devices. She didn't want to come with him. His nostril twitched; his breast had a weight like lead in it. Be glad? Should he ever be glad of anything concerning her again?

II.

There was no need for Hearn Lusk to take the job at Far Cove, but he took it. He told himself he would stay away till Florida sent for him. Too proud, too near to some sort of ultimate trust in her, to make actual inquiries among the other workmen, his neighbors, in whose faces he sometimes fancied a hidden knowledge of his affairs, and whose glances seemed to him occasionally to hold sympathy—though, at least, none of them brought him, to-day, news of Florida's unbecomely attendance at play-parties—finally he came, through long brooding, to the resolve to make an unexpected return from his self-imposed absence, and find for himself what Florida Lusk was hiding from him. His people are slow in hate, as in love, and he mused this project several months before a strange little mis-spelled letter from his wife hardened it into resolution.

Der Hearn:—I getting along well. No needs for you to hurry yourself in coming back here. I needed some money and taken two

dollars out of the box. I never taken but two dollars and I won't touch any more but you will know and will not be mad at me when you come back. But don't come no sooner than you aimed to, becuz I don't want you to haffo werry about me.

Your wife, FLORIDA LUSK.



She went down to the milking, early.

That was the note that Hearne—never much of a scholar—studied out slowly. He stood staring at it in his hand long after he had mastered its contents, then lifted his head and looked about dumbly at the familiar woods. He went to the boss for his money and his time, and drove the horses home at a pace which as-

tonished those sedate, well-cared-for beasts.

As his sinking heart had foretold, the cabin looked deserted from the first glimpse he got of it, far down the road. The pied branches of a young maple were tapping against its windows; golden and russet and crimson leaves were dancing in

the breeze about it; the sourwood at its corner was one rosy flame, for the frosts of September had visited the forests of the Cumberlands and left them clad in splendor. He drove his team into the yard, leaped down, and ran to shake the locked door, thundering on it with his whip-stock. Then he drew back, jeering

at himself for the empty rage that belied a vacant house. His blows rang hollow. They brought no face to window or door, no answering voice to his hail. Of course she was gone; she had gone (where, oh, where? with whom?) when she sent him that letter—a shudder took him yet when he thought of it—warning him not to hasten his return. He bent back with a half-choked curse and looked up at the chimney. No hint of smoke against the sky. They had a long start of him—but he would hunt them down. Thought of the quest steadied him. He drew a hand across his eyes, then turned to assure the comfort of his horses. He stabled and fed them before he made an entry into the house.

It had been plainly unoccupied for some time; yet the departure of its inmates had been orderly: everything was in place, sorted, put away as Florida took pride in having it. Only her clothing was gone—it was empty only of her and her own personal belongings, this little nest he had made for her. He looked about upon it, and a swimming was in his head. Then suddenly he found himself in the middle of the floor with Florida's little footstool in his hands, the stool that he had made to raise her feet from the floor above the draughts. In those first days, she had been used to sit on it by his knee, her head leaned against him. And now—oh, God! He was breaking the little stool into splinters before he knew what his intention. Then, lest idiot rage lead him further, he strode out of the house and took the path across the gulch to Zarepta Fulgham's. He tore open the rickety gate and cried out to the old woman, in her front yard, shaking and sorting something in her gingham apron.

"What's my wife? What's Floridy gone?"

She retreated to the door-stone; it might almost be said that she seemed to flee before him, stopping there under pretense of blowing the chaff from the cow-pen in her apron, and apparently barring his way.

"Ain't you goin' to bid me in?" he demanded briefly. "Who's in thar you don't want me to see?"

The veins in Hearne Lusk's neck began to swell. His black eyes looked danger-

ous. Zarepta, thus put to it, opened the door noisily, and only wide enough for herself to enter. The man crowding after her thought he got a glimpse of someone who fed him, heard a closing door at the back of the room.

"Is Florida here?" he hailed on the threshold to ask; but his tone meant a thorough sifting of the matter. Old Zarepta dropped her apronful of pease with a rattle to the floor. She whispered and clung to his arm.

"Yes, she is, Hearne," came the final admission. "But don't you get to 'arin' round here. They's somebody in the room with her that you'll be mad about, I reckon—somebody I never aimed for you to know of nor see on this place. Wait, Hearne. I want to tell ye—"

Silently, Hearne flung the old woman behind him with a turn of the wrist, and made for the door. Here was something definite to strike. His hand was almost at the knob when from the silence of that other room pricked out a keen little sound, the then, shrill wail that is like no other. Hearne staggered and put his hands before his eyes.

"Floridy!" he whispered, shaking from head to foot.

The old woman, very brave now, opened the door and pushed him hastily into the room. He heard his wife's voice calling his name. She lay very white on a bed in the corner.

"Hearne—oh, Hearne! Darlin'!" she called out weakly to him. "Did you hear about it and come already? See!" She drew aside the coverings and showed a little silky head on her arm, a tiny countenance which puckered itself amazingly and sent forth once more that querulous cry.

Hearne fell on his knees beside the bed and hid his face in the covers, torn by long, dry sobs. Florida reached out a trembling hand and put it on his bowed, dark head.

But something stirred beyond the bed, some one knelt there half hid.

"Oh, law!" whispered Florida, her blue eyes clouding with anxiety; "I aimed to be safe back in our house before you come home, Hearne. You ain't mad about me stein' Mommie and haying her with me, air ye, honey?" she inquired timidly. "Look like when I knew the

baby was to come, I jest couldn't do without my mother. Hearse!"—with a little break that was almost like laughter in her voice—"honey, I went to every play-party and dance I could hear of, bec'ase Mammy sent me word she'd do the same, and we'd meet at them places and talk. Hitt mighty nigh killed me to have you away from me so much; and yet, look like a gal's obliged to have her mother at such a time." Her voice quavered pleadingly,

"But I remembered what I'd promised you, and I was scared. Hearse, honey, if you was to be mad at me, I'd shore die!"

And, looking closer, he recognized the gray-haired little old woman who crouched away from him at the bed-head, the gulf of poor Florida's innocent trysts.

"Mother Sterrett," he said huskily, reaching a hand across to her, "we-all'll have to raise this here chap so he'll mend the feud."

SPOOKS!

Spooks! Don't talk o' spooks when you're rumm' up the stair!
What am creakin' in the shadow of that doorway, over there?

What am peekin' round that corner, as you steal apart the door?

What am making that there creakin' of a loose board in the floor?

What am whistlin' down the chimney? What am rattlin' of the blind?

What am scratchin' at the woodwork as a match you're tryin' to find?

Am it spooks that makes those noises? Am it spooks? Or does you doubt?

Whee-ee! Who pottered 'cross the room, and blew the candle out?
And as you're creepin' into bed and pullin' up your toes

What am knockin' on the window? Am it spooks? Who knows?

What red eyes am starin' at you from the darknes 'round?
What noise am that outside the door, that queer shufflin' sound?

Don' you jump so, it am Mammy's hand upon your wooly head.

Come to snuggle, and to tuck you up into your cosy bed.
Hush-a-bye, ma little honey, Mammy's near you all the night;
There ain't nuthin' 'round this cabin that you're scared of in the light.

Go to sleep ma pieceinnity, shut your frightened brown eyes, do!
There ain't nuthin' in the shadows that can be of harm to you.
The wind it am, you hear a whistlin' and blowin' round the house,
No, ma honey! that there scratchin' am the scamp'rin' of a mouse.

Those red eyes? Why no, chile, nonsense, does you not know old black Jim?

Go to sleep! the rain am stoppin'; and the moon am chinin', dim;
Come to watch ma pieceinnity, as she lies asleepin' still,
Keeps away the spooks and goblins, till the sun lights up the hill.

—Margaret Osborne.

The Seven Hundred Dollar Preacher

By the Editor

THIS magazine has been rigorously criticized for having published in the September issue excerpts from an article which appeared in Hampton's Magazine, and which was entitled "What is to become of the Preacher?" The underlying idea in the article was to hold up to view the inconsistency of sending missionaries out to the heathen when the preacher at home does not get sufficient salary upon which to live decently. The writer of the original article went so far as to declare that money is wasted in Foreign Missions; that it costs \$3.75 to administer \$1 worth of actual missionary work; and that the churches in the United States are asking for \$50,000,000 for Foreign Missions—all these things at the same time that many a home pastor is grossly underpaid. Canadian clergymen in the Anglican, Methodist and Presbyterian Churches have written to us protesting, that these figures are incorrect and that the entire article was "dangerously scolding," because as one writer put it, MacLean's Magazine circulates among the majority of business men in Canada.

In so far as the specific statements made by Hampton's Magazine are challenged, the editor of MacLean's Magazine is quite willing to accept the word of our Canadian clergymen to the effect that Foreign Missions do not spend \$3.75 to administer one dollar; and that there is, in short, no criticism, so far as we have yet learned, which can be successfully made in this connection. But MacLean's Magazine does feel it is its duty to say, since the subject has to do so much interest, that concerning the main allegation in the American article referred to, that is, that preachers of Christianity in Home fields are often underpaid while the revenues of the churches are being sent to Foreign fields, this magazine is in full sympathy with the American writer. We have nothing to say against Foreign Missions. We recognize the excellent work they are doing. We do feel, however, that the churches of this country owe it to the laymen, and it indeed to this Nation itself, to ensure fair salaries to our home preachers before sending funds abroad.

We say now-a-days that everything in a civilized community must justify its existence. One would not think of denying that the Churches do not justify their existence. Everyone recognizes in them, no matter what one's religious beliefs may be, that the churches are a refining influence in the community. In an indirect and a subtle way they assist the police. Where there are churches, lies and properties and a citizen's rights are safer.

But there is another saying, that all things must aim to be efficient. Our public institutions are expected to do the utmost with a given supply of energy. An engine that cannot get the maximum of "pull" out of one pound of steam is on its way to the Scrap Heap. Efficiency is demanded of everything, and the question in our mind is this: Are the churches, as public institutions—for they are such, more or less—efficient? The fact that a Church or any organization does great good, and is indispensable, does not justify that Church or that organization in being inefficient.

We submit that the Seven hundred dollar preacher, be he settled in a definite charge or be he a missionary, single or married, ordained or unordained—is a sign of inefficiency on the part of the churches that allow him to exist. Seven hundred dollar salaries are keeping young men out of the ministry of our various religious denominations. Seven hundred dollar salaries are an invitation for weak men.

This is not written with a view to making the personal lot of the under-paid preacher any better than it is, although that of course is desirable. This is written from the impersonal standpoint of the community at large. Buddhist or Baptist, Roman Catholic or Presbyterian, High Church or Low Church, or no church at all, we must recognize in the churches civilizing influences which are supported directly or indirectly by the whole community and from which the community has the right to expect efficiency. The churches have work to do besides the saving of souls. They must give men the inspiration to be strong men and good citizens. They must combat the spirit of ultra-materialism. They have the opportunity and they are letting it slip, by underpaying the men at home.

Why are there rural communities in Ontario which are rotten with degeneracy? It is not alone because the Churches have sent weak men to those communities, but it is partly on that account. The Seven Hundred dollar preacher cannot live decently, much less be a walking "Inspiration." It takes the biggest, brightest and best men that can be found. The Christian religion should be able to hire the same brains that the great railways command, but they make the mistake of thinking that a man can live on glory—and Seven Hundred. He can't. Conferences, Assemblies and Synods discuss the question of the under-paid home preacher and conclude in a spirit of brotherly love, that it would never do to reduce the Foreign mission appropriation, although they recognize the "grave need" of the Home Missions. This delicacy of feeling is wrong. It behooves either the Foreign Mission departments to step up like gentlemen and say: "We will not take our share until you have enough at home," else it is the duty of the laymen of this country to over-ride departmental etiquette, and see that the churches at home are made efficient first.

Mary

By

Elizabeth Maury Coombs

YES 'em, Miss Deacon, Pete Bruffey were a bad man. Why, the whole Blue Ridge mountains knowed that when he set eyes on a gander at the gander-pollin's, thar weren't no more popularity nor pullin' for that thar gander. It was Pete's,—for he weren't no more 'feard of a gun than you be of a button-hook, an' all that skeers anybody 'bout'n any button-hook as I ever knowed is that it be agoin' to slip behind the bearns to be lost to the world twell next spring-cleanin'!"

The Deaconess of the mountains smiled gaily. "I member," mused the old crone, her eyes fixed on the back log of the hickory fire, as she gazed into the past—"I member the day Pete was born—'member it just as well as I do yestiddy's dinner—which were turnip-tops teched with frost; the bacon weren't hardly cooked a mile, an' my son's wife ain't no gr't hand at corn-bread—which, when all is said, is the bone of the dinner. But thar, whar is the daughter-in-law what kin cook to suit her husband's mother! I dennoe whar she be—but 'pears like I does hearn tell that she died afore she was born. Whar was I?"

"Lawd, Lawd! how time goes, an' folks in front of it! I member when Pete was born, an' I was thar 'tother night when he died. All them times what lay in between 'n' between, he were jest the same—maybe sometimes a little wile samer. Some folks is born cross-eyed, but Pete he were born with a cross-eyed soul. Seem-like he seed everybody an' everything plumb twisted. You 'member Watch, his ole dog? That ole fles-bit fool dogg wored a hole plumb in the big road gittin' up an' a-layin' down agin to turn diffunt sides on himself to the north wind, whilst

he waited o' nights, down yonder at Punk's ha'room to come home with Pete. Yet Pete were such a onery cuss he ain't surver had a kind word for his dog—much less for his wife.

"An' now you say Mary Bruffey is right smart sick, an' you b'lieve she's not a good 'oman! Mary Bruffey had? Why, bless your soul, Miss Deacon, that thar 'oman is as good as green peas in spring! Why, I lay you could stow more natural meeness out'n a Baptist preacher—as me a hard-shell church member in good standin' says it—thar you could out'n that 'oman's whole body—bones, hoots, an' all!"

"I knowed her when she was a slip—knowed her when she looked more like a clove pink what had been pressed in the family Bible than anything you ever see. Sweet an' slim she were, even for a gal-critter, always with them wide gray eyes o' her'n a-lookin' 'way off into the middle o' next week. Knowed her when her Pa had her educated jest like a lady to play the pinner with fingers as white as the drivellin' snow—they weren't mountain folks like we-alls. She could play 'Monastery Bells,' an' all—'cept the front start—of the 'Maiden's Prayer,' an' Teacher said she only had to skip that 'cuss whar her fingers couldn't stretch, an' that made it sound kinder like the Maiden's Jumps instead.

"Mary ain't nadder been mean, either that day or this. I played with her when Pete died, an' him a-lickin' at me like a mule at a yaller jacket, whilst I was a-tryin' for to wrop his cold foots up in my red flannel petticoat, which be the same one I got on the Chris'mas tree at the Mission nigh on to three year ago, an' which by this time is wore that thin a hind man

could dart straws through it. I ain't complainin', Miss Deacon, but yet I will say that, when all is said, Christ'mus ain't far off when you see *Joannes'* ole dog Tige begin for to stand round the 'sinner's tree waitin' for one to drap.

"But, Lawd, Lawd, what was I by now! 'Mary! Pete would call, an' she a-hurryin' an' a-standin' at the head o' the bed, a-cryin', so 'fear'd he was goin' to die, an' me a-standin' at the foot o' the bed, a-cryin', so 'fear'd he wasn't."

"'Mary! Mary!' he'd call. 'Why, the devil don't you light the lamp?'"

"An' that set the lamp—a green tin one with a cracked chimbley—on a soap-box right afore his two eyes!"

"'Gawd knows the shadders is dark enough!' Then he'd shrink back, tremblin' like water in the wind. An' that thar Mary woman, she'd tell him the lamp was a-burnin'. The Book says, 'While yet the lamp holds out to burn, the vilest sinner may return,' but the sinner can't always see when the lamp be a-burnin'—that's the way I reads the riddle, for Pete ain't nerver returned—an' I for one am glad of it, for I was his nearest neighbor."

"No'm, Pete Bruffey ain't nerver come back to these here mountains, though Mary knelt down by his bed an' tried to lead him to the light, as the Word says."

"'Honey,' she'd say, 'I be here with yer, an' the light is clear. Didn't you see how it flared up when the wind come through the broken blind, just like it always do?'"

"But he didn't seem like he could hear, for he jest kep' on a-sayin' like children learn to read:

"'Mary, Mary, light the lamp. The shadders is darkenin'!"

"'Ole Watch whimples, with his nose against the door-jamb—scratched at it—seemed like he half wanted to come in, an' half didn't. Then he sot out thar on a little hump o' ground an' moaned his heart out to the mountains. That thar dog loved Pete, an' for why the Lawd knows—*ef He do!* He made dogs, an' He made men, an' sometimes I think he made 'em the same day, an' His mixin' got mixed, for Mary would ha' followed Pete into the shadders. I was thar, an' I seed her make up her mind ter foller him."

"You tell me she turns folks' little children from her door. Pore critter, she ain't nerver had none o' her own. She'd

always be a-sayin' ter see, 'Babies 'ud make a new man out'n Pete.' But for my part, if so be as I had or been in the new-makin' men business, I'd ha' begun on some good fresh gully dirt rather than waste stitches on Pete Bruffey's remains. But that's neither here nor thar. You say she's cross and kicks the ole dog when he whines; she has even been know'd to go to the *so!* to get whiskey an' try to get drunk—she that's hated that stuff like cold pizen ever since she come into the world! She's tryin' to fool you into thinkin' she's a bad 'oman, Miss Deacon. Mary ain't no drunkard—she's jest tryin' to be bad so's to foller Pete. She thinks thar ain't no other way ter do it. She ain't had! She may fool you—she may fool the preacher—she may fool the Lawd—but she ain't agoin' to fool me, for I hev been her nighest neighbor for nigh on ter forty year. Pete were a drunkard, an' Mary has done made up her mind to foller Pete—I seed it that night when she said, said she: 'I'm comin' with you, Pete.' An' he says, sighin' like the breath of wind that dies down at break o' day, 'The—shadders—is over—it—all!'"

"I tried to snage her away, then, 'Mary,' says I, 'the light was jest over yonder ahind the hills—but,' says I, 'Pete he jest ain't nerver seen it, 'cause the pore critter's soul's eyes was plumb twisticated.'"

"That was two years an' a month ago. Fer two days after—the day of Pete's funeral—my ole Spot she had a heifer calf, an' it snowed, rained, and hailed on the buryin' day, an' so I was mighty sorry fer Mary: a buryin' day's got to mighty runshiny to collect ar'y crowd in these here mountains. But that same day I was mighty glad fer myself an' ole Spot, fer my ole man had done declar'd out as how he weren't goin' to spend any more time traipsin' round the world lookin' up good homes fer bull calves ter please me an' my contrary ole spotted cow."

"Am I goin' to Mary when you say she says she'd rather I wouldn't? Why, Miss Deacon," protested the old woman, rising and reaching her hand over to where her slat sunbonnet hung, drooping from its peg, "in course I'm agoin',! Mary jest don't want ter let on she wants her friends, 'cause she's afraid you won't think she's cross an' mean enough ter foller Pete."

Adjusting the limp bonnet over her sleek white hair, with its small white knot looking like a silver-skin onion at the nape of her neck, and securing by a gesture the proffered help of the Deaconess, the old woman stepped along the steep path leading to the big silk-leaved poplar that whispered beside the little spring she and Mary had shared in common all the years of their neighborliness. The path of red clay like a painted streak led up the hill and through a field of yellow sedge, and in the gullies the honeysuckle vines, red-purple by the frost, ran like spilt wine down the hillsides.

The old dog growled from where he drowsed on the shuck mat in front of Mary's door, but sank down again with a groan and only one or two tired rattles on the floor with his stump tail, as Mary's neighbor spoke to him. Reaching across, she pulled the leather string that lifted the latch, and she and the Deaconess went straight into the one-room cabin without knocking.

"Mary," said the old woman going toward the bed cheerily, "I brang yer some of my fried piee—thinkin' you was sick and might relish some'thin' that would set light on yer stomach."

But the Deaconess advanced to the bed and found her patient too far gone for even fried pies to make an appeal to her appetite. A change had come since she had gone by in the morning to her little school—the subtle gray change of twilight, the courier of the dark that comes before the dawn.

The little Deaconess knelt by the bed and lifted up her voice: "O Lord, our Light in time of Darkness, our Strength in—"

The dying woman's hand stayed her. "I'd a sight rather ye—wouldn't yer say—miss I don't feel no call ter go ter heaven. I'd a sight rather go with Pete."

"But maybe," faltered the Deaconess, in spite of the prevailing opinion of Pete's intimates—"maybe Pete went to heaven."

"No'm, he didn't—you didn't know Pete."

"Well, even if Pete didn't go to heaven, you want to—because you know there is no marryin' nor givin' in marriage there, and your husband will be the same to you as any one else."

"Yes'm," spoke Mary's old neighbor from the fireplace, where she was putting the noes of the chunks together, "I read that once, an' says I to my ole man, 'Bill, I do reckon as how there's a confusion an' a view up thar when men-folks can change partners every time the coffee 's weak an' the socks ain't darned.' An' he 'lowed as how, 'Ole 'oman, you got to be a sight more kearful o' my feelin's up thar than what you done been down here. You just dar say, 'You better had split me some kindlin', Bill,' an' I'm gone 'fore you have time to see whether the wood-box is full or not?'"

Soon the good old woman hurried forward in her heartsome way with the bowl of hot tea she had brewed, but Mary's hands were busied feebly with picking threads from the worn patchwork quilt, her eyes were looking out into the darkness; she seemed only to remember the one passive passion of her passive life—Pete.

The snow commenced to fall, whispering among the brown leaves that still clung tenaciously to the oaks before the cabin door. Sometimes a flake or two even fell down the wide chimney with a little sputter upon the live red coals.

"I'm plumb glad it ain't rain," declared the old woman. "Rain sobs so, an' it might wake Mary. Lawd send she may sleep clean across to the other side!"

But towards morning the gray eyes opened, and Mary smiled like a child in its sleep.

"The shadders fall—I be comin', Pete—comin' to you in the darkenin' shadders! But over yonder, shinin' the mountains, seems like I see a light—I see a light as we two kin find."



Looking Younger Than Your Years

By

A. W. Anderson

HE looks fifty, does this erect, vigorous, Canadian business man and when he tells you that he is sixty-seven past, you feel inclined to gaze at him incredulously; but the twinkle in his eye does not betoken guile, only amusement at your obvious astonishment, and then you remember his family and at length realise that he must be as old as he says he is. To meet such a man is not as common an occurrence as it ought to be. Too often it is the man of fifty who looks sixty-seven in this land where business life makes such demands on one's vitality; and when the reverse is encountered, curiosity is raised as to how, by what magic means, the result has been achieved.

In the eyes of some people he may be a faddist, addicted ineluctably to reading physical culture journals and practising the precepts they contain, but he has proved to his own satisfaction that it is a good thing to be persistent in caring for one's health and that habits of regular exercise formed when young and followed through life are a great source of satisfaction in old age.

"The great trouble with most people," says he, "is that they lack the determination, the downright grit, to stick steadily at physical exercises through all sorts of conditions of mind and body. They usually start out with unbounded enthusiasm, enter into the spirit of the thing with excessive vigor for a few weeks or months, and then something turns up to distract them and they give it up. Such spasmodic efforts are worse than useless and are often detrimental to health.

"I once found it necessary to bribe my wife to go through a series of exercises every day, giving her so much a week if she would stick to it. By this means, even though it was not particularly commendable, I am convinced that she built up a surplus of health which is now standing her in good stead.

"My regimen of health is a simple one and it is one that I have adhered to for many years. There are three basic principles. First, be sure to have the digestive organs performing their functions perfectly. Indigestion with all its attendant evils is at the root of most of the troubles men is heir to, and the system must be got into shape to avoid them. Second, one's breathing apparatus, the lungs, must be used to the full. This is a weak spot in many constitutions and proper breathing will work wonders if practised consistently. Lastly, the blood must be made to circulate freely. A stagnant circulation is detrimental to efficient work.

"To put my body into proper condition, so that digestion, breathing and circulation are all as nearly perfect as I can make them and so that I can do my day's work effectively, I begin first thing in the morning with my physical exercises. Lying on my back in bed, I fill my lungs with the fresh air which has been streaming into my bedroom all night through the open windows, expanding my chest and holding in the air for some moments; then expelling it and taking a fresh breath. This carries off all the impurities in my lungs and wakes me up thoroughly. On rising, I go through about five minutes' exercises

with either Indian clubs, dumbbells or without any apparatus at all, drinking between the different movements about two glasses of cold water. Following this I take a sponge bath. I used to take a cold dip every morning but found that it was a little too much of a shock for my system and so resorted to a sponge, using tepid water. After drying myself I rub my body all over with a brush until my skin gets into a glow and the circulation is roused. Then I dress and am ready for my breakfast. All this I do in a leisurely way, with my mind concentrated on what I am doing, so that I shall derive the greatest amount of benefit from the course.

"In eating, I follow the rule of eating slowly and masticating my food thoroughly. When I was a young man I was troubled with acute indigestion which made my life miserable. An old friend told me one day that he could give me a sure cure if I would follow his prescription. He advised me to lay in a stock of hard-tack and eat a piece of it between mouthfuls of other food. I tried it and in a surprisingly short time I was completely cured of the indigestion. The way it worked was simply this: I couldn't bolt the lumps of the sea biscuit, as I had become accustomed to swallow my other food, and the habit of chewing it, once acquired, was applied to everything that I ate. I used to send to Halifax for barrels of sea biscuit for some years afterwards, eating it at all my meals.

"This habit of incomplete mastication of food is a bad one and while it may not show any ill-effects for years and years, sooner or later it will make itself felt. I will remember a friend of mine, a hale, hearty fellow who is still living in the city of Toronto; he used to boast that he had no stomach, meaning that he could eat anything without discomfort. He talked this way until he was fifty and then without any warning his over-taxed stomach rebelled and he collapsed. It took him ten years to get back to something like his former health, though even now he has to exercise the greatest care in his diet.

"Contrast with this a lady who also lived in Toronto. She was of delicate constitution but always seemed to enjoy good health. When she was seventy-four, someone asked her how she managed to keep

so fresh. She replied that she always made it a habit never to swallow anything. By this she did not mean that she ate nothing, but simply that she chewed her food so thoroughly that it appeared to dissolve away without any apparent effort of swallowing.

"Of course I must admit that it takes time to eat in this slow way and I am often an hour at a meal that other men would get through in fifteen or twenty minutes, but all the same I would rather do this than be troubled with indigestion.

"In going to my office I always make it a point to walk part of the distance, perhaps a mile. I walk briskly, bringing as many muscles as possible into play and I also breathe deeply. This deep breathing is a grand thing. Often when my office gets stuffy during the day and I begin to lose my grasp on things, if I just slip on my hat and take a little walk along the street, inhaling deep breaths of air, when I return to the office I feel fresh as a daisy.

"In the evening I try to take my mind completely off my business and this I now do chiefly by reading. I find a good novel a splendid restorative after a hard day's work. I retire fairly early, but first I very often take a short walk, again going through my breathing exercises, and I invariably run through my physical movements after undressing. Then I swing open the French windows, close my door and jump into bed, where I always enjoy sound sleep.

"Mind you, I do not claim that my way of living prevents sickness or any occasional fit of indigestion. There are influences working all the time to cause these troubles, which the best of systems cannot prevent. But I do say that I am in condition to fight off attacks better than most men. I venture to say that there are few men of my age who could run a hundred yards' dash, as I can, without puffing and this I am able to do by reason of my chest development.

"The best of all exercises for my mind for a business man who can afford it is horse-back riding. For many years I rode every morning before breakfast and to this exercise I attribute a good portion of my present health. And this reminds me of a somewhat amusing incident bearing on this same subject of physical culture.

When I first took to riding, I used to give it up when winter came on. The first winter, feeling the loss of the exercise, I bought a piece of indoor apparatus at which I used to work every morning. During the fall I had gone to my tailor and ordered a new suit of clothes, which were sent up to the house in due course. Not requiring them at once, they were put away. About four months later my wife remarked that my business clothes were getting shabby and that I ought to have a new suit. That reminded me that I already had a new suit. So I brought it out and tried it on, but I found that it wouldn't fit; it was too small. I did not realize what was the matter and took the clothes down to the tailor, telling him that he had made a bad fit, a thing he had never done before. He looked up the measurements and found that the suit had been made to the measured size. Then to make sure he measured me again and found that in the four months I had developed two inches in the chest. My exercise had brought about this result. Since then I have added four inches more to my chest measurement.

"After riding for some years, I took up bicycling with much advantage. I can also see benefits in motoring as it gives one plenty of fresh air and induces deeper breathing. Walking, too, is admirable and for the man who cannot afford a horse or a motor it is really quite as good, if not better, when it is pursued in the proper way.

"If business and professional men now at the heyday of their health and vigor would only take heed to their physical needs, how thankful they would be later on. Only the other day I went to see a lawyer friend of mine who I fear has nearly reached the end of his career. A brilliant jurist, a hard worker, he neglected physical exercise entirely and to-day, at a comparatively early age, he has to give it all up. Our cities are full of examples of the same sort of folly. A few rules and exercises observed each day, such as I have outlined, will do for others what they have done for me. At sixty-seven, I feel as young in spirit and vigorous in body, as I did ten or even twenty years ago and I can still do a good day's work and enjoy it."

THE LAND OF NIGHT

A weary God, with trembling hand
Had trod the Yukon to the strand.
"Here shall the wolf and big deer range," said he.
"Man shall not trouble thee."

Between her, and Man's World, he put
A hidden pitfall, every foot.
"This is the land where life is death," he cried.
"So stay the other side."

He gave her winter, lone and cold;
Long night, to screen her bosom's gold;
And then, half smiling, filled ravine and dell
With shadows, meant for Hell.

The Sphinx-like sun awoke, and sent
His rays through the abandonment.
"Master," he said, "it's vain. While gold's about
"You cannot keep man out."

—H. Mortimer Batten.

The Story of a Strong Man

By

By Francis Dickie

FROM Wainwright westward to the Battle River as the line runs is twelve miles; twelve miles of a steady unbroken drop in grade. Leaving Wainwright for perhaps two miles the line is over fairly level plain, then strikes a high sandy range of hills which lie for many miles along both sides of the river. From this point the roadbed rounds in a series of many curves interspersed with short tangents till it reaches the bridge. But once the hills are struck the perspective of the line is narrowed to only a few feet ahead, the sharpness of the curves and their numerosness coupled with the high putting hillsides and long cut banks thus foreshortening the view.

Dan Dempster, roadmaster and superintendent of track laying from Wainwright to the front, was listlessly idling away an hour in the long bar of the Wainwright saloon where a number of railroad men were generally congregated. It was strictly against company rules to drink, or for that matter to be seen in a bar, but the men for the most part were heedless of it, and Dan himself at least had nothing to fear, for he was too good a man, too much of a manager, and knowing as he did every inch of his work from first track spike to last switch frog, held slight fear of dismissal for this slight breach of company edict.

In the superintendent's tall well-knit though not heavy six feet two, there was nothing that gave token of unusual strength. Only those who had been in close contact with him and personally knew him were aware of his power. And when Macrimmon, civil engineer and personal friend, remarked carelessly that "Dan could lift him sitting on a chair by

just gripping the rung," a conductor new to the road was loud in his disbelief, and promptly made a bet.

Now to most men to lift an ordinary chair, even unweighted, by gripping the rung and raise level with the shoulder, is no easy feat. If you don't believe it try. But Dan, with Macrimmon's one hundred and eighty pounds of weight seated in the chair, leaned down, caught the rung, awayed, strained a moment, chair and man rose quickly in the air and with seeming ease the superintendent set his burden upon the top of the bar, then, changing hands lowered it slowly, and without apparent effort, to the floor. As the engineer pocketed his money he continued his boasting, and this time there was no dissenting voice.

"That's nothing for Dan," he laughed. "Why up to Toftoid last month when they started laying steel on the branch I saw him take and carry a thirty-foot rail of eighty-pound steel. You see, it was this way. There was twelve Galicians carrying it with long, and they was so slow coming that Dan, who was there looking after the putting in of the switch, got mad and run over and grabbed hold of it in the centre and walked off with it himself. Oh you ought to see them huskies look."

Finishing this anecdote, Macrimmon bought a drink, but the superintendent, being a modest man and having some work to attend to, had slipped away.

Ten miles down the track toward the river a lifting gang were at work, the gravel trains bringing their loads from across the river a few miles further westward. Wishing to see how things were progressing, Dan left the hotel and walking to his office in the yard he threw the

clerk's track speeder on the rails and sent the little velocipede rapidly down the yards, its speed increased by the high wind from the east. Reaching the gang a little later he inspected the work and then began his pump buck. It was hard going against the wind, but he had almost reached the point where the hills dropped away when a pounding roar told him a train was coming from Wainwright. A little puzzled, he pulled the car off the tracks wondering what it could be for there was nothing expected at this time.

* * *

At the west end of the yards ten flat cars loaded with steel and one box car of ties were standing. They had been "spotted" there early in the afternoon ready to go out on the first material train for the front. The yard-men after spotting had gone, leaving the whole string with unmet brakes. As the afternoon drew on, the rising east wind drove with ever increasing force against the string. This and the down grade and their heavy tonnage had started them in motion. With a little creaking start the wheels moved barely an inch, then another and gathering momentum began to creep down the yard. By the time they reached the switch they were going slowly but with sufficient speed to force the switch points and swing onto the main line. The lower end of the yard was deserted and no one noticed them go. This was what Dan had heard approaching.

The cars passed him at about fifteen miles an hour, and it took him only a second to realize the danger that they were to the extra gang, scarce eight miles away, and to the unloading work train beside which they were working. Turning the velocipede, he set it upon the rails and sent it racing after the runaway which was every moment going faster. The handle bars of the little car bent under the pressure of his driving strokes and the little guide wheel bounced sometimes many inches from the rail.

It was but a moment's run to overtake the string.

He sent the little speeder in close to the end of the big box car on the tail end of the train. He caught the foot-rail of the end ladder. Steadying himself he reached up and with the other hand

caught the second rung of the ladder. Releasing his first grip he raised himself up till he was at a standing position feet resting upon the seat of the speeder then with a quick spring he made the ladder and climbed rapidly upward to the brake wheel. The cast off speeder dropped behind.

With a few quick turns he set the brakes on the box car. The wheels wailed and squealed but the train went on with undiminished speed.

Running along the roof he climbed down the farther end and swung onto the first flat car and working with feverish haste soon had the brake set on the whole ten cars. But there was no perceptible slackening. Instead, at every passing rail joint, the runaway gathered headway.

The screaming brake shoes were smoking now and long lines of sparks flashed from every truck, and on the end car Dan stood watching the fast flying landscape, an awful sense of his own helplessness assailing him. Ahead, scarcely four miles now, was the extra gang and the unloading train. As the track lay the runaway would be upon them almost as soon as it came into view.

Then an idea came to him. For only a moment he hesitated. It might mean death to him but there were those ahead and besides it was death now either to stay on the train or to leap from it.

To carry an eight hundred pound, thirty-foot rail which was already lifted from the ground, as he had previously done, was no light trick even for Dan. But to get it here on a swaying flat-car, where each rail was laid close packed, seemed almost impossible. But he set about it. He had just six minutes before the runaway would be upon the train ahead.

He was standing about the centre of the car and also about the middle of the rail so with legs wide apart, braced against the terrific roll of the speeding train he bent down and grasped the flat top, his fingers closing around where the surface curved to the body of the rail. Gasping, every muscle crying out, he tugged. Slowly, very slowly, the big rail rose, an inch. Then another—till it was above the rest.

With a little jerk he let it fall back slantingly, thus resting it on top of the others and straightened up, every muscle

quivering, to rest himself for the final feat.

Then once more he reached down and caught the rail. His fingers, from the terrific grip and strain against the rough steel, were torn and bleeding but he did not notice. Once more he raised the rail up, up till it was on a level with his waist then with arms crooked and burden held close to his body he started down to the end of the car.

His heart was pounding madly, the veins on his forehead standing out fiercely distended, his breath came in gasps and with every step the aching overburdened muscles sent up awful shooting pains. But he staggered on over the greasing stool expecting at every lurch of the car, as it swung around some curve, to lose his balance and be thrown along the right-of-way.

He was almost there. Somehow he seemed to be walking on a chariot of fire, his head bowed and his eyes, starting from their sockets, saw red, but still he hung to that mass of steel though seemingly millions of tons were pressing down upon his overburdened arms.

Within a foot of the edge of the car he halted. Before him the track rushed under the flying wheels and the air was full of the roar of pounding trucks and screaming brakes. Crouching his legs wide apart, he hesitated a second, desperately trying to force more strength into his weary arms. He thought of laying the steel down and resting but instinctively knew, with his fast waning strength, he could never lift it again. It was now or never.

Back and forth ever so slightly he swung his body to gain the necessary momentum, then his arms straightened out

—and threw the mass of steel; it was a scarce foot in distance yet it was a wonderful cast. Almost as it dropped, but too quick for eye to perceive, the onrushing front trucks of the flat car struck it and the mass knew no more.

With a scream the wheels of the front truck hit the huge rail. They bumped over. They were torn from the body of the car and leaving the truck, went tearing over the ties into the ditch below. Then the rear trucks struck and the rushing cars following slewed the flat car half around and, weighted as they were with thousands of tons of steel, broke couplings and piled one above the other. Broken draw-bars, torn out whole trucks, loosened rail and ties, hurled through the air and falling, lay strewn in terrible confusion along the right-of-way. The rails of the flat car, with the terrific pressing force from behind, half burying themselves in the soft sloping sides of the cut, posed, quivering like arrows gone home true to a mark.

And Dan, buried like a stone from a catapult with the impact, shot into the air and dropped with a dull thud on the brown dead grass at the top of the cut; his head striking a boulder, and lay still. The crew of the wrecking train found him an hour later; bruised, battered and still stunned but very much alive, and carried him to the cabs.

* * *

Should you ever travel over the line of the Grand Trunk Pacific's great transcontinental and are fortunate you may perhaps meet and talk with some old timer of this division of the road and he will tell you, quietly, yet with pride, of the runaway steel train and the strength of Dan.



"Petticoats"

By

Margaret O'Grady

NO man really loves just one woman! You had voiced it to the men themselves and they ridiculed it, denied it, defied it and laughed at it, according to their mental attitude. Then you promptly cast it forth into a feminine circle—and immediately became unpopular.

They believe it? Not they! Monstrous! And when the little, newly-married bride and with chilling directions demanded if for one instant you doubted the disinterested, consuming passion of her adoring spouse for her, it was obvious you were on the verge of a delicate situation, which might be discreetly rescued by desisting. Here was antagonism and here was ignorance, blind, blissful and feminine in matters pertaining to that incarnation of colossal instability, the masculine heart. They regretted you had permitted your misguided intelligence to wander through such devious and heretical by-ways. Henceforth you should be to them as one removed, remote and your absurd doctrine as the proverbial red rag to the infuriated male cow. Altogether, the atmosphere was chilly.

The constancy of women is pathetic; men's sincerity a joke. Men desire and demand diversity. Any petticoat will do, only should it be a pink one to-day undoubtedly it must be a blue one to-morrow. And if after a series of mildly exciting episodes among the be-ruffled sex, suitors creates a pleasant attachment for a certain fair one, it most assuredly is not that particular damsel who has brought things to the climax of an impassioned declaration. Rather is it not the psychological moment and the petticoat? The latter may be real, supplement-

ed by midnight eyes and dusky locks. Had the psychological moment occurred earlier in the week the petticoat had been, mayhap, of lavender, cheerfully accompanied by alluring dimples and an irreproachable skin. It is very simple. We are told that man has laughed at petticoats from the time when it was the custom for every great house in England to keep a tame fool dressed in petticoats, the heir of the family might have an opportunity of diverting himself with his absurdities. And he has been diverting himself tolerably well, ever since. But, be it observed, the gaping face beneath the cap and bells is a man's face. It would appear, therefore, that while a woman may impersonate Folly, she rarely assumes the role of the Fool. Lamsons, the great Swedish naturalist, who was the first to venture to class man in a scientific system with the rest of animated nature, being at the same time severely censured for degrading the dignity of the human race by such an approximation, tells us, among other things, that men have "a particular pre-eminence in their organ of voice." Indeed, yes. Have not you a glittering example of it within the sacred confines of your own fireside? Also his ability to use these vocal organs at the most inopportune times has been only too frequently and too forcibly demonstrated. Heaven! he has swallowed his collar button or kicked a refractory stovepipe into a disfigured knot!

More apparently knew the fickleness of the sex when he thus admonishes coveting gallants: "When you are far from the Eps that you love, make love to the lips that are near." The trend of masculine

affections was not as a closed book to the poet.

Such a weather-cock in affairs of the heart is a man that you feel a slight surprise when the hero in "Reveries of a Bachelor" informs you, after untold anguish and unmitigated sorrow for his lost love: "You sigh—poor thing! and in a very flashy waistcoat you venture a morning call"—on some other fair Miranda, you opine.

In sharp contrast to this quickly forgotten amour you bear Persephone, the sad queen in "A Spite of Hades" exclaim: "I too have died for love." And you are inclined to believe the lady. Even Byron, whose loves were numerous, running the entire gamut of variation, beginning with Miss Chaworth and ending with the Countess Guiccioli, admits that "Man's love is of man's life, a thing apart."

If Cleopatra had not appeared at the psychological moment, would not Anthony have been swearing fealty to some other Egyptian or Roman petticoat? So rare a virtue is constancy in men that Emerson, recognizing the fact, asserts: "Romeo, if dead, should be cut up into little stars to make the heavens fine." And, yet, the world abounds in Juliets, which calls forth no surprised comment.

Are men better dead than alive? Is that what Meredith meant when he wrote:

"Men the angels eyed,
And liked the picture best
When they were grossly dressed
In a brotherhood of graves."

And Shakespeare, that keen observer of human emotions, avers that since the world began there was not any man died in his own person, vi delictis, in a love cause. "Men have died from time to time and worms have eaten them, but not for love."

The belief, then, is forced upon you that the early demise of the average amorous youth is either due to accident or a severe attack of mumps.

When a man sins against society, there is a big hoo and cry and some cackling busy-body whispers: "Cher-shes is foin'!" The irony of it! Is it not this very "look for the woman" element in him that has brought about his present unhappy state? Had he but avoided her!

There have been pursuers ever and he

who seeks woman seeks trouble—and gets it. Had the serpent in the Garden of Eden been of the feminine sex, what would have happened? Does not the imagination conjure a picture of the faithful consort of Adam industriously wearing a verdant petticoat in fig-leaf design, while her fickle spouse is jabbering spooney speeches to the serpent lady or probably inditing hieroglyphic love missives on birch bark?

The unattainable attained loses its attraction. A man wins a petticoat, he tires of it, he forgets it. But let some other man happen along with a desire for possession, then—well, the poet describes it best.

"How many a thing which is cast to the ground,
When others pick it up becomes a gem!
We grasp at all the wealth it is to them;
And by reflected light its worth is found."

Here, at last, is an example of masculine sincerity in Gray's *Melancholy Youth*:

"Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send;
He gave to misery all he had, a tear;
And gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend."

But he died, you see. Besides he only desired a friend, which proves that on his side, it was merely platonic. All of which adds to illustrate that the psychological moment and petticoat theory is, at least, tenable.

And should the gaudy and befrilled old rose uplift her audacious chin in impertinent superiority because to some he has vowed she is the only one, let her not display unseemly pride, for had it not been the psychological moment, then in verity, might he not have been wheezing the identical words into the adurable ear of the modest little grey petticoat, with the discreet tucks and the innocent flounces?

Impossibilities are beyond human performance. And for a man to love just one woman, is a moral, mental and physical impossibility.

The Trail of '98

By

Robert W. Service

Author of "The Songs of a Sourdough" and "Ballads of a Cheechako."

BOOK IV

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CHAPTER XVI

At last, at last we had climbed over the divide, and left behind us forever the vampire valley. Oh, we were glad! But other troubles were coming. Soon the day came when the last of our grub ran out. I remember how solemnly we ate it. We were already more than three-parts starved, and that meal was but a mouthful.

"Well," said the Halfbreed, "we can't be far from the Yukon now. It must be the valley beyond this one. Then, in a few days, we can make a raft and float down to Dawson."

This heartened us, so once more we took up our packs and started. Jim did not move.

"Come on, Jim."

Still no movement.

"What's the matter, Jim? Come on."

He turned to us a face that grey and death-like.

"Go on, boys. Don't mind me. My time's up. I'm an old man. I'm only keeping you back. Without me you've got a chance; with me you've got none. Leave me here with a gun. I can shoot an' rustle grub. You boys can come back for me. You'll find old Jim spy an' chipper, a-sweetin' you with a smile on his face. Now go, boys. You'll go, won't you?"

"Go be damned!" said the Prodgal. "You know we'll never leave you, Jim."

You know the code of the trail. What d'ye take us for--skunks? Come on, we'll carry you if you can't walk."

He shook his head pitifully, but once more he crawled after us. We ourselves were making no great speed. Lack of food was beginning to tell on us. Our stomachs were painfully empty and dead.

"How d'ye feel?" asked the Prodgal. His face had an arrestively hollow look, but that frozen smile was set on it.

"All right," I said, "only terribly weak. My head aches at times, but I've got no pain."

"Neither have I. This starving racket's a cinch. It's dead easy. What rot they talk about the gnawing pains of hunger, an' ravenous men chewing up their boot-tops. It's easy. There's no pain. I don't even feel hungry any more."

None of us did. It was as if our stomachs, in despair at not receiving any food, had sunk into apathy. Yet there was no doubt we were terribly weak. We only made a few miles a day now, and even that was an effort. The distance seemed to be elastic, to stretch out under our feet. Every few yards we had to help Jim over a bad place. His body was emaciated and he was getting very feeble. A hollow fire burned in his eyes. The Halfbreed persisted that beyond those desolate mountains lay the Yukon Valley, and at night he would rouse us up:

"Say, boys, I hear the 'foot' of a steamer. Just a few more days and we'll get there."

Running through the valley, we found a little river. It was muddy in color and appeared to contain no fish. We ranged along it eagerly, hoping to find a few minnows, but without success. It seemed to me, as I foraged here and there for food, it was not hunger that impelled me as much as the instinct of self-preservation. I knew that if I did not get something into my stomach I would surely die.

Down the river we trilled forlornly. For a week we had eaten nothing. Jim had held on bravely, but now he gave up.

"For God's sake, leave me, boys! Don't make me feel guilty of your death. Haven't I got enough on my soul already? For God's pity, lady, save yourselves! Leave me here to die."

He pleaded brokenly. His legs seemed to have become paralyzed. Every time we stopped he would pitch forward on his face, or while walking he would fall asleep and drop. The Prodgal and I supported him, but it was truly hard to support ourselves, and sometimes we collapsed, coming down all three together in a confused and helpless heap. The Prodgal still wore that set grin. His face was high fleshier, and, through the straggling beard, it sometimes minded me of a grinning skull. Always Jim moaned and pleaded:

"Leave me, dear boys, leave me!"

He was like a drunken man, and his every step was agony.

We threw away our packs. We no longer had the strength to bear them. The last thing to go was the Halfbreed's rifle. Several times it dropped out of his hand. He picked it up in a dazed way. Again and again it dropped, but at last the time came when he no longer picked it up. He looked at it for a stupid while, then staggered on without it.

At night we would rest long hours round the camp-fire. Often far into the day would we rest. Jim lay like a dead man, moaning continually, while we, staring into each other's ghastly faces, talked in jerks. It was an effort to hunt food. It was an effort to gnaw ourselves to continue the journey.

"Sure the river empties into the Yukon, boys," said the Halfbreed. "Tain't so far, either. If we can just make a few miles more we'll be all right."

At night, in my sleep, I was a prey to the strangest hallucinations. People I had known came and talked to me. They were so real that, when I awoke, I could scarce believe I had been dreaming. Berna came to me often. She came quite close, with great eyes of pity that looked into mine. Her lips moved.

"Be brave, my boy. Don't despair," she pleaded. Always in my dreams she pleaded like that, and I think that but for her I would have given up.

The Halfbreed was the most resolute of the party. He never lost his head. At times we others raved a little, or laughed a little, or cried a little, but the Halfbreed remained cool and grim. Ceaselessly he foraged for food. Once he found a nest of grouse eggs, and, breaking them open, discovered they contained half-formed birds. We ate them just as they were, crunched them between our swollen gums. Snails, too, we ate sometimes, and grew roots and moss which we scraped from the trees. But our greatest luck was the decayed grouse eggs.

Early one afternoon we were all resting by a camp-fire on which was boiling some meat, when suddenly the Halfbreed pointed. There, in a glade down by the river's edge, were a cow, moose and calf. They were drinking. Stupidly we gazed. I saw the Halfbreed's hand go out as if to clutch the rifle. Alas! his fingers closed on the empty air. So near they were we could have struck them with a stone. Taking his sheath knife in his mouth, the Halfbreed started to crawl on his belly towards them. He had gone but a few yards when they vanished him. One look they gave, and in a few moments they were miles away. That was the only time I saw the Halfbreed put out. He fell on his face and lay there for a long time.

Often we came to sloughs that we could not cross, and we had to go round them. We tried to build rafts, but we were too weak to navigate them. We were afraid we would roll off into the deep black water and drown feebly. So we went round, which in one case meant ten miles. Once, over a slough a few yards wide, the Halfbreed built a bridge of willows, and we crawled on hands and knees to the other side.

From a certain point our trip seems like a night-mare to me. I can only remem-

her parts of it here and there. We reeled like drunken men. We sobbed sometimes and sometimes we prayed. "There was no word from Jim now, not even a whimper, as we half dragged, half carried him on. Our eyes were large with fever, our hands were like claws. Long sickly hands grew on our faces. Our clothes were rags, and vermin overran us. We had lost all track of time. Lettely we had been traveling about half a mile a day, and we must have been twenty days without proper food.

The Halfbreed had crawled about a mile or so, and he came back to where we lay. In a voice hoarse almost to a whisper he told us a bigger river joined ours down there, and on the bar was an old Indian camp. Perhaps in that place some one might find us. It seemed on the route of travel. So we made a last despairing effort and reached it. Indians had visited it quite recently. We foraged around and found some putrid fish bones, with which we made soup.

There was a grave set high on stilts, and within it a body covered with canvas. The Halfbreed wrenched the canvas from the body, and with it he made a boat eight feet in length by six in breadth. It was too rotten to hold him up, and he nearly drowned trying to float it, so he left it lying on the edge of the bar. I remember this was a terrible disappointment to us, and we wept bitterly. I think that about this time we were all half-crazy. We lay on that bar like men all-crazy dead, with no longer hope of deliverance.

Then Jim passed in his checks. In the night he called me.

"Boy," he whispered, "you an' I've been good pals, ain't we?"

"Yes, old man."

"Boy, I'm in agony. I'm suffering untold pain. Get the gun, for God's sake, an' put me out of my misery."

"There's no gun, Jim; we left it back on the trail."

"Then take your knife."

"No, no."

"Give me your knife."

"Jim, you're crazy. Where's your faith in God?"

"Gone, gone; I've no longer any right to look to Him. I've killed. I've taken life. He gave. 'Vengeance is mine,' He

said, an' I've taken it out of His hands. God's curse is on me now. Oh, let me die, let me die!"

I sat by him all night. He moaned in agony, and his passing was hard. It was about three in the morning when he spoke again:

"Say, boy, I'm going. I'm a useless old man. I've lived in sin, an' I've repented, an' I've backslid. The Lord don't want old Jim any more. Say, kid, see that little girl of mine down in Dawson gets what money's comin' to me. Tell her to keep straight, an' tell her I loved her. Tell her I never let up on levin' her all these years. You'll remember that, boy, won't you?"

"I'll remember, Jim."

"Oh, it's all a hoodoo, this Northern gold," he roared. "See what it's done for all of us. We came to loot the land an' it's a-takin' its revenge on us. It's accursed. It's got me at last, but maybe I can help you boys to beat it yet. Call the others."

I called them.

"Boys," said Jim, "I'm a-goin'. I've been a long time about it. I've been dying by inches, but I guess I'll finish the job pretty slick this time. Well, boys, I'm in possession of all my faculties. I want you to know that. I was crazy when I started off, but that's passed away. My mind's clear. Now, pardners, I've got you into this scrape. I'm responsible, an' it seems to me I'd die happier if you'd promise me one thing. Livin', I can't help you; dead, I can—you know how. Well, I want you to promise me you'll do it. It's a reasonable proposition. Don't hesitate. Don't let sentiment stop you. I wish it. It's my dying wish. You're starvin', an' I can help you, can give you strength. Will you promise, if it comes to the last pass, you'll do it?"

We were afraid to look each other in the face.

"Oh, promise, boys, promise!"

"Promise him anyway," said the Halfbreed. "He'll die easier."

So we nodded our heads as we bent over him, and he turned away his face; content.

Twelve a little after he called me again.

"Boy, give me your hand. Say a prayer for me, won't you? Maybe I'll help

some, a prayer for a poor old sinner that's backslid. I can never pray again."

"Yes, try to pray, Jim, try. Come on; say it after me: 'Our Father—'"

"Our Father—"

"Which art in Heaven—"

"Which art in—"

His head fell forward. "Bless you, my boy. Father, forgive, forgive—"

He sank back very quietly.

He was dead.

Next morning the Halfbreed caught a muskrat. We divided it into three and ate it raw. Later on he found some water-buff under a stone. We tried to cook them, but they did not help us much. Then, as night fell once more, a thought came into our minds and stuck there. It was a hidden thought, and yet it grew and grew. As we sat round in a circle we looked into each other's faces, and there we read the same revolting thought. Yet did it not seem so revolting after all. It was as if the spirit of the dead man was urging us to this thing, so insistent did the thought become. It was our only hope of life. It meant strength again, strength and energy to make a raft and float us down the river. Oh, if only—but, no! We could not do it. Better, a hundred times better, die.

Yet life was sweet, and for twenty-three days we had starved. Here was a chance to live, with the dead man whispering in our ears to do it. You who have never starved a day in your lives, would you blame us? Life is sweet to you, too. What would you have done? The dead man was urging us, and life was sweet.

But we struggled, God knows we struggled. We did not give in without agony. In our hopeless, staring eyes there was the anguish of the great temptation. We looked in each other's death-head faces. We clasped skeleton hands round our rickety knees, and swore as we tried to sit upright. Vermin crawled over us in our weakness. We were half-crazy, and muttered in our beads.

It was the Halfbreed who spoke, and his voice was just a whisper:

"It's our only chance, boys, and we've promised him. God forgive me, but I've a wife and children, and I'm a-goin' to go it."

He was too weak to rise, and with his

knife in his mouth he crawled to the body.

It was ready, but we had not eaten. We waited and waited, hoping against hope. Then, as we waited, God was merciful to us. He saved us from this thing.

"Boy, I guess I've got a pipe-dream, but I think I see two men coming downstream on a raft."

"No, it's no dream," I said; "two men." "Shout to them; I can't," said the Prodgal.

I tried to shout, but my voice came as a whisper. The Halfbreed, too, tried to shout. There was scarcely any sound to it. The men did not see us as we lay on that shingly bar. Faster and faster they came. In hopeless, helpless we watched them. We could do nothing. In a few moments they would be past. With eyes of terror we followed them, tried to make signals to them. O God, help us!

Suddenly they caught sight of that crazy boat of ours made of canvas and willows. They poled the raft in close, then one of them saw those three strange things writhing impotently on the sand. They were skeletons, they were in rags, they were covered with vermin.

We were saved; thank God, we were saved!

CHAPTER XVII

"Bernie, we must get married."

"Yes, darnest, whenever you wish."

"Well, to-morrow."

She smiled radiantly; then her face grew very serious.

"What will I wear?" she asked plaintively.

"Wear? Oh, anything. That white dress you've got on—I never saw you looking so sweet. You remind me of a picture I know of Saint Cecilia, the same delicacy of feature, the same pure coloring, the same grace of expression."

"Foolish one!" she chided; but her voice was deliciously tender, and her eyes were love-lit. And indeed, as she stood by the window holding her embroidery to the falling light, you scarce could have imagined a girl more gracefully sweet. In a fine mood of idealizing, my eyes rested on her.

"Yes, fairy girl, that beauteous you are doing in the centre of your little canvas hoop is not more delicate in the tinting

than are your cheeks; your hands that ply the needle so daintily are whiter than the May blossoms on its border; those coils of shining hair that crown your head would shame the silk you use for softness."

"Don't," she sighed; "you spoil me." "Oh no, it's true, true. Sometimes I wish you were not so lovely. It makes me care so much for you that—it hurts. Sometimes I wish you were plain, then I would feel more sure of you. Sometimes I fear, fear some one will steal you away from me."

"No, no," she cried; "no one ever will. There will never be any one but you."

She came over to me, and knelt by my chair, putting her arms around me prettily. The pure, sweet face looked up into mine.

"We have been happy here, haven't we, boy?" she asked.

"Exquisitely happy. Yet I have always been afraid."

"Of what, dearest?" "I don't know. Somehow it seems too good to last."

"Well, to-morrow we'll be married."

"Yes, we should have done that a year ago. It's all been a mistake. It didn't matter at first; nobody noticed, nobody cared. But now it's different. I can see it by the way the wives of the men look at us. I wonder do women resent the fact that virtue is only its own reward—they are so down on those who stray. Well, we don't care anyway. We'll marry and live our lives. But there are other reasons."

"Yes?" "Yes. Garry talks of coming out. You wouldn't like him to find us living like this—without benefit of the clergy?" "Not for the world!" she cried, in alarm.

"Well, he won't. Garry's old-fashioned and terribly conventional, but you'll take to him at once. There's a wonderful charm about him. He's so good-looking, yet so clever. I think he could win any woman if he tried, only he's too upright and sincere."

"What will he think of me, I wonder, poor, ignorant me? I believe I'm afraid of him. I wish he'd stay away and leave us alone. Yet for your sake, dear, I do wish him to think well of me."

"Don't fear, Berna. He'll be proud of you. But there's a second reason."

"What?" "I drew her up beside me on the great Morris-chair.

"Oh, my beloved! perhaps we'll not always be alone as we are now. Perhaps, perhaps some day there will be others—little ones—for their sakes."

She did not speak. I could feel her nestle close to me. Her cheek was pressed to mine; her hair brushed my brow and her lips were like rose-petals on my own. So we sat there in the big, deep chair, in the glow of the open fire, silent, dreaming, and I saw on her lashes the glimmer of a glorious tear.

"Why do you cry, beloved?"

"Because I'm so happy. I never thought I could be so happy. I want it to last forever. I never want to leave this little circle of ours. It will always be home to me. I love it; oh, how I love it!—every stick and stone of it! This dear little room—there will never be another like it in the world! Some day we may have a fine home, but I think I'll always leave some of my heart here in the little cabin."

I kissed away her tears. Foolish tears! I blessed her for them. I held her closer to me. I was wondrous happy. No longer did the shadow of the past bang over us. Even as children forget, we were forgetting. Outside the winter's day was waning fast. The ruddy firelight danced around us. It flickered on the walls, the open piano, the glass front of the bookcase. It lit up the Indian corner, the lounge with its cushions and brass reading-lamp, the rack of music, the pictures, the lace curtains, the gleaming little bit of embroidery. Yes, to me, too, those things were wondrous precious, for it seemed as if part of her had passed into them. It would have been like tearing out my heart-strings to part with the smallest of them.

"Without it, I'm so happy," she sighed. "Wife, dear, dear wife, I too."

There was no need for words. Our lips met in passionate kisses, but the next moment we started apart. Some one was coming up the garden path—a tall figure of a man. I started as if I had seen a ghost. Could it be?—then I rushed to the door.

There on the porch stood Garry.

CHAPTER XVIII

As he stood before me once again it seemed as if the years had rolled away, and we were boys together. A spate of tender memories came over me, memories of the days of dreams and high resolves, when life rang true, when men were brave and women pure. Once more I stood upon that rock-enveloped coast, while below me the yeasty sea charged with a roar the echoing caesars. The gulls were glinting in the sunshine, and by their little brown-thatched homes the fishermen were spreading out their nets. High on the hillside in her garden I could see my mother idling among her flowers. It all came back to me, that sunny shore, the white-washed cottages, the old grey house among the birches, the lift of sheep-starved pasture, and above it the glooming dark of the heather hills.

And it was but three years ago. How life had changed! A thousand things had happened. Fortune had come to me, love had come to me. I had lived, I had learned. I was no longer a cello, uncouth lad. Yet, alas! I no longer looked futurewards with joy; the savor of life was no more sweet. It was another "me" I saw in my mirror that day, a "me" with a face sorely lined, with hair grey-flecked, with eyes sad and bitter. Little wonder Garry, as he stood there, stared at me so sorrowfully.

"How you've changed, lad!" said he at last.

"Have I, Garry? You're just about the same."

But indeed he, too, had changed, had grown finer than my fondest thoughts of him. He seemed to bring into the room the clean, sweet breath of Glenlyffe, and I looked at him with admiration in my eyes. Coming out of the cold, his color was dusky as that of a woman; his deep blue eyes sparkled; his fair silky hair, from the pressure of his cap, was moulded to the shape of his fine head. Oh, he was handsome, this brother of mine, and I was proud, proud of him!

"By all that's wonderful, what brought you here?"

His teeth flashed in that clever, confident smile.

"The stage. I just arrived a few min-

utes ago, and hurried here at once. Aren't you glad to see me?"

"Glad? Yes, indeed! I can't tell you how glad. But it's a shock to me your coming so suddenly. You might have let me know."

"Yes, it was a sudden resolve; I should have wired you. However, I thought I would give you a surprise. How are you old man?"

"Me—oh, I'm all right, thanks." "Why, what's the matter with you, lad? You look ten years older. You look older than your big brother now."

"Yes, I daresay. It's the life, it's the land. A hard life and a hard land."

"Why don't you go out?"

"I don't know, I don't know. I keep on planning to go out and then something turns up, and I put it off a little longer. I suppose I ought to go, but I'm tied up with missing interests. My partner is away in the East, and I promised to stay and look after things. I'm making money, you see."

"Not sacrificing your youth and health for that, are you?"

"I don't know, I don't know."

There was a puzzled look in his frank face, and for my part I was strangely ill at ease. With all my joy at his coming, there was a sense of anxiety, even of fear. I had not wanted him to come just then, to see me there. I was not ready for him. I had planned otherwise.

He was fixing me with a clear, penetrating look. For a moment his eyes seemed to bore into me, then like a flash the charm came back into his face. He laughed at that ringing laugh of his.

"Well, I was tired of roaming round the old place. Things are in good order now. I saved a little money and I thought I could afford to travel a little, so I came up to see my wandering brother, and his wonderful North."

His gaze roved round the room. Suddenly it fell on the piece of embroidery. He started slightly and I saw his eyes narrow, his mouth set. His glance shifted to the piano with its litter of music. He looked at me again, in an odd, bewildered way. He went on speaking, but there was a queer restraint in his manner.

"I am going to stay here for a month, and then I want you to come back with me. Come back home and get some of

the old colour into your cheeks. The country doesn't agree with you, but we'll have you all right pretty soon. We'll have you begging the trout pools and tramping over the heather with a gun. You remember how—when—the black cock used to rise up right at one's very feet. They've been very plentiful the last two years. Oh, we'll have the good old times over again! You'll see, we'll soon put you right."

"It's good of you, Garry, to think so much of me; but I'm afraid, I'm afraid I can't come just yet. I've got so much to do. I've got thirty men working for me. I've just got to stay."

He sighed.

"Well, if you stay I'll stay, too. I don't like the way you're looking. You're working too hard. Perhaps I can help you."

"All right; I'm afraid you'll find it rather awful, though. No one lives up here in winter if they can possibly avoid it. But for a time it will interest you."

"I think it will." And again his eyes stared fixedly at that piece of embroidery on its little hoop.

"I'm terribly glad to see you anyway, Garry. There's no use talking, words can't express things like that between us two. You know what I mean. I'm glad to see you, and I'll do my best to make your visit a happy one."

Between the curtains that hung over the bedroom door I could see Berna standing motionless. I wondered if he could see her too. His eyes followed mine. They rested on the curtains and the strong, stern look came into his face. Yet again he banished it with a sunny smile.

"Mother's one regret was that you were not with her when she died. Do you know, old man, I think she was always fonder of you than of me? You were the sentimental one of the family, and Mother was always a gentle dreamer. I took more after Dad; dry and practical, you know. Well, Mother used to worry a great deal about you. She missed you dreadfully, and before she died she made me promise I'd always stand by you, and look after you if anything happened."

"There's not much need of that, Garry. But thanks all the same, old man. I've seen a lot in the past few years. I know

something of the world now. I've changed. I'm sort of disillusioned. I seem to have lost my zest for things—but I know how to handle men, how to fight and how to win.

"It's not that, lad. You know that to win is often to lose. You were never made for the fight, my brother. It's all been a mistake. You're too sensitive, too high-strung for a fighting-man. You have too much sentiment in you. Your spirit urged you to fields of conquest and romance, yet by nature you were designed for the gentler life. If you could have curbed your impulse and only dreamed your adventures, you would have been the happier. Imagination's been a curse to you, boy. You've tortured yourself all these years, and now you're paying the penalty."

"What penalty?"

"You're lost your splendid capacity for happiness; your health's undermined; your faith in mankind is destroyed. Is it worth while? You've plunged into the fight and you've won. What does your victory mean? Can it compare with what you're lost? Here, I haven't a third of what you have, and yet I'm magnificently happy. I don't envy you. I am going to enjoy every moment of my life. Oh, my brother, you've been making a sad mistake, but it's not too late! You're young, young. It's not too late."

Then I saw that his words were true. I saw that I had never been meant for the fierce battle of existence. Like those high-strung horses that were the first to break their hearts on the trail, I was unsuited for it all. Far better would I have been living the sweet, simple life of my forefathers. My spirit had upheld me, but now I knew there was a poison in my veins, that I was a sick man, that I had played the game and won—at too great a cost. I was like a sprinter that breaks the tape, only to be carried fainting from the field. Alas! I had gained success only to find it was another name for failure.

"Now," said Garry, "you must come home. Back there on the countryside we can find you a sweet girl to marry. You will love her, have children and forget all this. Come."

I rose. I could no longer put it off.

"Excuse me one moment," I said. I parted the curtains and entered the bedroom.

She was standing there, white to the lips and trembling. She looked at me pitifully.

"Be afraid," she faltered.

"Be brave, little girl," I whispered, leading her forward. Then I threw aside the curtain.

"Garry," I said, "this is—this is Berna."

CHAPTER XIX

Garry, Berna—there they stood, face to face at last. Long ago I had visioned this meeting, planned for, yet dreaded it, and now with utter suddenness it had come.

The girl had recovered her calm, and I must say she bore herself well. In her clinging dress of simple white her figure was so silently graceful as that of a wood-nymph, her head posed so sweetly as a lily on its stem. The fair hair rippled away in graceful lines from the fine brow, and as she gazed at my brother there was a proud, high look in her eyes.

And Garry—his smile had vanished. His face was cold and stern. There was a stormy antagonism in his bearing. No doubt he saw in her a creature who was preying on me, an influence for evil, an overwhelming indictment against me of sin and guilt. All this I read in his eyes; then Berna advanced to him with outstretched hand.

"How do you do? I've heard so much about you I feel as if I'd known you long ago."

She was so winning, I could see he was quite taken aback. He took the little white hand and looked down from his splendid height to the sweet eyes that gazed into his. He bowed with icy politeness.

"I feel flattered, I assure you, that my brother should have mentioned me to you."

Here he shot a dark look at me.

"Sit down again, Garry," I said.

"Berna and I want to talk to you." He complied, but with an ill grace. We all three sat down and a grave constraint was upon us. Berna broke the silence.

"What sort of a trip have you had?"

He looked at her keenly. He saw a

simple girl, shy and sweet, gazing at him with a flattering interest.

"Oh, not so bad. Traveling sixty miles a day on a jolting stage gets monotonous, though. The roadhouses were pretty decent as a rule, but some were vile. However, it's all new and interesting to me."

"You will stay with us for a time, won't you?"

He favored me with another grim look. "Well, that all depends—I haven't quite decided yet. I want to take Athol here home with me."

"Home—?" There was a pathetic catch in her voice. Her eyes went round the little room that meant "home" to her.

"Yes, that will be nice," she faltered. Then, with a brave effort, she broke into a lively conversation about the North. As she talked an inspiration seemed to come to her. A light beamed in her eyes. Her face, fine as a cameo, became eager. She was telling him of the magical summers, of the midnight sunsets, of the glorious largess of the flowers, of the things that meant so much to her. She was wonderfully animated. As I watched her I thought what a perfect little lady she was; and I felt proud of her.

He was listening carefully, with evident interest. Gradually his look of stern antagonism had given way to one of attention. Yet I could see he was not listening so much to her as he was studying her. His intent gaze never moved from her face.

Then I talked awhile. The darkness had descended upon us, but the embers in the open fireplace lighted the room with a rosy glow. I could not see his eyes now, but I knew he was still watching us keenly. He merely answered "yes" and "no" to our questions, and his voice was very grave. Then, after a little, he rose to go. "I'll return to the hotel with you," I said.

Berna gave us a pathetically anxious little look. There was a red spot on each cheek and her eyes were bright. I could see she wanted to cry.

"I'll be back in half an hour, dear," I said, while Garry gravely shook hands with her.

We did not speak on the way to his room. When we reached it he switched on the light and turned to me.

"Brother, who's this girl?"

"She's—she's my housekeeper. That's all I can say at present, Garry."

"Married?"

"No."

"Good God!"

Stunorily he paced the floor, while I watched him with a great calm. At last he spoke.

"Tell me about her."

"Sit down, Garry; light a cigar. We may as well talk this thing over quietly."

"All right. Who is she?"

"Bernie," I said, lighting my cigar, "is a Jewess. She was born of an unwed mother, and reared in the midst of misery and corruption."

He stared at me. His mouth hardened; his brow contracted.

"But," I went on, "I want to say this."

You remember, Garry, Mother used to tell us of our sister who died when she was a baby. I often used to dream of my dead sister, and in my old, imaginative days I used to think she had never died at all, but she had grown up and was with us. How we would have loved her, would we not, Garry? Well, I tell you this—if our sister had grown up she could have been no sweeter, purer, gentler than this girl of mine, this Bernie."

He smiled ironically.

"Then," he said, "if she is so wonderful, why, in the name of Heaven, haven't you married her?"

His manner towards her in the early part of the interview had hurt me, had roused in me a certain perversity. I determined to stand by my guns.

"Marriage," said I, "isn't everything; often isn't anything. Love is, and always will be, the great reality. It existed long before marriage was ever thought of. Marriage is a good thing. It protects the wife and the children. As a rule, it enforces constancy. But there's a higher ideal of human companionship that is based on love alone, love so perfect, so absolute that legal bondage insults it; love that is its own justification. Such a love is ours."

The ironical look deepened to a sneer.

"And look you here, Garry," I went on, "I am living in Dawson in what you would call 'shame.' Well, let me tell you, there's not ninety-nine in a hundred legally married couples that have forms! such a sweet, love-sanctified union as we have. That girl is purest gold, a pearl

of untold price. There has never been a jar in the harmony of our lives. We love each other absolutely. We trust and believe in each other. We would make any sacrifice for each other. And, I say it again, our marriage is tenfold holier than ninety-nine out of a hundred of those performed with all the pomp of surplice and sacerdotaly."

"Oh, man, man!" he said crashingly, "what's got into you? What nonsense, what clap-trap is this? I tell you that the old way, the way that has stood for generations, is the best, and it's a sorry day I find a brother of mine talking such nonsense. I'm almost glad Mother's dead. It would surely have broken her heart to know that her son was living in sin and shame, living with a—"

"Easy now, Garry," I cautioned him. We faced each other with the table between us.

"I'm going to have my say out. I've come all this way to say it, and you've got to hear me. You're my brother. God knows I love you. I promised I'd look after you, and now I'm going to save you if I can."

"Garry," I broke in, "I'm younger than you, and I respect you; but in the last few years I've grown to see things different from the way we were taught; broad, clear, sane, somehow. We can't always follow in the narrow path of our forefathers. We must think and act for ourselves in these days. I see no sin and shame in what I'm doing. We love each other—that is our vindication. It's a pure, white light that dims all else. If you had seen and striven and suffered as I have done, you might think as I do. But you've got your smug old-fashioned notions. You gaze at the trees so hard you can't see the forest. Yours is an ideal, too; but mine is a purer, more exalted one."

"Balderdash!" he cried. "Oh, you anger me! Look here, Athol, I came all this way to see you about this matter. It's a long way to come, but I knew my brother was needing me, and I'd have gone round the world for you. You never told me anything of this girl in your letters. You were ashamed."

"I knew I could never make you understand,"

"You might have tried. I'm not so dense in the understanding. No, you would not tell me, and I've had letters, warning letters. It was left to other people to tell me how you drank and gambled and squandered your money; how you were like to a madman. They told me you had settled down to live with one of the creatures, a woman who had made her living in the dance-halls, and every one knows no woman ever did that and remained straight. They warned me of the character of this girl, of your infatuation, of your calousness to public opinion. They told me how barefaced, how shameless you were. They begged me to try and save you. I would not believe it, but now I've come to see for myself, and it's all true, it's all true."

He bowed his head in emotion.

"Oh, she's good!" I cried. "If you know her you would think so, too. You, too, would love her."

"Heaven forbid! Boy, I must save you. I must, for the honor of the old name that's never been tarnished. I must make you come home with me."

He put both hands on my shoulders, looking commandingly into my face.

"No, no," I said, "I'll never leave her."

"It will be all right. We can pay her. It can be arranged. Think of the honor of the old name, lad."

I shook him off. "Pay!"—I laughed ironically. "Pay!" in connection with the name of Bernie—again I laughed.

"She's good," I said once again. "Wait a little till you know her. Don't judge her yet. Wait a little."

He saw it was of no use to waste further words on me. He sighed.

"Well, well," he said, "have it your own way. I think she's ruining you. She's dragging you down, supping your moral principles, lowering your standard of pure living. She must be bad, bad, or she wouldn't live with you like that. But have it your own way, boy; I'll wait and see."

CHAPTER XX

In the crystalline days that followed I did much to bring about a friendship between Garry and Bernie. At first I had difficulty in dragging him to the house, but in a little while he came quite willingly. The girl, too, aided me greatly. In

her sweet, shy way she did her best to win his regard, so that as the winter advanced a great change came over him. He threw off that stern manner of his as an actor throws off a part, and once again he was the dear old Garry I knew and loved.

His sunny charm returned, and with it his brilliant smile, his warm, endearing frankness. He was now twenty-eight, and if there was a handsomer man in the Northland I had yet to see him. I often envied him for his fine figure and his clean, vivid color. It was a wonderfully expressive face that looked at you, firm and manly, and, above all, clever. You found a pleasure in the resonant sweetness of his voice. You were drawn irresistibly to the man, even as you would have been drawn to a beautiful woman. He was winning, lovable, yet back of all his charm there was that great quality of strength, of austere purpose.

He made a hit with every one, and I verily believe that half the women in the town were in love with him. However, he was quite unconscious of it, and he stalked through the streets with the gait of a young god. I knew there were some who for a smile would have followed him to the ends of the earth, but Garry was always a man's man. Never do I remember the time when he took an interest in a woman. I often thought, if women could have the man of their choice, a few handsome ones like Garry would monopolize them, while we common mortals would go wifeless. Sometimes it has seemed to me that love is but a second-hand article, and that our matings are at best only makeshifts.

I must say I tried very hard to reconcile those two. I threw them together on every opportunity, for I wanted him to understand and to love her. I felt he had lost to know her to appreciate her at her true value, and, although he spoke no word to me, I was none the less conscious of a vast change in him. Short of brotherly regard, he was everything that could be desired to her—cordial, friendly, charming. Once I asked Bernie what she thought of him.

"I think he's splendid," she said quietly. "He's the handsomest man I've ever seen, and he's as nice as he's good-looking."

In many ways you remind me of him—and yet there's a difference."

"I remind you of him—no, girl. I'm not worthy to be his valet. He's as much above me as I am above—say a swine. He has all the virtues; I, all the faults. Sometimes I look at him and I see in him my ideal self. He is all strength, all nobility, while I am but a commonplace mortal, full of human weaknesses. He is the self I should have been if the worst had been the best."

"Hush! you are my sweetheart," she assured me with a caress, "and the dearest in the world."

"By the way, Berna," I said, "you remember something we talked about before he came? Don't you think that now—?"

"Now—?"

"Yes."

"All right," She flashed a glad, tender look at me and left the room. That night she was strangely elated.

Every evening Garry would drop in and talk to us. Berna would look at him as he talked and her eyes would brighten and her cheeks flush. On both of us he had a strangely buoyant effect. How happy we could be, just we three. It was splendid having near me the two I loved best on earth.

That was a memorable winter, mild and bright and buoyant. At last spring came with gracious days of sunshine. The sleighing was glorious, but I was busy, very busy, so that I was glad to send Garry and Berna off together in a smart cutter, and see them come home with their cheeks like roses, their eyes sparkling and laughter in their voices. I never saw Berna looking so well and happy.

I was head over ears in work. In a mail just arrived I had a letter from the Prodigal, and a certain paragraph in it set me pondering. Here it was:

"You must look out for Locosto. He was in New York a week ago. He's down and out. Blood-poisoning set in in his foot after he got outside, and eventually he had to have it taken off. He's got a false nail for the one Man saved off. But you should see him. He's all shot to pieces with the 'hooch.' It's a fright the pace he's gone. I had an interview with him, and he raved and

blasphemed horribly. Seemed to have a terrible pick at you. Seems you have copped out his best girl, the only one he ever cared a red cent for. Said he would get even with you if he swung for it. I think he's dangerous, even a madman. He is leaving for the North now, so be on your guard."

Locosto coming! I had almost forgotten his existence. Well, I no longer cared for him. I could afford to despise him. Surely he would never dare to molest us, if he did—he was a broken, discredited blackguard. I could crush him.

Coming here! He must even now be on the way. I had a vision of him speeding along that desolate trail, sitting in the sleigh wrapped in furs, and brooding, brooding. As day after day the spell of the great and gloomy land grew on his spirit, I could see the sombre eyes darken and deepen. I could see him in the roadhouse at night, gaunt and haggard, drinking at the bar, a desperate, degraded cripple. I could see him growing more reckless every day, every hour. He was coming back to the scene of his ruined fortunes, and God knows with what wild schemes of vengeance his heart was full. Decidedly I must beware.

As I sat there dreaming, a ring came to the phone. It was the foreman at Gold Hill.

"The hoisting machine has broken down," he told me. "Can you come out and see what is required?"

"All right," I replied. "I'll leave at once."

"Berna," I said, "I'll have to go out to the Forks to-night. I'll be back early tomorrow. Get me a bite to eat, dear, while I go round and order the horse."

On my way I met Garry and told him I would be gone over night. "Won't you come?" I asked.

"No, thanks, old man, I don't feel like a night drive."

"All right. Good-bye."

So I hurried off, and soon after, with a jingle of bells, I drove up to my door. Berna had made supper. She seemed excited. Her eyes were starry bright, her cheeks burned.

"Aren't you well, sweetheart?" I asked. "You look feverish."

"Yes, dear, I'm well. But I don't want you to go to-night. Something tells me you shouldn't. Please don't go, dear. Please, for my sake!"

"Oh, nonsense, Berna! You know I've been away before. Get one of the neighbors' wives to sleep with you. Get in Mrs. Brooks."

"Oh, don't go, don't go, I beg you, dear. I don't want you to. I'm afraid, I'm afraid. Won't some one else do?"

"Nonsense, girl. You mustn't be so foolish. It's only for a few hours. Here, I'll ring up Mrs. Brooks and you can ask her."

She sighed. "No, never mind. I'll ring her up after you've gone."

She clung to me tightly, so that I wondered what had got into the girl. Then gently I kissed her, disengaged her hands, and bade her good-night.

As I was rattling off through the darkness, a boy handed me a note. I put it in my pocket, thinking I would read it when I reached Ogilvie Bridge. Then I whipped up the horse.

The night was crisp and exhilarating. I had one of the best trotters in the country, and the sleighing was superb. As I sped along, with a jingle of bells, my spirits rose. Things were looking splendid. The mine was turning out far better than we had expected. Surely we could sell out soon, and I would have all the money I wanted. Even then the Prodigal was putting through a deal in New York that would realize our fortunes. My life-struggle was nearly over.

Then again, I had reconciled Garry to Berna. When I told him of a certain secret I was hugging to my breast he would capitulate entirely. How happy we would all be! I would buy a small estate near home, and we would settle down. But first we would spend a few years in travel. We would see the whole world. What good times we would have. Berna and I! Bless her! It had all worked out beautifully.

Why was she so frightened, so loath to let me go? I wondered vaguely and flicked up the horse so that it plumed sharply forward. The vast blue-black sky was like an inverted gold-pan, and the stars were flake colors adhering to it. The cold snapped at me till my cheeks tingled, and

my eyes felt as if they could spark. Oh, life was sweet!

Butter! In my elation I had forgotten to get off at the Old Inn and read my note. Never mind, I would keep it till I reached the Forks.

As I span along, I thought of how changed it all was from the Bonanza I first knew. How I remembered tramping along that hillside slope, packing a sack of flour over a muddy trail, a poor miner in muddy overalls! Now I was driving a smart horse on a fine road. I was an operator of a first-class mine. I was a man of business, of experience. Higher and higher my spirits rose.

How fast the horse flew! I could be at the Forks in no time. I flashed past cabin windows. I saw the solitary oil-lamp and the miner reading his book or filling his pipe. Never was there a finer, more intelligent man; but his day was passing. The whole country was falling into the hands of companies. Soon, thought I, one or two big combines would control the whole wealth of that land. Already they had their eyes on it. The gold-shops would float and roar where the old-time miner toiled with pick and pan. Change! Change!

I almost fancied I could see the monster dredges plunging up the valley, where now men panted at the windlass. I could see vast fleets of tallings filling the creek-bed; I could hear the crash of the steel grinders; I could see the buckets scooping up the pay-dirt. I felt strangely prophetic. My imagination ran riot in all kinds of wonders, great power plants, quartz discoveries. Change! Change!

Yes, the stamp-mill would add its thunder to the other voices; the country would be netted with wires, and clamorous for far and wide. Man had sought out this land where Silence had reigned so long. He had awakened the echoes with the shot of his rifle and the ring of his axe. Silence had raised a startled head and poised there, listening. Then, with crack of pick and boom of blast, man had hurled her back. Further and further had he driven her. With his advancing horde, man in their lost for the loot of the valley, he had banished her. His engines had frightened her with their canorous roar. His crashing giants had driven her

covering to the inviolate fastnesses of her hills. And there she broods and waits.

But Silence will return. To her was given the land that she might rule and have dominion over it forever. And in a few years the clamour will cease, the din will die away. In a few years the treasure will be exhausted, and the looters will depart. The engines will lie in rust and ruin; the wind will sweep through the empty homes; the talking-pipes lie pallid in the moon. Then the last man will strike the last blow, and Silence will come again into her own.

Yes, Silence will come home once more. Again will she rule despotically over peak and plain. She is only waiting, brooding in the impenetrable densities of her hills. To her has been given empery of the land, and hand in hand with Darkness will she return.

CHAPTER XXI

Ha! here I had reached the Forks at last. As I drew up at the hotel, the clerk came out to meet me.

"Gent wants to speak to you at the 'phone, sir."

It was Murray of Dawson, an old-timer, and rather a friend of mine.

"Hello!"

"Hallo! Say, Meldrum, this is Murray speaking. Say, just wanted to let you know there's a stage due some time before morning. Locosto's on board, and they say he's healed for you. Thought I'd better tell you so's you can get fixed up for him."

"All right," I answered. "Thank you. I'll turn and come right back."

So I switched round the horse, and once more I drove over the glistening road. No longer did I plan and exult. Indeed a grim fear was gripping me. Of a sudden the shadow of Locosto loomed up sinister and menacing. Even now he was speeding down toward me with a great hatred of me in his heart. Well, I would get back and prepare for him.

There came to my mind a comic perception of the awkwardness of returning to one's own home unexpectedly, in the dead of night. At first I decided I would go to a hotel, then on second thoughts I determined to try the house, for I had a desire to be near Berna.

I knocked gently, then a little louder, then at last quite loudly. Within all was still, dark as a sepulchre. Curious! It was such a light sleeper, too. Why did she not hear me?

Once more I decided to go to the hotel; once more that vague, indefinite fear assailed me and again I knocked. And now my fear was becoming a panic. I had my latch-key in my pocket, so very quietly I opened the door.

I was in the front room, and it was dark, very dark and quiet. I could not even hear her breathe.

"Berna," I whispered.

No reply.

That dim, nameless dread was clutching at my heart, and I groped overhead in the darkness for the drop-light. How hard it was to find! A dozen times my hand circled in the air before I knocked my knuckles against it. I switched it on.

Instantly the cabin was flooded with light. In the dining-room I could see the remains of our supper lying untidy. That was not like her. She had a horror of dirty dishes. I passed into the bedroom—Ah! the bed had never been slept on.

What a fool I was! It flashed on me she had gone over to Mrs. Brock's to sleep. She was afraid of being alone. Poor little girl! How surprised she would be to see me in the morning!

Well, I would go to bed. As I was pulling off my coat, I found the note that had been given to me. Blaming myself for my carelessness, I pulled it out of my pocket and opened it. As I unfolded the sheet, I noticed it was written in what looked like a disguised hand. Strange! I thought. The writing was small and faint. I rubbed my eyes and held it up to the light.

Merciful God! What was this? Oh no, it could not be! My eyes were deceiving me. It was some illusion. Feverishly I read again. Yes, they were the same words. What could they mean? Surely, surely—Oh, horror on horrors! They could not mean THAT. Again I read them. Yes, there they were:

"If you are fool enough to believe that Berna is faithful to you visit your brother's room to-night.

"A WELLWISHER."

Berna! Garry!—the two I loved. Oh, it could not be! It was monstrous! It was too horrible! I would not believe it; I would not. Curse the vile wretch that wrote such words! I would kill him. Berna! my Berna! she was as good as gold, as true as steel. Garry! I would lay my life on his honor. Oh, vile calumny! what devil had put so foul a thing in words? God! it hurt me so, it hurt me so!

Dazedly I sat down. A sudden rush of heat was followed by a sweat that prickled out of me and left me cold. I trembled. I saw a ghastly vision of myself in a mirror. I felt sick, sick. Going to the decanter on the bureau, I poured myself a stiff jolt of whisky.

Again I sat down. The paper lay on the hearth-rug, and I stared at it hatefully. It was unspeakably loathsome, yet I was fascinated by it. I longed to take it up, to read it again. Somehow I did not dare. I was becoming a coward.

Well, it was a lie, a black devil's lie. She was with one of the neighbors. I trusted her. I would trust her with my life. I would go to bed. In the morning she would return, and then I would unearth the wretch who had dared to write such things. I began to undress.

Slowly I unfastened my collar—that cursed paper, there it lay. Again it fascinated me. I stood glaring at it. Oh, fool! fool! go to bed.

Weakly I took off my clothes—Oh, that devilish note! It was burning into my brain—it would drive me mad. In a frenzy of rage, I took it up as if it were some leprous thing, and dropped it in the fire.

There I lay in bed with the darkness enfolding me, and I closed my eyes to make a double darkness. Ha! right in the centre of my eyes, burned the fatal paper with its atrocious suggestion. I sprang up. It was of no use. I must settle this thing once and for all. I turned on the light and deliberately dressed again.

I was going to the hotel where Garry had his room. I would tell him I had come back unexpectedly and ask to share his room. I was not acting on the note! I did not suspect her. Heaven forbid! But the thing had unnerved me. I could not stay in this place.

The hotel was quiet. A sleepy night-clerk stared at me, and I pushed past him. Garry's rooms were on the third floor. As I climbed the long stairway, my heart was beating painfully, and when I reached his door I was sadly out of breath. Through the transom I could see his light was burning.

I knocked faintly.

There was a sudden stir.

Again I knocked.

Did my ears deceive me or did I hear a woman's startled cry? There was something familiar about it—Oh, my God!

I reeled. I almost fell. I clutched at the doorframe. I leaned sickly against the door for support. Heaven help me!

"I'm coming," I heard him say.

The door was unlocked, and there he stood. He was fully dressed. He looked at me with an expression on his face I could not define, but he was very calm.

"Come in," he said.

I went into his sitting-room. Everything was in order. I would have sworn I heard a woman scream, and yet no one was in sight. The bedroom door was slightly ajar. I eyed it in a fascinated way.

"I'm sorry to disturb you, Garry," I said, and I was conscious how strained and queer my voice sounded. "I got back suddenly, and there's no one at home. I want to stay here with you, if you don't mind."

"Certainly, old man; only too glad to have you."

His voice was steady. I sat down on the edge of a chair. My eyes were riveted on that bedroom door.

"Had a good drive?" he went on genially. "You must be cold. Let me give you some whisky."

My teeth were chattering. I clutched the chair. Oh, that door! My eyes were fastened on it. I was convinced I heard some one in there. He rose to get the whisky.

"Say when!"

I held the glass with a shaking hand:

"When."

"What's the matter, old man? You're ill."

I clutched him by the arm.

"Garry, there's some one in that room."

"Nonsense! there's no one there."

"There is, I tell you. Listen! Don't you hear them breathing?"

He was quiet. Distinctly I could hear the panting of human breath. I was going mad, mad. I could stand it no longer.

"Garry," I gasped, "I'm going to see, I'm going to see."

"Don't—"

"Yes, I must, I say. Let me go. I'll drag them out."

"Hold on—"

"Leave go, man! I'm going, I say. You won't hold me. Let go, I tell you, let go—Now come out, come out, whoever you are—Ah!"

It was a woman.

"Ha!" I cried, "I told you so, brother; a woman. I think I know her, too. Here, let me see—I thought so."

I had clutched her, pulled her to the light. It was Berna.

Her face was white as chalk, her eyes dilated with terror. She trembled. She seemed near fainting.

"I thought so."

Now that it seemed the worst was betrayed to me, I was strangely calm.

"Berna, you're faint. Let me lead you to a chair."

I made her sit down. She said no word, but looked at me with a wild pleading in her eyes. No one spoke.

There we were, the three of us: Berna faint with fear, ghastly, pitiful; I calm, yet calm with a strange, unnatural calmness, and Garry—he surprised me. He had seated himself, and with the greatest sang-froid he was lighting a cigarette.

A long tense silence. At last I broke it.

"What have you got to say for yourself, Garry?" I asked.

It was wonderful how calm he was.

"Looks pretty bad, doesn't it, Brother?" he said gravely.

"Yes, it couldn't look worse."

"Looks as if I was a pretty base, despicable specimen of a man, doesn't it?"

"Yes, about as base as a man could be."

"That's so." He rose and turned up the light of a large reading-lamp, then coming to me he looked me square in the face.

Abruptly his casual manner dropped. He grew sharp, forceful; his voice rang clear.

"Listen to me."

"I'm listening."

"I came out here to save you, and I'm going to save you. You wanted me to believe that this girl was good. You believed it. You were bewitched, befooled, blinded. I could see it, but I had to make you see it. I had to make you realize how worthless she was, how her love for you was a sham, a pretence to prey on you. How could I prove it? You would not listen to reason: I had to take other means. Now, hear me."

"I hear."

"I laid my plans. For three months I've tried to conquer her, to win her love, to take her from you. She was truer to you than I had bargained for; I must give her credit for that. She made a good fight, but I think I have triumphed. Tonight she came to my room at my invitation."

"Well?"

"Well. You got a note. Now, I wrote that note. I planned this scene, this discovery. I planned it so that your eyes would be opened, so that you would see what she was, so that you would cast her from you—unfaithful, a wanton, a—"

"Hold on there," I broke in, "brother of mine or no, I won't hear you call her those names; no, not if she were ten times as unfaithful. You won't, I say. I'll choke the words in your throat. I'll kill you, if you utter a word against her. Oh, what have you done?"

"What have I done! Try to be calm, man. What have I done? Well, this is what I've done, and it's the lucky day for you I've done it. I've saved you from shame; I've freed you from sin; I've shown you the baseness of this girl."

He rose to his feet.

"Oh, my brother, I've stolen from you your mistress; that's what I've done."

"Oh, no, you haven't," I groaned.

"God forgive you, Garry; God forgive you! She's not my—not what you think. She's my wife!"

CHAPTER XXII

I thought that he would faint. His face went white as paper and he shrank back. He gazed at me with wild, straining eyes.

"God forgive me! Oh, why didn't you tell me, boy? Why didn't you tell me?"

In his voice there was a note more poignant than a sob.

"You should have trusted me," he went on. "You should have told me. When were you married?"

"Just a month ago. I was keeping it as a surprise for you. I was waiting till you said you liked her and thought well of her. Oh, I thought you would be pleased and glad, and I was treasuring it up to tell you."

"This is terrible, terrible!"

His voice was choked with agony. On her chair, Berna drooped wearily. Her wide, staring eyes were fixed on the floor in pitiful perplexity.

"Yes, it's terrible enough. We were so happy. We lived so joyously together. Everything was perfect, a heaven for us both. And then you came, you with your charm that would lure an angel from high heaven. You tried your power on my poor little girl, the girl that never loved but me. And I trusted you, I tried to make you and her friends. I left you together. In my blind innocence I sided you in every way—a simple, loving fool. Oh, now I see!"

"Yes, yes, I know. Your words stab me. It's all true, true."

"You came like a serpent, a foul, crawling thing, to steal her from me, to wrong me. She was loving, faithful, pure. You would have dragged her in the mire. You—"

"Stop, brother, stop, for Heaven's sake! You wrong me."

He held out his hand commandingly. A wonderful change had come over him. His face had regained its calm. It was proud, stern.

"You must not think I would have been guilty of that," he said quietly. "I've played a part I never thought to play;

I've done a thing I never thought to have dirtied my hands in the doing, and I'm sorry and ashamed for it. But I tell you, Athol—that's all. As God's my witness, I've done you no wrong. Surely you don't think me as low as that? Surely you don't believe that of me? I did what I did for my very love for you, for your honor's sake. I asked her here that you might see what she was—but that's all, I swear it. She's been as safe as if in a cage of steel."

"I know it," I said; "I know it. You don't need to tell me that. You brought her here to expose her, to show me what a fool I was. It didn't matter how much it hurt me, the more the better, anything to save the name. You would have broken my heart, sacrificed me on the altar of your accursed pride. Oh, I can see plainly now! There's a thousand years of prejudice and bigotry concentrated in you. Thank God, I have a human heart!"

"I thought I was setting for the bait!" he cried.

I laughed scornfully.

"I know that—incredibly to your lights. You asked her here that I might see what she was. You tell me you have gained her love; you say she came here at your bidding; you swear she would have been unfaithful to me. Well, I tell you, brother of mine, in your teeth I tell you—I don't believe you!"

Suddenly the little, drooping figure on the chair had raised itself; the white, woe-begone face with the wide, staring eyes was turned toward me; the pitiful look had gone, and in its stead was one of wild, unspcakable joy.

(To be Concluded.)



The Woman of Mystic Cove

By

Agnes Faulknor Nelson

REX DE VOE was the first to see her. Having spent the early part of the night in whacking at mosquitoes, he was sleeping the heavy, dreamless sleep of the weary, when, just as the sun's rim appeared above the eastern horizon, the monotonous sound of a cowbell struck on the still, dew-bathed air.

De Voe awoke with a curse, his cot creaking significantly, as he stretched his long limbs preparatory to rising, and there was murder in his heart as he leaped forth from the tent in his pyjamas, a single-bladed paddle in his hand. The sound of the bell came from the direction of Mystic Cove, not more than forty feet to the east of Knickerbocker Cove, and so, picking his way over the rough ground, he made for that spot.

Suddenly he dropped flat on the ground behind the trunk of an enormous pine. After a moment he peered cautiously around the tree trunk. She was still there, resting her hands on her paddle, which was thrown athwart the bow of her canoe, and De Voe knew instinctively, notwithstanding the fantastic costume of some of the campers, that she was no Sagar Islander.

His first impression was that she was a gipsy. Her heavy black hair, parted in the middle, hung over her shoulders in two long braids; a red, Mexican handkerchief, worn like the hardy-gurdy woman's, emphasized the oval of her dusky brown face and the brilliancy of her coal-black eyes. She was not pretty, according to De Voe's comprehension of the

word, but she was decidedly picturesque in her bright colored clothing. And she seemed a creature of supple strength and buoyant health, as wide awake at sunrise as the Knickerbockers were at seven. De Voe folded his arms beneath his chin and stretched his long, lithe body on the pine-needles, wondering how long he would be compelled to remain there, while the cow, dripping wet from her swim, grazed peacefully on the grassy slope behind the cove.

At last! With a quick, light stroke of her paddle she turned the canoe about and left the cove, following the shore past Point Du Quene and Temagami Bay, De Voe, with one wild rush after the cow, chased it from the island and stole noiselessly back to his tent.

He did not mention it to the other men. In the first place he was not particularly interested in gipsy-like girls who haunted Mystic Cove at sunrise; in the second place there was a possibility, in fact a probability, that he would only win for himself the reputation of walking in his sleep. But he was not surprised when Harry Petersen came hurrying back from Mystic Cove the following night, the water dripping from his bathing-suit, and announced that he had dived head foremost off a rock into a canoe, upsetting the canoe and its occupant, whom he discovered, when they had both regained their breath and equilibrium, to be a gipsy woman.

"Why didn't you bring her over?" asked Benjamin Franklin, greatly con-

cerned, "she'll catch her death of cold this chilly night. You're a chump, you are!"

"Wouldn't come," replied Petersen, his body shaking with deep reverberations of laughter. "She seemed a trifle surprised, but she was as cool as a cucumber over the whole affair. Splendid nerve!"

She passed the island a day or two later, alone in a launch.

"There's your gipsy, Nat!" cried Benjamin Franklin to Petersen, who was cleaning his gun at the shore, and Petersen waved his knife frantically in the air.

Immediately she responded with a handkerchief and a "*Come le va!*" in a clear, sweet treble.

"Come le whack!" called back Petersen, laughing.

There was scarcely a day that she did not pass the island after that—sometimes in her canoe, occasionally in a launch, and on windy days in a dinghy, which she managed with the skill of a born sailor. And always she waved her hand at Knickerbocker Cove and called out with the frank air of goodfellowship: "*Come le va!*" Some of the men began to look for her each day; others, including De Voe, resented her friendly advances.

"Don't know why she wants to wave at us," grumbled that Knickerbocker, as he rolled on the ground with Camper, his hulk-pup. "She might wait till she's introduced."

"She probably considers herself introduced to Nat," returned Karl Heidemöck, lazily preparing to take a snap-shot of Pop Moore's house-boat. And Nat's laughter rang out loud and long.

Karl had believed he knew her reason for haunting Mystic Cove, for he had found the place wonderfully attractive himself. No bay among all the islands was as deep and as narrow; as varied in its picturesqueness, with its high rocks on one side and its sloping bank of thick underbrush on the other; as calm and full of shadows from early morning to dusk; or haunted with so rare a charm. It was a spot to be silent in, to rest in, to dream in, to grow cool in.

So thought Karl as he lounged and smoked in his canoe the night of the camp-fire at Temagami Bay. A new moon

silvered the surface of the water, adding to the charm of the cove, and when a canoe glided silently past him Karl continued to smoke in dreamy abstraction. Then it suddenly occurred to him that she might consider it her bay, and himself *de trop*, and with a word of apology he was about to paddle away when she addressed him in that thrilling sweet voice that was an ill-match for her gipsy costume.

"Don't let me disturb you, senor," she said. "I have no right to monopolize the bay," and turned her own bow towards the opening.

Karl begged her to remain, but seized with a sudden fit of shyness departed himself, casting a lingering look over his shoulder at the picture she made as she sat erect in her red canoe, her paddle poised in indecision, the moonbeams lending a sort of witchery to her whole make-up.

* * * * *

There was no moon to herald the Knickerbocker camp-fire. The wind drove heavy, black clouds through the sky and rolled the waves up high on the beach. It was a night for roasted corn and steaming hot coffee and loud song, and the cone-shaped fire built in the open space before the tents seemed all the cozier for the gale.

"Listen! There's a putt-putt out there!" said De Voe, in the midst of a conversation.

Bennie Franklin was on his feet, straining his ears to hear the putt of the exhaust pipe. It came intermittently, then ceased altogether, and there was a cry from out in the lake.

Every Knickerbocker was on the beach before the cry could be repeated, and Bennie Franklin and De Voe, stepping into the strongest canoe, pushed out quickly from the shore. The two men, bending to their double-bladed paddles with firm, quick strokes, sent the spray dashing from their bow.

"Bet you what you like it's the woman of Mystic Cove," drawled Karl. "Just like her nerve to be out on such a night."

The others on the shore did not answer him. They waited, listening.

The canoe hove in sight, towing a heavy rapids launch. In the launch, at the wheel, stood a gipsy woman, her

cheeks flushed, her eyes sparkling, her hair wind-blown about her brow. De Voe allowed Bennie Franklin the pleasure of assisting her to land. He came back to the fire with a disgusted look on his handsome face.

"What's the matter?" asked Karl.

"Gasoline valve flooded," granted De Voe. "Why does a woman want to run a launch anyway? Now I suppose they'll ask her to stay to the shin-dig."

Which was exactly what Bennie Franklin did.

"Oh, how delightful!" she exclaimed, warming her little brown hands at the fire. "It's a boys' party, is it not?"

"That's what it was," sighed De Voe.

But Petersen was more chivalrous. He came up to her, stilled in his picturesque bathrobe, tall and graceful, an angelic smile playing about his wide mouth.

"Here's to the Senora, who comes to break the monotony of our boys' party," he said in low tones, raising his glass of punch to his lips. "Won't you have my toast?"

He motioned to some cushions propped against a tree, and when she had accepted it, stretched himself on the ground near her.

Someone whistled.

"Won't you tell our fortunes, senora?" he asked. "See I cross my palm with silver."

She shook her head diffidently.

"It would take too long to tell yours, *enigo mio*," was her enigmatical reply, and Petersen was seen to blush in the fire-light.

"Why do you wear these clothes?" he asked with malice aforethought. "You are not a gypsy."

She drew herself up proudly, as though she questioned his right to criticize her apparel, and there was a fine air about her that the other men, with the quick perception of men who are always chivalrous in their attitude towards women, easily recognized. Karl glared at Petersen. But with a swift change of mood (and her changeableness was her chief charm) she responded with a flash of humor.

"Clothes from the beginning of the world have been mainly a question of ornament. Isn't that what Teufelsdröckh says?"

She appealed to Bennie Franklin, who shook his head.

"Don't know," he replied, "I'm not acquainted with that chap."

Karl Heidenreich laughed softly.

"From the time of the aboriginal savages," he confirmed, and a glance of understanding passed between them.

"So, for similar reasons—that is, love of decoration, due mostly to vanity—you wear your robe of many colors, and I my gypsy costume," she said, in a tone half-mocking, half-serious, as she turned again to Petersen.

With unfrilled composure, she proceeded to take up in her fingers a thousand-legged creature that was crawling up her dress and to throw it over her shoulder.

Bennie Franklin gazed at her in unfeigned admiration.

"Gritty, ain't she?" he remarked in a loud whisper to De Voe, at which she blushed and threw him a friendly glance.

"I like the boy they call Bennie," she confided to Petersen. "He has such an honest, boyish face. But the long-limbed, handsome chap lying on the ground with the faraway look in his eyes—has he the sulks?"

"Come out of it, Reggie!" called Petersen. "Spruce up and be sociable."

De Voe ran his fingers through his woolly pompadour, displaying two rows of large, even, white teeth.

"It's a grand night," he remarked.

She laughed—a succession of pleasant-sounding ripples.

They talked. Suddenly she said:

"Would you not like a dish of cheese and macaroni? I could make it on the spirit lamp."

They were all delighted with the idea, and Petersen was despatched to the stores for a box of macaroni.

De Voe watched her curiously as she mixed the ingredients with deft fingers; there was no faraway look in his eyes now. Karl hovered about and offered to grate the cheese. A woman who could cook, quite like a common gypsy, was in his mind a mystery worth solving. Petersen lay on the ground, smoking a cigarette, and watching her through half-closed eyes. He thought he had a key to the

enigma in the inner pocket of his bathrobe.

"Can a bed of rushes float away?" he asked casually, addressing his question to no one in particular, but keeping his eyes focused on the cook.

"Can cows swim?" asked De Voe.

"Yes, cows can swim," said the Woman of Mystic Cove, "but I was not aware of the fact until the other morning. I had an object lesson."

"To return to the question of rushes," resumed Petersen, with serene good-nature, "would you call it a phenomenon to go to bed at night with the view of a clear bay from your open tent, and to wake up in the morning to find the bay choked up with bullrushes five feet high? Isn't that rather rapid for one night's growth?"

"Temagami Bay?" questioned the men in surprise. "Are they still there?"

"No. The commodore ordered them to be set afloat again, but they were there this morning."

"Must have floated down from Camelot," said Bennie Franklin. "They're the only rushes near."

The gipsy looked up from her dish of steaming macaroni.

"Camelot?" said she. "What a pretty name!"

"It is a government-reserve island," volunteered Karl. "There's a deep semicircular bay at the head of it completely hidden by rushes."

"I wasn't as lucky as Pharaoh's daughter," continued Petersen, rolling another cigarette, but I found something in the rushes, too."

The men were curious to know what he had found, but the gipsy displayed no interest whatever. She poured the water off the macaroni, putting in the other ingredients, which she had mixed together in a bowl, and in a few minutes announced that it was ready to serve.

She was surrounded by a circle of hungry men, each bearing his own saucer.

"Geel! did you ever taste such stuff?" cried Bennie Franklin, licking his lips.

She laughed, assented at his frank way of complimenting, and announced suddenly that she must go. Her launch was pounding against the docks in a way that threatened to break its sides.

"You can't go alone," said Karl Heidenreich, "that's one thing certain. Which one of us will you have to run your boat?"

She glanced from one to another and hesitated, her cheeks a reddish-brown.

"I'll take Bennie," she said finally, and Bennie, puffing out his chest, walked down to the dock with a bit of a swagger.

"Won't you have my robe?" asked Petersen, to show that there was no ill-feeling.

"It's cold on the river."

"Gracias, I will," she replied, and he took it off and held it for her.

They were left alone for a moment.

"Why did you call me *Senora*?" she asked in a low voice. "Why not *senorita*?"

"I looked at your left hand."

She glanced down at her ringless band with a puzzled look in her dark eyes.

"There's a white streak there that has never been tanned," explained Petersen, with his broad Irish smile.

She bit her lips.

"I see that you are very observant," she said, the color flooding her face. Then she went down to the dock.

"There's something in the pocket of my robe which I imagine belongs to you," Petersen called to her, as Bennie Franklin shoved off from the dock.

Her answer was inaudible.

"What was in your pocket, Pete?" demanded De Voe, as the launch and the canoe disappeared.

"It was some lines in Spanish," Petersen said as they went back to the fire. "They were rolled up and tied with a red ribbon. She's a Spanish actress."

"I wonder where she's camping," said De Voe. "It must be near Sugar."

Bennie Franklin, returning later in his own canoe, which he had towed behind the launch, added little to their knowledge.

"She's camping in a house-boat, moored in the bay at head of Camelot," he informed them. "She had the rushes loosed to make a channel for the launch, and that high wind last night must have floated them down here. I heard a man's voice in the house-boat. Here's your coat, Pete."

Pete extended a hand for the bathrobe.

"Did she find something in the pocket?" she asked carelessly.

"Yes, a roll of paper. Seemed mighty glad to get it, too. 'O, mi manuearito!' she cried.

"That destroys your actress theory," said Karl, in a tone of relief. "She's a playwright."

She came no more to Mystic Cove. The men missed her daily salute, and when three days had gone by without having even a distant glimpse of her; it was De Voe himself who proposed that they peddle over to Camelot by moonlight and serenade her. They peddled silently along the north shore of the island, then broke irresistibly into song, accompanied by a hanjo they had borrowed for the occasion:

"How we loved that macaroni!

That cheese and macaroni!

O, nothing is in it,

No, not for a minute,

With cheese and macaroni."

No answer came from the hay behind the rushes. Someone gave the Knickerbocker call and a loon swimming near gave back a lonesome "Oo-co!"

"She's gone," said Bennie Franklin, and four canoes full of sheepish men turned and made for Sugar Island again.

* * * * *

Four months later the Knickerbockers went into the Waldorf one cold night on

their way home from the theatre. As all the tables in the Palm Room were occupied they stood for a few moments in the hall until a place should be made for them.

Suddenly a woman descending the wide stairway attracted their attention. A certain distinction in her carriage, the poise of the head, and the light of jewels on the bodice of her gown first drew their eyes. There was something strangely familiar about her—whether it was in the olive-tinted skin or the coal-black eyes she turned for the merest fraction of a second in their direction before she joined a group of people, among whom some of them recognized the Spanish ambassador.

"Goe!" said Karl Heidenreich, taking a long breath. "I'm going to the register."

He returned presently with an odd look in his big, blue eyes.

"She's the Duquesa de Valenciana, wife of one of the old grandees of Spain," he informed them. "The elderly man with the white moustache is her husband, the Duke de Valenciana. Sorry you snubbed her, Reggie!"

De Voe shrugged his shoulders, but it was Bennie Franklin who spoke.

"Well, she may be all that," he said, condescendingly, "but all the same she's a dandy good sport."

"Table!" called the head waiter, and the Knickerbockers filed slowly into the Palm Room.



Her Excellency's Music Room

The Ducal Palace at Ottawa

By

W. Arnot Craick



IT is a far cry from Windsor Castle or Buckingham Palace to Rideau Hall.

The contrast is immense. With an Aberdeen, or a Minto, or a Grey in the gubernatorial chair, Canadians did not mind so much that Government House should be so markedly inferior to the residences of royalty, but when a scion of the royal house arrives on the scene to take his place as tenth Governor-General of this expansive Dominion, there is just a tinge of shame that he and his, accustomed

to the luxuries of palaces, should be housed so comparatively poorly. Fortunately or unfortunately, as the case may be, really very few Canadians have ever seen Government House, much less entered it, and little do they care what the place looks like so long as the roof doesn't leak and the walls keep out the wind. In this democratic land there is plenty of respect for authority and consideration for health and comfort, but very little pampering of privilege.



The "A.D.C." Room

It is, after all, only by contrast that Rideau Hall suffers. It has absolutely no form or comeliness, when compared with many another gubernatorial residence, but for all practical purposes it is a very comfortable and unassuming old place, quite good enough in the eyes of most common-sense people for anybody's home, be he king, duke or commoner. Only those who still cherish a little reverence for the divine right of kings will have misgivings at placing a royal duke in such a queer, wandering, ramshackle old house.

In this strenuous land houses, as well as people, have a way of growing old before their time. As compared with many a country mansion in the old land, Rideau Hall is merely a child, and yet it has about it all the signs of venerable old age. It has had a chequered career. It has been overhauled and patched so many times that it is to-day but a semblance of

its former self. In the conglomerate mass of wings, towers and gables, which surround and cover it, the original building is buried away and lost to view.

Built originally in the year 1838 by one of the magnates of the day, called Thomas Mackay, it was a nine days' wonder to the good people of Bytown, who looked across at the "Castle," as it was called, from the future site of Canada's capital, and whispered beneath their breath about the extraordinary wealth of a man who could afford to build such a wonderful house in the backwoods. The place became famous not only because it was a remarkably fine mansion to be built on the very fringe of civilization, but because of the abundant hospitality of its owner and his charming daughters. "Mackay's Castle" was the show place of Bytown, standing there so romantically amid its splendid acres of wood and field,



The Dining Room

and beneath its roof was entertained many a titled visitor, who came to Bytown to watch the picturesque operations of the lumbermen. The late King Edward VII., when, as Prince of Wales, he visited Canada in 1890, was a guest at Rideau Hall, and practically all the Governors before Confederation spent some time there.

When Bytown was transformed as one stroke into Ottawa and the capital of the future Dominion, it became necessary for the Government to select a fitting habitation for the Governor-General. What more natural than that Rideau Hall, situated so beautifully on the outskirts of the little city, should appeal to the members of the Cabinet as the very place for the purpose? It was leased as a preliminary in 1865, and purchased for eighty thousand dollars in 1868. There are not wanting those who blame the Government of that day, and particularly the Minister

of Public Works, for not proceeding at once to demolish the old house and rear a fine new building on its site, suited to the rank and dignity of its future occupants. But it must be remembered that the Canada of 1867 was very, very far from being the Canada of 1911. Its population was sparse and its revenues were small. Moreover, Rideau Hall was in those days an astonishingly fine house, and in comparison with the homes of even the wealthiest people, a residence of much distinction. So, instead of tearing it down, it was fixed up for the reception of His Somewhat Impercunious Excellence, the Right Honorable Viscount Monck, G. C. M. G., the first Governor-General of the Dominion.

Since the days when Lord Monck was accustomed to borrow horses to haul the vice-regal carriage to the city, eight viceroys have dwelt at Rideau Hall, for per-



THE SCENE OF THE GAYEST AND MOST DISTINGUISHED SOCIAL AFFAIRS IN CANADA—THE BALL ROOM IN THE NEW HOME OF THE DUKE OF COSSAUGHT IN OTTAWA.



The Exeter's Bed Chamber



One of the Junior "Visitors" Rooms



A corner in the Drawing Room

roads ranging from five to six years. Their regimes have been marked by the addition to this and that feature to what has become a veritable patchwork Government House. The ball-room, practically the one apartment of any marked distinction in the building, was a product of the jolly days of the Earl of Dufferin. The racquet court, a big bare ugly barn of a place, dates from the time of the Marquis of Lorne. The little chapel was added in the period when the Earl of Aberdeen occupied the Hall, and the second tower and a large section of the conservatories will in future years serve to recall the regime of His Excellency Earl Grey. In this way the history of the viceroys is imbedded in the walls of Government House.

Rideau Hall possesses one great redeeming feature, and that is its charming location. In full view from the windows of the house, across an intervening stretch of level ground are the Government build-

ings, rising picturesquely on Parliament Hill. Beneath and around them rise the roofs of the city. In the opposite direction lie the wooded hills of Rockcliffe Park, with its charming roads and footpaths. Between, stretches the broad expanse of the lordly Ottawa river, rolling majestically eastwards, and beyond there are the hills of Quebec, with their ever-changing coloring and variety—altogether a scene to stir the hearts of poets.

Were there not the rather official-looking gates, the lodge, the extensive grounds and an occasional glimpse of uniforms among the trees, one would be inclined to pass Rideau Hall by, and look for Government House elsewhere. But all these evidences point to the presence of authority, and the visitor enters the grounds. From only one side of the Hall is there any semblance of symmetry or charm in its appearance. This aspect, which is the one shown in practically all photographs



"The Oval Room"—A Waiting Room

of Government House, may lay claim to some respect, giving one the impression of a comfortable and unpretentious English country-house—a resemblance which will probably become more and more noticeable as the visitor proceeds on his way.

Despite the somewhat ramshackle appearance of the Hall, there is notwithstanding a certain degree of impressiveness about the place, inspired, no doubt, by the strict formality which is always observed within its portals. The entrance hall may be old-fashioned, its floor may be covered with oilcloth from which the pattern has been obliterated here and there by the passage across it of countless feet, but one never forgets that through it have moved a long succession of famous men and women, and their presence even in memory is sufficient to redeem it from complete unworthiness.

The ball-room to the left of the en-

trance hall is a large and handsome apartment. Its lofty ceilings and well-chosen decorations, with the portraits of the late King Edward, Queen Alexandra, and previous Governors-General of Canada, render it quite an imposing room. It has been the scene of many a famous and brilliant event in the social history of the Dominion. Here the state balls have taken place and the state dinners. Here on many occasions amateur theatricals have been performed and such other celebrations and festivities as have marked the course of each viceroy's regime.

Occupying a similar position to the right of the entrance hall is the white-
elephant of a racquet court. It may be a useful appendage to the house and may afford convenient room for indoor tennis and other games, but attached as it is to the most prominent corner of the building, it is far from being a thing of beauty.



The Governor-General's Study

It is reached through an octagonal waiting-room in one of the two towers and the billiard room. An ingenious arrangement of canvas suspended from a pole, which crosses the court, can be used to convert the place into the semblance of a big tent or marquee, and here on the night of the state ball, refreshments are served, with a fair approximation to an outdoor setting.

Leading directly from the main entrance and reached by a flight of steps ascending from the entrance hall, is a narrow hall or passageway, which extends almost the entire length of the building. From it open on either side the principal rooms of the house. It is carpeted in crimson, as are most of the apartments, and the rich color with the pure white of the doorways and panelling give an appearance of warmth and brightness throughout. Large photographs of such

important events in recent Canadian history as the Quebec Centenary and the memorial service in Toronto to the late King Edward are hung from the walls, and other curios find places here and there in cabinets and cases.

First come several of the offices of the Governor-General's staff, including that of the Comptroller of the Household. Beyond on the right lie the drawing-room, Her Excellency's private sitting-room and the Governor-General's office and study. To the left is the dining-room. All four apartments are large, bright and comfortably, but not showily, furnished. His Excellency's study is a new room, occupying the ground floor of the second tower, which was only recently added to the Hall. Passing on towards the rear, the visitor reaches the private rooms of the aides and the other members of the household—small and very plainly furnished,

though occupied for the most part by young men of distinguished birth. Then he emerges into the conservatories, which are alike the pride and glory of Rideau Hall. They have been considerably enlarged under the superintendence of Countess Grey, who is extremely fond of flowers, and is a clever amateur gardener. Extending back fully two hundred and fifty feet, they contain an immense variety of flowering plants and provide a charming retreat for the lover of nature during the rigorous months of winter. A palm house in the centre rises to a considerable height and is provided with comfortable seats for lounging. The only other apartment in the house worthy of note is the little chapel, which has not been used by Earl Grey and his family except on the occasion of deaths in the family. It will probably be occupied again by the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, who may prefer the seclusion of a private chapel to the conspicuousness of a pew in any of the Ottawa churches.

Situated quite close to the Hall is a large skating rink, with commodious dressing, promenade and refreshment rooms, and here during the winter months it has been the custom of the Canadian viceroys to entertain the more youthful members of Ottawa society on Saturday afternoons. This is a form of amusement which has always been prominently associated with life at Government House, and the scene presented on the rink and the adjacent toboggan slide is a brilliant and animated one. Attached to the open rink is a covered curling rink, where the

Governor-General and his more sedate friends can enjoy the excitement of the roarin' game.

Outdoor forms of entertainment are always preferred at Rideau Hall, because of the lack of facilities for catering to the comfort of guests inside. Skating parties in winter and garden parties in summer are therefore of frequent occurrence and are enjoyed by large crowds of people.

Government House becomes the scene of a variety of entertainments, particularly during the months when Parliament is in session. A state dinner marks the opening of the season and a state ball is usually held towards its close. Interspersed between come a host of smaller dinners and other entertainments of a less formal character. In addition, visitors of distinction who come to Ottawa are generally entertained at the Hall. Particularly was this the case under the regime of Earl Grey, who took a deep interest in science, literature and art and delighted in having about him men famous in these pursuits.

The conversion of Rideau Hall into a ducal palace will probably involve a considerable change in the way of doing things in that already historic house. A miniature court will be held within its walls, which will recall to mind the days when the Princess Louise lived beneath its roof. Whatever the outcome may be, the regime of H.R.H., the Duke of Connaught, will at least serve to add some interesting associations and memories to Canada's Government House.



The Appeal of Fall

By

Edwin L. Sabin

IN my Bartlett's "Quotations" I find several lines upon "autumn," but none upon "fall"—save "by dividing we fall." "Fain would I climb yet, fear to fall," "pride will have a fall," "what a fall was there," etc. Yet, after all, why not that last—*oh*? "Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!" Sure! I maintain that this is a cryptogram, and that Shakespeare (or Bacon) delivers it with a double meaning. He knew: "What a fall was there" when he (like us) was young!

Spring has been termed the season of youth. Why, especially? So it is—but so is summer, and fall, and winter. So is Monday, and Tuesday, and Wednesday, and every day, skipping Sunday. Sunday shall be the season of age, if you like—or at least it used to be that, when starchiness, squeaking shoes, and general gloom combated the very sunniest, blithesomest out-of-doors that God in his gracious goodness might send.

However, this essay is not upon Sunday, nor upon Monday, Tuesday, and the rest; but upon fall—the truly fall, as much a season of youth as any spring ever caroled over by post-spurred Pegasus. In fact, fall belongs to youth; and the intrusion or the inclusion therein of rheumatism, fearful age is a mistake—or, at the most, but a necessary measure in order to provide the barrels of apples and the new sausage with which fall announces arrival.

The first sign of fall is school. Through the rellicking, free-lance summer the school-house has been muzzled, and dumb and impotent, has been obliged to glower in vain as, all careless of it, you and yours have ambled past. You even

have played in the very yard, and have emerged unscathed. But all too soon, one morning, it shows symptoms of awakening from its enforced lethargy. Its windows blink open, its mouth yawns, and from its cavernous depths issue thumps and stamping and clouds of dust! The drowsed janitor is busy stirring it up, poking it into life, as if he might be poking a slumbering behemoth. Doesn't the janitor ever forget? Never! On the contrary, he seems delighted to remember!

It is no use counting up the few remaining days of summer. The janitor is an unmistakable weather-breeder. The officer you count the days, the fewer they are; and Mother expostiously extracts the blamed old books from seclusion. She doesn't forget, any more than does the janitor.

"Aren't you glad to have school begin again, Johnny?" invites the fatuous and kindly Elder Person.

Naw! Was he, or she, when in your estate? You bet not. The only fun about it is that you will have a new teacher; but this is a mild and transient excitement.

Along the line of school, fall would appear to concern principally the head. But it concerns the feet also. They share in the feeling of incarceration by which the regime of school is marked. Confined and swollen and stiff, they must hobble and thump about in shoes; and thus pent, for a few days they are as unhappy and as ungrudging as any other animals who have been penned out.

New school-books and new school-teachers alike have been worn common, and now the evenings are perceptibly longer, so that the "you may play till eight o'clock"

injunction stretches out into the fascinating envelope of dark.

The days are golden (but all days are golden); the evenings have a certain chilliness—as if winter might be encamped over the hill and were making his survey of the promised land under cover of the dusk. By this warning, it is time to set up the stoves and to bunk up the house.

The stoves (which are set up by Father, Mother overseeing, Maggie-the-girl helping, you attending as an eager non-combatant) appear as old friends, and lead an air of dignity and preparedness to parlor and sitting-room. With the house banked, the stoves up, coal and apples and potatoes in the cellar, wood in the shed, the future is secure; for the fortress of Home is stocked and victualled.

Not as in these degenerate days when we live hand to mouth—that is to say, by grace of daily delivery from grocer, druggist, and dry-goods counter—were potatoes bought by the sack and apples by the dozen. In your corner bin, where the cellar was darkest, reposed potatoes by the sack, for winter consumption; and ranged opposite were a barrel of russets, a barrel of wine-apples, and a barrel of greenings. But all this pales to insignificance, when Father recites again, for general delectation, the proud fact that back on the farm, his father (who was your grandfather) every fall put into the cellar (an enormous cellar!) forty barrels of cider; and every drop was gone by the end of next harvest-time!

Well, there aren't any barrels of cider in your cellar; and if there were, and it got hard, you couldn't drink it, because you have signed the pledge. Cider comes only by the jug, at Thanksgiving, or for mince-pies.

Yes, even the days have a tinge of crispiness. Somebody has sighted a flock of wild ducks southward bound, over the town; and everybody knows that when the ducks and geese fly, it is a sure sign of winter. Mother exhumes from the closet drawers and from the trunks in the attic the household's fall plumage in guise of "medium weight" underwear, which all must don. Other mothers have issued an edict in like vein, so that the school-room smells pleasantly of camphor and of mothballs.

Nuts are getting ripe; and while ethics and gastronomy demand that glimmers wait until after the first frost, no one (who is smart) dees wait, except, perhaps, in the case of chestnuts. But hazel-nuts and hickory-nuts and walnuts and butternuts must be gathered betimes or not at all. There always are the squirrels and the blue-jays and the kids who don't go to school to contend with.

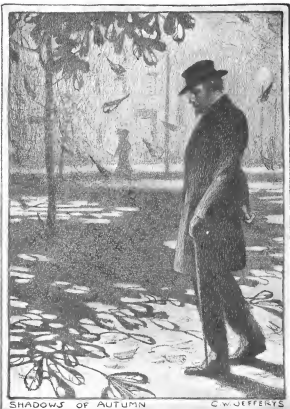
So the spoils are sacked and toted home, to be spread upon the wooded roof or the roof of the back porch, there to ripen at their security and leisure—by eagle eye of you and Maggie-the-girl guarded from predatory jay.

Now are you stocked up, in your private store. Apples in the cellar, nuts on the roof! Aye, this is fat fall!

By fits and starts crisper grow the mornings and the evenings, and even earlier comes the dusk, so that there is a long reading-space betwixt supper and bed—a time in which infants may be slain, and pious times may be lived again; in which occur discussions upon domestic or foreign affairs, by Father and Mother; or in which, failing of other entertainment, you and Johnny Schmidt, next door, may play at marbles on the carpet.

The delicious excitement of Halloween approaches, culminates, and reluctantly passes, for another year. And now there is frost o' mornings. Mother's begonias must be hustled in, and her geraniums; and in the south window is built up, on the wire ties, the customary pyramid of plants—Mother's cherished protectees who must have the best of the winter's sunshine.

The leaves are dropping fast, so that all the front yard is littered with those from the maples, and all the back yard with those from the apple-trees. With these the house is banked at the foundations, from ground to first clap-boards; with these the rose-bushes and the pansies and the violets and clove pinks must be bedded, at Mother's direction; and the remainder also must be raked, but for the burning. Presently this after-school labor brings its reward in shape of bonfires. Along the street the flames are leaping, the smoke is eddying, as if the town is lighting bonfires against the nearing host of winter. Around the bonfires may you and your fellows gambol and parade, per-



SHADOWS OF AUTUMN

C. W. JEFFERTS

forming reckless prodigies of prank and dance.

The sunsets are red, answering back with winter's heel-fires upon the horizon. Ducks and geese fly continuously—and some night all the air is vibrant with tumultuous honking as in cohort after cohort the alarmed migrants stream for the south. That is a sign, not even the veriest dilldard can mistake. And after school Mother takes you down-town and buys you the boots—the winter boots—the annual boots with red-and-gilt tops and copper toes—the boots which are intended to last you through till spring!

And what is before these boots—what scuffling and scraping and sliding and soaking and freezing—ere, shorn of their pristine freshness and of pretty much every other original attribute, they are cast into the desolation of the alley, only such boots know.

That very night it comes: the cold wave. It rushes down from the north, driving before it the geese, and shakes the house and howls above your bed. But you may rest oblivious to external events, until intern-

al events apprise you thereof. For early in the morning Father has arisen, to make in the hard-coal stove of the parlor that fire which (he fondly expects) will not go out all winter. The heralding scent of warmed polish is wafted up to you, announcing the crisis. To this you awaken.

And hurrah! For, bless us, this is winter—or very much like it, asserts Mother. "Cold as Greenland," asserts Father. Keen and gusty is the November air, as the gray clouds sead across the pale sky. The porch vents its first, familiar crackling as you step upon it, reconnoitring. The sitting-room (which is also the dining-room and breakfast-room and supper-room) stove exhales its cheery warmth, and the obstinate and sluggish parlor stove exhales its odor of polish.

And hush! Here is a change, and changes are welcome. Bluffy arrayed for winter—in comrade mittens and comrade scarf and comrade cap—and further accoutred with these new boots, may you stomp forth, cringing not, but gleefully receptive of weather whatsoever that may be, and ready to bid winter, if this be winter, hail.



IN VAIN

On through the years he toils to reach success,
That, winning, he may lay it at her feet,
While every day her hungry eyes entreat
Life's dearest boon to her, his least cares.

—J. P. H.—

Saving Time in English Business Life

By

Hamilton Adams

TIME-WASTING in modern business routine may seem almost an impossibility, but it is safe to say that the average business man in Canada burns up enough time in useless interviews with every Tom, Dick and Harry, who sends in his business card, as would enable him nearly to double his working capacity. I refer to the average business man,—the fellow who gets down to the office in the grey of the morning, who keeps his nose at the grindstone all day and who must of necessity handle a lot of detail work,—not that exceedingly rare but nevertheless valuable kind of a man, who by some extraordinary power races Father Time to a finish early in the day.

Business men in Canada, taken as a whole, are distinguished by their accessibility. It is no very serious problem for a stranger, no matter what his mission, so it be a legitimate one, to secure admission to the private office of even the biggest manufacturer. I have known young canvassers or salesmen after a weary day's tramp about the streets of a Canadian city, return to headquarters, quite unsuccessful in their particular canvass, but smiling cheerfully none the less because of the kindly way they have been treated. This accessibility of the Canadian business man is at once his glory and his shame. He becomes the victim of a raft of callers, who prey on his precious time, dislocate his plans and curtail his effectiveness. Dearly indeed does he pay for his reputation for courtesy.

In this respect, the Canadian has little to learn by way of improvement and reform from his American confreres. If any differentiation in method is discoverable, it will be found that the American business man is even more approachable, more polite and more courteous than the Canadian business man. It is true that he may be a little quicker to dismiss a caller, who cannot show that he has a good proposition to discuss and can discuss it intelligently, but, notwithstanding, the tendency to receive and listen to every caller who sends in his card, exists quite as markedly in the United States as in Canada and there is a similar waste of valuable time.

Now the Englishman in his business life adopts quite a different attitude. If accessibility characterizes the Canadian business man inaccessibility distinguishes his British brother. It is figuratively as hard for the visitor to break into the Englishman's business castle, as it was in the olden days for the robber bands to break into a nobleman's feudal tower. He is hedged around with all manner of devices to protect the sanctity of his private office. There is practically only one way to get at him and that is by hanging out the white flag and craving the indulgence of a special interview, whenever it shall suit the great man.

From the standpoint of the man on the outside, this English system is a very disagreeable, and oftentimes even an offensive one, but looking at it in the reverse

way, it has many good points. That a vast amount of time is saved, goes without saying. That a great deal of indiscriminate canvassing is discouraged is also apparent.

To illustrate the extreme to which the British system may be carried, the recent experience of a young Canadian on a visit to London might be related. This young man carried with him several letters of introduction to London business men. He took the first of these letters one morning in person to the office of the man to whom it was addressed. The letter had been written by a personal friend of the latter, in Canada, and in New York it would have ensured him a warm welcome, but in London its reception was somewhat after this fashion,—the uniformed dignity at the main entrance, on being asked if Mr. So-and-So was in, replied, "Yes, he's in. Have you an appointment with him?" On being informed that there was 'no appointment arranged,' he replied, "Mr. So-and-So never sees any one except by appointment. You had better write him a letter and ask for an appointment." The visitor, feeling very much repulsed, hereupon produced his letter of introduction, and requested that it be delivered to Mr. So-and-So. He was confident that this would prove an open sesame, but to his dismay, word came back to him that Mr. So-and-So was very much occupied at present, but would be pleased to see him at twelve o'clock Friday, three days later on.

The visitor called at the appointed time and, as if by magic, on the presentation of his card, obsequious attendants took charge of him, doors opened before him, and presto! he was seated in a bright little office, with a cheery fire, and in friendly converse with the head of the firm. At the end of the interview, the visitor was invited to dine with the latter a few days later at one of the London clubs. The intercourse between the two was of an almost intimate nature as a result of the two meetings and the Canadian felt that he had gained the friendship of the Englishman.

So far so good. The reader may be inclined to say, "That's perfectly satisfactory. Once you learn the ropes and know how to do it, you're all right." But, listen to the sequel to this little story. A

week or so later the Canadian had occasion to call once more at this particular office. He went there, in fact, to say good-bye to the Englishman, feeling under some degree of obligation to him for his hospitality. To his astonishment his card had apparently lost its efficacy. After some insistence, he succeeded in having it taken in to the Englishman's private office, but even that was of no avail. The rule of the office could not be broken for anybody, he was told. It was quite as binding as any of the laws of the Medes and Persians.

It would be foolish to maintain that such treatment is at all general in England. This is an isolated case, serving to show the extreme to which the inaccessibility idea is carried in some offices. But it is nevertheless true that with very few exceptions, it is impossible to see the English business man except by definite appointment. The same young Canadian soon learned this. After presenting two or three of his letters in person and being repulsed every time, he came to the conclusion that he could accomplish his purpose just as effectively by writing letters, explaining his mission and asking for appointments. To all his letters he received prompt replies, arranging for early interviews and, when the time came for these interviews, he found to his satisfaction that he was received promptly. There was no loss of time either for him or for the man upon whom he called.

The British system (for there is much the same state of affairs in Scotland as in England) has many points in its favor which should commend it to business men on this side of the Atlantic. Of its drawbacks something will be said later, but meanwhile there can be no valid objection to the contention that it is a splendid time saver. Britons may be slow workers, may be most conservative in their methods, and may be old-fashioned in many of their ideas, but they build exceedingly sure. Steady, uninterrupted labor tells in the long run, and the fact that a business man can, if he wishes, concentrate on a given task for days at a time, without having fresh and divergent ideas thrust on his attention at intervals, helps him immensely.

I once asked a Londoner whether he thought that the average English business

man accomplished more than the average American, and he replied that he felt quite confident that he did, just for the very reason that he conserved his time better. "You see," said he, "we get to work pretty early and we stay at it late. There is something about our climate which makes it possible for us to work long hours without wearying ourselves in the same way as you do in America. And then we take good care only to see people who have some definite business to transact with us. The man who comes along and has nothing to propose in which we would be interested never gets a chance to see us."

The weakest spot in this way of handling callers is that the business man may really lose more by refusing to see a visitor than he will gain. It is conceivable that a most unlikely arrival at the outer barrier may have some idea fertilizing in his brain which would be of immense value to the firm. The Canadian business man, because he is willing to see everybody with at least the semblance of gentility about them, captures the idea and

profits by it. The Englishman, like as not, lets it slip. The former assumes the attitude of a learner; he feels that there is no ground where some treasure may not lie hidden, and he is willing to take a chance to find it. The latter ignores chance and sticks to the narrower road of certainty.

It is pretty much a matter for personal decision as to what is the wisest course to pursue. There is no doubt about it that Canadians waste a lot of time in interviews which are at best often simply gossiping junkets. There is likewise, no doubt, but that many business men would find the adoption of the English system, even in a modified form, of considerable benefit. Particularly would this be the case among that large body of men who have not yet attained the point where it would be possible for them to relegate the handling of details to assistants. Once a man is free of details, he would be foolish not to open his mind to the reception of new ideas and his door to the reception of all kinds of visitors.

MARY ANN MAGEE

I mind the day I sailed away
From Mary Ann Magee.
"I'll shure remember you," she says,
"Mind you remember me."
I mind the kiss she gave me, too,
That all the folks might see
Young Tim Malone was all her own,
An' she, my Ann Magee.

I mind the day I sailed away
To Mary Ann Magee.
As I remembered her that day,
Shure she'd remember me.
We called on Father John that night,
An' 'twasn't long till he
Made Missis Mary Ann Malone
Of Mary Ann Magee.

—J. P. H.

Redwing

By

Mrs. James Atwood

SOMEWHERE along the boundary line between British Columbia and Washington the frosts of September nights were fast clothing the vegetation in the flaring reds and yellows of late autumn and the highest hills were putting on their caps of snow.

In sheltered passes, between the mountain ranges, the sun still held sway, and the waters of Boundary Creek sparkled and danced for joy as he slowly rose over the Eastern mountain peaks and looked down on them.

But, on a certain morning, he looked down also upon a young Indian woman who lay asleep close beside the creek, while, at a little distance, her 'cayuse' was breakfasting off some bunches of grass.

A shawl covered her shoulders and half concealed her face, and its brilliant reds and yellows harmonized with the surrounding foliage and made it hard to distinguish her from it.

Not far from her resting place, a white tent and long water flume indicated the present dwelling of some one engaged in placer mining, and, presently, a young man emerged from the raised flap of the tent and began building a fire of broken twigs and various pieces of driftwood cast up by the waters of the creek, while immediately afterwards another followed, with fishing rod in hand, evidently intent upon catching a breakfast of fresh fish.

His wanderings along the bank of the creek soon brought him close to where the woman was sleeping, and he had almost stumbled over her before he discovered it was a human being instead of a mass of samash or Oregon Grape vines that he had nearly planted his foot on.

His exclamation awoke her, and she sat up and looked at him without speaking. "Klahowye, tillicum," said the young man. "What in the name of Jerusalem brings you asleep in this place at such an hour?"

"Heap good place," she answered in fairly good English. "What for Redwing not sleep here?"

"Oh, so that's your name, is it—Miss Redwing. I salute you—but where are the rest of your people, and why are you here alone?"

"Redwing run away," she answered gravely. "Redwing no want to stay in Jim's tent," she continued. "She no like Jim—he beat Indian—beat her all the time. And then, she steal horse and run away—long way, into Big Queen's country."

"You are a nice young woman," replied her companion. "You steal your husband's horse and run away from him—and then make a brag of it. By and by Jim come after Redwing and take her back and beat her more for behaving so badly."

"No, no," she cried, "Redwing go with you—me heap catches fish—cook—wash—Redwing very good kioochman."

And she rose, arranged her shawl and skirt and walked over to her horse, who stood quietly waiting for her to take hold of his bridle.

She removed it, as well as the Mexican saddle, and then turned him off to graze amongst the low foothills.

The young man watched her silently—wondering all the time what he should do with this self invited guest. But after she had driven the horse away, she quietly re-

turned, and taking the fishing rod out of his hand, threw the line into the water and stood gazing at it without vouchsafing another word on the subject.

He continued to watch her for a little while, and then returned to the tent to take counsel with his friend upon the difficulties of the situation.

Harry Lindsey and Dick Burchell had been born and brought up beside each other in a small English town. Their parents belonged to the well-to-do middle class, and when the boys grew to manhood—after receiving a fairly decent education at the same grammar school—and refused to settle down steadily to any business or profession, they concluded it was better to give them a good outfit, with a little money, and let them try to carve out their own fortunes in one of the Colonies than perhaps waste a great deal in forcing them to take up some un congenial occupation in their own country.

And so they wandered from place to place, until about two years afterwards, when they found themselves placer mining in the Boundary District of British Columbia.

Dick Burchell appeared to think it a good joke when Harry Lindsey related the adventure which had just befallen him, and declared there was no reason why they should not avail themselves of the voluntary services of the Indian woman. They had a spare tent which they could put up and place at her disposal, and then—if she agreed to do their cooking and washing for her ' grub' and perhaps a little money now and then—why, it would prove a most satisfactory arrangement for them, instead of having to start in and do it for themselves amidst their arduous duties of gold washing.

And so it came about that when Redwing arrived on the scene, with a dozen half-pound speckled trout, she was at once placed in charge of the culinary department of this bachelor establishment.

These were the days when gold in large quantities was being taken out of Boundary Creek, and as the partners were able to pan out from twenty to twenty-five dollars a day, they were very well satisfied with the result of their labors—and also congratulated themselves upon the acquisition of their new ' grub,' as her fried fish, stewed venison and rabbit, as well as her

banquets and flap-jacks, were worthy of an older and more experienced cook.

Her own age was about twenty-two, and she was good-looking—after the manner of her kind.

She possessed the usual taciturnity of the Indian, but took quite an interest in their work, and when one of the partners got his gun and wandered off over the hills in search of deer, grouse, prairie chicken or rabbits to replenish the empty larder, Redwing frequently helped the remaining one shovel in ' dirt' to the flame or move the riffles.

A month passed without any important event happening to change the quiet or mar the peace of this rural home, and the young men looked forward with regret to the time, drawing so near now, when heavy frosts and snows would arrive and prevent a continuance of their placer mining until the following spring.

It had got to the middle of October, and fierce blustery gales were sweeping through the canyon and warning them that the time was at hand when they must seek more sheltered quarters.

A kind of a reserve began to spring up between these old comrades, and, unless when working together at their gold-washing, each avoided the others company. Also they were both ready with excuses now to shirk going away into the hills in search of game when it became necessary, and somehow, if one found the other in close conversation with Redwing it immediately brought a sullen frown to the face of the observer.

"Twas the old story—a woman had come between them."

But this brown-faced source of discord appeared quite unaware of her disturbing influence, and apparently looked upon them both with equal indifference.

Still the jealousy of the partners made them suspicious of her and each other, and they watched closely for any evidence of secret understandings.

One evening, Harry Lindsey, returning with a bag of grouse, entered the tent so noiselessly in his moccasins that he did not disturb Dick Burchell and Redwing, who were sitting outside, close to the farther end of it, engaged in conversation.

"Dick go away to Spokane next week," he heard his partner remark, "Redwing come with him?"

"What for Dick go?" she asked. "Plenty gold here—plenty good food—water no freeze long time yet."

"Dick tired—work all the time to go. Suppose Redwing come with Dick to Spokane. Dick buy her ' grub' dresses, handkerchiefs, beads, get a house there—have plenty good time."

"Harry go too?" she asked. "No, Harry go to Vancouver. He got one 'klooschem' there."

"Ach," she said. And then there was silence for a moment.

"Me tell you by and by," she remarked. And then Harry stambled over a coal oil box in the dusk, and the others moved away.

Harry left the tent again and wandered off over the hills. It was an hour later when he came back, and the moon had risen and illuminated the whole landscape. The scene was so soothing in its quiet beauty that it might have calmed the rage that was seething in the young man's breast and exorcised the devil which had taken possession of him.

Dick was sitting on a rock near the entrance to the tent, and the Indian woman was busy somewhere in the interior.

"I want to speak to you," Harry said, "let's climb the rocks and walk to the head of the canyon. It is as light as day."

They scrambled over the boulders and up the rocks until they stood above the canyon, and then walked some distance away beside it.

Neither spoke until the light of their camp fire was only dimly visible in the far perspective, and then Harry turned suddenly and faced his companion.

"Why did you tell Redwing that I was going to Vancouver?" he asked, "and that I had a girl there?"

Dick was smoking a cigarette, and he puffed at it deliberately two or three times before replying.

"Well, you know Ellen Peters has come out from home to visit her brother there, so I thought you would be sure to go and see her."

"Why should I go and see Ellen Peters any more than yourself? You were the one she favored long ago."

"I don't think so," remarked Dick, resuming his cigarette.

"See here," said Harry, "we had better have this out and have done with it. That little mahogany devil has come between me and I, though I'll be damned if I can tell which of us she favors, so let's fight it out, as the brutes do, and the best man wins."

"All right," said Dick, removing his coat and waistcoat.

Harry followed his example.

They were both strong, well-made men and as well versed in the "science of the fists" as most young men of the English-speaking race are nowadays, so the exhibition of boxing which ensued, though it might probably have delighted many of the admirers of the "Prize Ring," was scarcely in harmony with its present surroundings. As the moon was at its full and was bathing every boulder, tree and shrub with an effulgence of pale glory, and throwing out in bold relief the background of hills and rocky slopes, while, far below, the murmuring voice of the creek could be heard, as it bubbled over its golden sands.

The moonbeams gleamed brightly for a few minutes on the hands and white uncovered arms of the combatants as they played about each others heads and shoulders, but Harry was the better man, and his opponent soon began to feel it, and, with the recklessness of the loser, struck wildly at his antagonist—retreating unconsciously before some of the punishment he was receiving.

Neither observed that they had got close to the edge of the canyon when Harry rushed in, dealing fierce blows with the evident intention of bringing the fight to a finish as soon as possible.

His fist came down on the side of Dick's head with the force of a sledge hammer, and, with a loud cry, he fell backwards over the edge of the canyon.

All the folly and brutality of his conduct was revealed in a flash to Harry as he stood alone on the brink of the chasm, and he flung himself on the ground and peered down the rocks—calling his old chum's name, again and again.

But, as no reply came back to him, he scrambled down to a ledge near the bottom of the canyon upon which he could make out something was lying. And there he found Dick—dead. He had

fallen on the back of his head upon a sharp, jagged piece of stone and broken his neck.

Harry sat there till morning with his old comrade's head lying on his knees, and all those hours he held converse with the dead upon their past life, from the time, as little boys, they had fought over a marble or tame rabbit until that fight, over a woman, which had just divided them forever.

The moon faded out and the sun came up once more over the Eastern mountains and looked down on the pitiful sight, and Harry climbed the rocks again and re-

turned to the tent before seeking help to bury his friend.

But, as he came opposite and prepared to descend the canyon, his eyes fell on two horses which were tethered on the opposite side, while Redwing and an Indian packed on to them blankets and provisions of all kinds, and he paused—in a half dazed condition—to watch them.

Presently they saw him, and both climbed upon their horses in front of their baggage and rode away.

But Redwing turned and waved her hand to him.

"Kishowya, tillikum," she cried. "Redwing go back with Jim."



THE FLOWERLESS PATH

A flowerless path, a path of gloom,
I tread alone each weary day;
Where shadows fall and dangers loom,
And all is grey.

It winds o'er rocks and arid plains,
Where every step is fraught with pain,
And leads where desolation reigns,
And naught to gain.

My courage flares and vainly tries
To guide my footsteps on the way;
And when at last it fails and dies,
I kneel and pray.

In some fair land the flowers bloom,
And sunshine falls and shadows cease,
I pray dear God dispel the gloom,
And give me peace.

—J. A.

Cards!

By

Nan Maury Lemmon

"**M**ONEY for cigarettes?" quavered the old banker.

"Money for card debts?" shouted his great-nephew, making a last superhuman effort to be heard.

"Shut up, sir! Don't yell so!" snapped the old gentleman. "Anybody would think I was deaf."

To conceal the fact that he had not yet understood, he took out his heavy gold watch, almost the size of a tea-saucer, held it with trembling fingers while he calculated the time, then, scrambling out of the wheel-chair, balanced himself precariously between two walking-sticks and started down to the spring-house. Every morning at nine o'clock he set out on this tour, as punctually now as when the bank clerks could set the clock by the arrival of their president.

The very young man just back from college did not move to assist him, yet watched rather tenderly his slow progress down the hill. The sight of the queer top hat, the flowered dressing-gown lined with heavily quilted satin and flapping around thin, shaky knees, the white woollen socks and well-worn bedroom slippers, brought back vividly the day he had been spanked with one of those same slippers for stealing peaches, but the remembrance was more sentimental than resentful. Presently he rose leisurely, threw away a newly-lit cigarette, and followed his great-uncle down the hill.

A group of weeping willows shadowed the spring-house, and a little branch gargled away from the milk-crocks set in the spring. On a stone bench, immovable save for restless eyes, sat the old banker. He greeted his nephew only with a resentful sniff.

The intruder approached warily this time and repeated as distinctly as possible: "Uncle, did you ever help out a young man in debt?"

"Sell out a young man in debt? Why, time and again, the young fools!" came the quick response. "But the day Eugene Fontaine was twenty-four and his gambling debts amounted to twenty-three thousand dollars, our cashier was in a taking, I tell you! You see, he was old Fontaine's executor, and—"

"Yes, but about the money, sir, I—"

"Money? Why, he inherited most of it from his father. Old William Fontaine was a powerful rich man for those days. When he died he bequeathed two-thirds of his estate to his widow, and the River Bend plantation—where I've seen a hundred buck niggers worming tobacco—thirty thousand dollars, and a breed of fancy house-niggers, to his son, Eugene."

"Among those house-niggers was a pair of twins, Cynthia and Sylvia—fifteen years old, thirteen hands high, and weighed ninety-seven pounds apiece—and through some mistake in the management of the estate, in a big cattle deal, Sylvia was thrown in with some horses to even up a trade for a herd of steers, and so was missing when the property was divided up. Eugene spent hundreds of dollars the next year trying to find her, but couldn't get a trace of her—not a trace."

"Eugene Fontaine was as fine-looking a young fellow as you would find in a day's ride, and liberal—so liberal the boys around town nicknamed him 'His Lordship.' I saw him for the first time the day he came to the bank—I was under-clerk then—to see Mr. Cursy, his father's executor, and receive his share of the es-

lute. The next week he married the beautiful Miss Poige, on her fifteenth birthday—an orphan and an heiress—and it was fortunate," went on the old man, tapping on the moss-covered stones with his cane, "that he started out with a big bank account, for he didn't have then—and never did have—the slightest idea of the value of money."

"Money! Why, he would lend it, give it, or throw it away to anybody he thought needed it! Then he had some crazy notion about niggers being human, and Lordy, Lordy—he let many a good trade slip between his fingers on account of such blame' foolishness. Any man who got into trouble always found Eugene ready to help him out. Once Mr. Carey tried to stop this by refusing to advance his interest, but Eugene just went out and sold his riding horse for half its value and bought another one on credit, gave the money to the man who wanted to borrow it, and thought he had done a mighty smart piece of business."

"In less than two years," continued the old banker, without interruption, for his nephew had seen the hopelessness of breaking in, "Eugene Fontaine had run through every cent he had. Mr. Carey was powerful upset over it—I remember his telling me about it the week we rode over to the Springs to spend our bank holiday. There was time and aplenty for talking, as we went all the way on horseback, with our saddle-bags behind us, stopping overnight at the tavern, and sending a trunk on ahead by the stage. Mr. Carey fretted over Eugene most of the way, but in the end he decided that though the blow was hard on the poor boy, having to stay at home and work hard and save every cent was the only way to make a man of him."

"Work hard" he put it, 'and save every cent'—and the very next evening as we were sitting on the long hotel porch, a coach and four rounded the turn—the finest turnout seen there that year—and it was Eugene Fontaine and his family come to spend the summer at the Springs. I didn't see him at first, but behind the boy leading at the riding horses was the wagon for the baggage and servants, and nobody could mistake that set of fancy house-niggers anywhere! There was the coachman and boy, two nurses for the

lady, his own body-servant, and the other twin, his wife's maid—strangely enough, I was certain I had seen her in the hotel that morning already."

"That night, son, just as I was entering the ball-room, I heard a faint sort of musical laugh, and, looking round, saw the slave girl again. At that moment young Mrs. Fontaine came down the corridor and stopped in the dickens of a temper to see her own maid Cynthia, as she thought, standing at the door of the ladies' dressing-room. She started to scold and question her, but in a second began to call out for her husband as if she'd found a mare's nest, and, sure enough, the girl turned out to be the missing twin, Sylvia, who was there with the family of Villeneuve, the famous gambler from New Orleans."

"Eugene was greatly delighted over finding the girl. The next day he offered to buy her back, and his mistress, Villeneuve's mother, seemed anxious to be rid of her. She had the girl weighed and examined by a doctor, as was the custom in those days to decide upon the value, and then called out in the side yard to be looked over."

"I remember to this day how that girl looked standing there by her sister—silky brown hair, creamy skin, and slim feet and ankles, the whole set of 'em had. It's a pity they couldn't have been horses, those twins; they'd have made such a perfect match! But though they appeared alike, son, there seemed, too, some wide difference between 'em: one of 'em just looked like a pretty, young animal, but that girl Sylvia—why, you felt sure she had a soul—a genuine, unawakened soul! She stood there without a sign of sensitiveness, and her eyes, with a child-like ignorance of evil that was right pathetic, sought out unabashed the eyes of the men in the crowd, and she gave a faint sort of musical laugh. It sounded like somebody laughing in a dream!"

"Well, just as the purchase was about to be concluded, Villeneuve, who had been absent, arrived unexpectedly and stopped the sale—stopped the sale, I tell you!—and though Eugene offered twice her value, he refused to part with the girl at any price."

"What say? Strange, eh? Well, I should say it was strange! The refusal

puzzled us all for a time, but no one suspected the reason until it was noted around among the slaves and finally reached Eugene through his body-servant, that Villeneuve was planning to carry Sylvia off with him to Louisville the next week and pretend she was a Creole. When young Fontaine heard this his quixotic sympathy, ever on the surface, was instantly aroused, and he vowed he would regain the girl and set her free if it took a million dollars."

"I wonder now I didn't guess what went on that next week. I might have known Villeneuve wanted to get Eugene in a card game and fleece him, and I used to meet the boy coming upstairs to bed in the mornings as I went down before breakfast for my walk. Still, it was an unknown thing to gamble for niggers among gentlemen in those days. Why, public opinion was against it! It was considered a thing nobody but a rowdy would do! So it never crossed my mind that Eugene had raised the money on his whole plantation—twenty-three thousand dollars—to play for Sylvia, and was losing it rapidly day by day."

"There was a deal going on at the Springs that week—a tournament, and a ball afterwards where the beautiful Mollie McIntyre was crowned Queen of Love and Beauty. I remember I made her an offer that very night, son, and she jilted me. I was mightily taken with her. She afterwards married Bob Singleton of South Carolina, and died of scarlet fever on her bridal tour. Once her sister—"

"But the card game?" interrupted his listener.

"Eh? What did you say?" inquired the old banker in a cracked voice.

"Go back to the card game!" yelled his nephew. "Tell me, for Heaven's sake, how did it end?"

"Card game?" repeated the old fellow thoughtfully. "Tut, tut! Was I talking about a card game? Oh, yes. Why, to be sure! Well, when it finally came to light the tremendous sum young Fontaine had lost, there was a deal of talk among the guests at the Springs, and when it was whispered around that the two men were playing for the slave girl, the excitement spread like wildfire."

"It seems they had been playing on a little side porch, as it was hot July

weather, and, it being rumored the game would start again about midnight, a crowd gathered to watch it through the night."

"Fontaine was late in appearing. He had joined old Mr. Cecil, who had been hanging and hesitating over the price of a bottle of foreign wine in the bar outside, and it was characteristic of Eugene that he called back casually, 'Send him up the whole case of it, and charge it to me,' to the clerk as they left the room. This little act of generosity, done when his ward was on the edge of ruin, touched the old man to the end of his days—though he had the wine to pay for, as well as all young Fontaine's hotel bills, when we left for home the next day."

"Well, no sooner did he take his seat at the table than Eugene began to lose again, and lost on steadily for hours, for he was betting rashly, and with that utter carelessness which only those fools who have no idea of money values can keep up. Just before sunrise, at that ghastly hour they say people die, the game seemed to be nearing an end. The candles burning in the daylight threw vague, flickering shadows on the faces of the men. It was a period of depressing, anxious silence. Suddenly, a strange sort of musical laugh broke the stillness, making as all start nervously and turn in its direction, and, looking up, we saw the slave girl standing in the dawn."

"She had stepped out on a little balcony that was connected with the servants' wing opposite, and—well, I'm not one of those fools that think it's smart to use fancy language, but nothing else will express the picture that girl made as I can see it—as pretty a picture as any ever hung on a nail yet. She stood there unconscious of the crowd as any sleep-walker and conscious that her destiny hung on the falling of a card. The ray dawn light fell on her supple figure so that we could see clearly where her gown had slipped away from the rounded shoulder, and how her creamy skin blended with her lips, the color of crushed strawberries. A few wind-loosened, silky brown curls blew lightly in the breeze. She looked far away with an appealing, questioning gaze—the questioning of a bewildered child who cannot understand."

"Villeneuve flushed when he heard the

laugh, and turning his thick-set, muscular body, stared directly at Sylvia—directly and passionately. As he looked at her his dark, moody face, which until then had been like a block of stone, seemed to become alive, while over it played an expression of triumph and assured possession. Across the table, in striking contrast, sat Eugene, his youthful, refined face, with its almost divine look of constant sympathy for the tragedies of others, showing keen and pitiful distress at his failure to rescue the girl. For the moment the two seemed not men, but the embodiment of Good and Evil, while motionless above them stood the slave girl for whom they were playing—playing not only for her body, but for her immortal soul!

"Well, the instant Sylvia disappeared, quick as lightning the luck changed. Then Villeneuve commenced to get nervous and angry, and his betting grew rash. Presently Fontaine dealt—the usual five cards to each. His own hand, I remember, was three kings, an eight spot, and the deuce of clubs. The betting began at once—there was no discarding in those days. Yes, it was a kind of poker, but they called it 'Bluff.' The pile of chips grew larger and larger in the middle of the table, still the 'bluffing' kept up, until the men, crowding round, held their breath in astonishment. At last Eugene, flicking the ash from his cigarette, pushed forward his whole pile of chips and laid down his cards. There was a short silence, then a shout went up. Son, they say we waked up the people in

Lewisburg, ten miles away. Sylvia was won!

"And yet," added the old hanker after a moment's pause, "in spite of his success, Eugene Fontaine sat there well-nigh bankrupt. But before he ever rose from his seat he called for pen and ink and sent for the magistrate, and there among the scattered cards and chips on table, with the sun lighting up his lofty, high-bred young face, he had Sylvia's manumission papers made out, setting the girl free."

The old man rose with difficulty on his stiff legs, and, reaching out cautiously with his arms, prepared to start back to the house.

"But the card debt, sir," hawled his nephew breathlessly—"did they sell out his place?"

"Oh, no, his mother paid 'em—just as I paid yours last week without telling you," the hanker snapped out suddenly, returning to his usual irritable manner as he came back to the present, "only in Eugene's case he promised never to play cards again. Have you got grit enough to agree to that?"

"We'll call it a bargain, sir," the youth stammered joyously as he helped his uncle carefully up the hill. Then, after a few moments' thought, still unable to free himself from the vivid realism of the past, he questioned, "And what became of the slave girl, sir?"

"Sylvia?" queried the tale-teller sharply, letting himself down by slow degrees and with many groans into his chair. "Why, she eloped with Villeneuve the next week."



What It Really Feels Like to be "Up in The Air"

By

James P. Haverson

THERE are two psychological stimulants under which a man may go up as a passenger in a flying machine should be lucky enough to meet the opportunity. These are Courage and Confidence. Of the comfort and support to be had from the former I know little or nothing, but of the latter I can speak with authority, for it was under the sole support of confidence in the man that took me that I made—a long flight! No—a two-minute flight of about as many miles and as many hundred feet from the earth. It was with Charles F. Willard, at the recent aviation meet at Toronto.

I say that I may know a little of what it would be to go up under Courage for I waited two days at the Hamilton meet to fly with J. V. Martin in his Farman biplane. When I went to Hamilton to go up, I had never seen Martin, and, dur-

ing the two days which I waited to travel on that trip—which was never made, I learned little or nothing of the man, so that when, for a few minutes, his decision to go up or stay down hung in the balance, I quaked. I had committed myself to the venture, but I did not like it a little bit. He did not go, and I was spared a ticklish decision of my own.

But while there I met Charles F. Willard, who promised that he would give me "a ride" at the Toronto meet. From then on, his shadow was with him a little less constantly than I was. Perhaps for this reason I came to know Willard pretty well. At all events, I grew to feel that he was not only the "daring aviator" of which the newspapers are so fond of telling, but also a minutely exacting watcher of the chances of a man in the air, a fellow who overlooked nothing, and took no unnecessary chances. So when, towards the close of the afternoon's flying on the Saturday

ON A FLY-LEAF

These are my blooms I send to you,
I kiss them ere they start.
My love is singing where they grew,
Deep down within my heart.

Unlike the blossoms bought and sold,
That live but for a day,
You cannot purchase them for gold,
Nor give one flower away.

The mystery behind their birth
Is far from human ken,
"The deeper than the springs of mirth,
Beyond the tears of men."

—By Frederick Truesdell.

that closed the Toronto meet, he told his "boys" to make ready the seat upon which I was to ride, and when the pieces of McCurdy's broken machine, which I had seen splintered in a short fall of fifteen feet but two days before, were brought out and lashed into the machine, I did not worry. I knew Willard. I had Confidence, if not Courage.

I was seated and waiting to fly; there was a halt of about five minutes while a loose nut was tightened on the front running wheel, and it brought on an attack of the fidgets, due, however, more to a desire to get started and make sure of my trip than to any worry as to its outcome. It was now up to Willard.

At last the propeller was turned, and after a few coughing grunts settled down to that steady alert whirr as of a great beetle in a vast hurry. Willard took his seat and the machine rushed ahead as the men behind released their hold. We rolled up the runway, and I was watching the bouncing forehead for the moment when we should leave the ground. I cannot remember when it came. I cannot say that I saw it.

The first thing to indicate that we were at last in the air was a curious swaying lurch to the side. It was like the motion of a sailboat slipping over the edge of a wave. It was a boat sailing very close to a very big wind, for we were traveling then at about forty miles an hour and gaining speed. The wind brought the tears streaming from my eyes. But it brought a pulsing joy into the veins the like of which I had never known.

We lifted, lifted, lifted! We crossed a road about fifty feet up and sailed on over a field. Beside the fence, two men squatted on the ground. I saw their up-turned faces and pitied them, for a man in a flying machine is entitled to look down on the mere earth crawlers. We were out over another field and were approaching the brow of a hill. Over this we sped, and out over the middle of a field where a farmer had been reaping. His machine had been left where he had finished his day's work. That was as it should be, but up aloft there in the smother of glorious rushing air currents, we had nothing to do with days and times of day. It seemed as if that wonderful

flight should never stop. There were no aeroplanes when Browning wrote his "Last Ride Together."

Willard turned in his seat and looked back at me. "How do you like it?"

"Fine," I shouted back, and I meant it. I meant just that, "Fine?" I meant that it was thrilling every nerve, bringing every fiber to a higher point of feeling than I had believed could be known. I was like the mouse in the jar of oxygen; I was living at a higher velocity than ever before.

Willard lifted his hands from the controlling wheel and lever, and then I found that I, too, had actually let go with one hand and was waving it at him.

Then we were turning. We banked up against the wind, and came around on a slant. I could feel the machine slip away about twenty feet toward the ground, but there was no sensation of falling. It was the boat slipping down the wave again, only more like it than before. We bore around with the great free air beating in our faces, and driving down to the last corners of our lungs. It is hard to try to describe a thing when it has advanced beyond the terms of all the things which you have known before. It was merely—wonderful.

We were on our way back to the field. We continued to bear down towards the earth. When we came back over the bill we were not more than a hundred feet up, and I remembered with regret that the "Betsey" would not climb with the wind. We rapidly drew up to the field. We were going very fast, but you had to feel it, for there is no ground close enough to enable you to see your speed.

At last we crossed over a line of telegraph wires, and with an easy swoop were back on the ground over which we rolled until we lost our speed and came to a stop. It was hours before I was sober after that. When I had gone up I had expected to meet fear somewhere on the way, but when we left the ground I had been too busy for every breathless second. I did not remember it again until someone asked me if I had not been afraid. One could say nothing. It seemed so hopeless to try to explain.

I had expected to be proud of the achievement. I had expected to walk loftily by my fellows who had never flown. I came down in a great humility. It was as though I had walked in great and holy places, in clean and untrodden ways. For a time malice, envy and hatred were as though they had never been. None of the petty human littlenesses can survive in the free, open ways of the air. With the return to earth they come about a man again, but they are not with him up there, and they cannot fasten on his heart after he alights—for a little while, at least.

When one has come down from the clouds, one walks softly. Perhaps if one keeps very still and hopes very hard, that

glorious thrill will come again. Flying will soon be far from the rare and half unnecessary thing it is to-day. If there be doubters, let them fly, and they will doubt no more. You have heard of the faith which moveeth mountains. Fly and you shall know it. I was formerly a skeptic, and watched the sinner as one looks at freaks of the circus. When I saw Ralph Johnstone really leave the ground some years ago only half of my mind believed it. When I walked about and talked with Charlie Willard, a quiet faith walked into my heart. When I rose into the air with him, I did not know why I had believed, but I knew that I had been right to believe. Men have flown, and men have died to fly. It is almost worth it.

THE SONG OF THE ROAD

"I am the Road; the Road am I!
Earth is my bed, my roof the sky—
So come, little Brother, come!"

On and on, and over the hill,
Ran the Road, but the Man stood still,
And pondered awhile, as every Man will,
Ere he lists to the calls that come—

"I am the Road, the Road am I!
Earth for a bed, a roof the sky—
On and on to the ends of the earth,
Through lands of plenty and lands of dearth,
I run my winding, bounding way,
Out of the night and into the day—
Come, little Brother, come, I say.

For I am the Road; the Road am I!
With earth for my bed, a roof the sky,
And freedom of life ye cannot buy—
So come, little Brother, come!"

On and on 'neath the white starlight,
Ran the Road, and the moaning night
Shelters a Man in his bedlong light,

As he follows the call—the Song of the Road
—Otto F. Boud.

A Slip or a Fall

By

Thomas Le Breton

CHAPTER I.

THE SLIP.

JOHN ROMALEES was starving. A man of education, by no means a fool, not thirty years of age, tall and well looking, he was walking London's streets for the third day since his last meal.

He had tried to enlist, but his eyesight was defective; he had tried the labor exchanges, but no one wanted a man who could merely speak four languages and write B.A. after his name. He assured employers of labor that he was physically capable of doing manual work. They looked at him disapprovingly. They felt sure that there must be something wrong about such a man. They told him that the supply of casual labor far exceeded the demand.

He had been brought up to expect a fortune. He was in the wilds of Turkestan when his father died, and he discovered that all the money had been muddled away. Therefore he came to London, probably the most foolish thing a penniless man could have done. He received a considerable amount of sympathy from those who might have helped him, but nothing more, and he was too proud to disclose his real position. Then he had a belief that a man willing to turn his hand to any kind of work would never starve. Since then he had found out his mistake.

He posed up the busy Strand, leg weary and sick at heart, wondering how long his tough frame would hold out against death. What he most feared was

that he might fall from weakness and be taken to the workhouse, and this for his proud nature would be worse than death. So he decided to tramp into the country while he had still strength to walk. There were woods he knew of where a man might die decently and in privacy.

Languidly he noticed a young fellow stop and stare at him, and he flushed angrily. He tried to hold up his head and to walk erect. Already, he thought, he was attracting attention. The man was about his own age, and apparently a gentleman. Perhaps, thought Romalees, he wanted to give him a shilling, and the thought urged him away.

He passed Trafalgar Square and the Haymarket, and going up Regent Street reached Oxford Street. He felt that he was reeling like a drunken man now, so that he was forced to rest for a minute. The stream of the traffic turned him round, and then he saw the young fellow who had stared at him so brutally in the Strand. He, too, was stopping and watching him.

Forcing his dragging limbs to move again, he marched proudly on, and would not look back. At last the Park was reached, and he could only just stagger to the first disengaged seat. He almost fell upon it, for he was so dazed with faintness that he could hardly see or stand.

In five minutes he was better, and glancing up he saw his persecutor walk past, then turn and walk back, hesitatingly and evidently undecided about something. Of a sudden he came across and sat down beside Romalees, who rose at once, feebly, but in protest.

"One minute," the other man cried eagerly. "Do excuse me, but I've been looking for you for seven weeks, so do give me a minute to explain."

The man's tone was not offensive, Romalees judged. He also acknowledged to himself that his present position was making him super-sensitive. He sat down again without replying.

"Thank you awfully," the stranger said heartily, and then added, half laughingly, "Do you see how wonderfully like you I am? Might be your twin. Just have a look at me."

Romalees looked. He saw a frank, smiling face, deep-set blue eyes, a certain boyishness of expression that was very attractive, and a mouth that was almost womanly in its sweetness. A want of firmness and strength of character were expressed, but kindness was shown in abundance. He was certainly very like the reflection that John Romalees had so often seen in his shaving-glass.

"Yes, you are undoubtedly like what I was," he acknowledged stiffly. He was still suspicious of the stranger.

"I expect I'm still more like you when you're all right; but you look a bit run down now," the stranger said apologetically. "Don't think me a bounder if I say you look as if you'd had a rough time."

"You are mistaken, sir," Romalees answered angrily, and then, seeing a look of distress on the other's face, he changed his tone. "I'm the bounder," he said. "To hug my pride like that. I am right down on my luck. I want work, and I want it badly."

"My name's Havithang," said the stranger, introducing himself. "My dad's cousin and heir to the Earl of Tancester. I'm in a hole, and I'm coming to you, a stranger, to help me out. Will you let me explain the affair? It might help you out at the same time."

"I'm in no hurry," Romalees said, coldly. That last sentence hurt his pride again, sore wounded as it was.

"That's good of you," Havithang went on briskly, "for it must seem like cheek on my part; yet I hope you'll forgive that later. I followed you right from the Strand. I wanted to speak to you all the time and finked it. Here I've been looking out for a chap resembling myself for

seven weeks, and then when I'd spotted him at last, I finked it."

"I'm not much to fink," Romalees said, bitterly. It was not so long ago when he was this man's equal in society and now he spoke of helping him.

"You know a bounder when you see one, the same as I do," observed the other, "and I could see that you thought me one, and perhaps I am. P'raps you'll think worse of me when I've told you all. But if you'll listen I've got to take my chance."

He was so ingenious, so bosh, that Romalees smiled. "Go ahead," he said.

"Well, it's like this," Havithang began with some embarrassment. "My dad wasn't always heir to Tancester. He was a younger son, and next door to being a beggar. He's an awfully good sort, the very best and dearest old chap in the world; and he'd been brought up to spend money; and when he hadn't got any he went on spending it all the same. Savvy?"

"He must be cleverer than I am," said Romalees laughingly. He felt more at ease now with his strangely acquired companion.

"But, of course, it's the sort of thing that can't go on forever." Havithang thought fit to explain, "and the dad, some years ago, got into the deuce of a hole. It was such a hole that I don't like to think about it. I never asked him exactly what it was, and he's never told me; but you may take it from me that it was a black hole."

"Then he got into the clutches of a bounder reeking with money. He's a Mr. Oliver Raynor, of Bradford. I don't know how he did it, because I don't like to ask; but he did. Old Raynor was the son of poor parents. You know the sort. One room for a whole family affair. But he grubbed on somehow and made a pile. He was awfully keen on being connected with the aristocracy. Not much to hanker after, but that was his hobby."

"So he told the dad that he'd got a niece, and if I would marry her when she became nineteen he'd give the dad back a lot of papers that the dear old chap is just dying to handle. Here's something that will ruin him if they get into anyone else's hands, and so he must destroy them. The dad told me all this, years back, but



"Because I am here under false pretences," he said.

I'd forgotten all about it until two months ago, and then he showed me a letter from Raynor, saying that his niece Olive is now nineteen, and he'd better send me to Bradford to complete the contract.

"Is she a nice girl?" asked Romalees, with a show of interest.

"Don't know—never saw her," Havithang answered with a laugh. "The old bouncer knows me, but she doesn't. He always stops with the dad when he comes to London. However, whether she's nice or not she's not for me, for fact is," he laughed uneasily, "I'm married. Yes! Got spliced to the jolliest little girl in the world, and daren't tell the dad because of this bother."

Romalees had an idea of what was coming. Havithang was hesitating, so he gave him a lead.

"You think I might be mistaken for you?" he said.

"That's it," answered Havithang eagerly. "That's just it. Now, if you are not married—" He waited for a reply, and Romalees assured him that he was single.

"That's good," he said happily. "I dare say the girl's all right, and if you could take her off my hands, and get back the papers, on the wedding day as promised, I'll settle just as much of my allowance on you as you like. I've three thousand a year, but now I've got such a jolly little wife, I can live on less." He looked anxiously at Romalees, making figures on the gravel with his stick.

"So you want me to impersonate you," the other man said, thoughtfully, "and marry a girl who would think me a better man? Sounds criminal."

"Not it," cried Havithang heartily. "You're a better man than ever I was, because—well, I'm so easily led. Now you look a good sort who would make a girl happy, and so she'd gain by the exchange. And then you'd defeat the ends of a confounded old blackmailer who'd ruin the dearest old chap in the world. I'm asking you now for his sake. If you knew old Raynor you'd do it. If you knew my dad you'd do it. Perhaps, if you knew Miss Raynor you would. Who knows?"

"Since you've been so frank with me," Romalees said with a sigh. "I may as well

tell you that it's that or starvation with me. Starvation plays the dence with conscience," he added bitterly.

"Good heavens, man!" cried the other, genuinely shocked. "I didn't think it was as bad as that. What a brute I am! Come and have dinner with me. At home," he added, with a glance at his companion's shabbiness; "and then I can fix you up. You'll have to use my tailor, you see. Old Raynor knows my style."

And so John Romalees dined with his newly-made acquaintance and the jolliest little wife in the world, and after dinner finally agreed to the adventure, so that the Egyptian might be spoiled.

A week was to be given to the study of John Percival Havithang and his family and connections, with illustrations from sundry albums. At the end of that time the real John Percival Havithang journeyed to an out-of-the-way corner of Lorraine, and the impostor took train for Bradford.

II.

THE FALL.

That same afternoon a slim, bright-faced girl entered the room where Oliver Raynor was entertaining the proposed bridegroom. Masses of dark, curly hair were piled above a smiling, oval face, looking fairer even than it was because of the contrast of big brown eyes with almost black lashes and lips that were scarlet.

"She's coming down," Raynor had told his guest a moment before, "and you must go a bit shy with her. If she was to think we'd fixed it up for you to marry her, she'd be off like a bird. She's got to be courted properly and all that."

"My friend, Mr. Havithang, the son of Colonel Havithang, with whom I stay when I am in London, you know," was the introduction, as Romalees came forward. The girl offered her hand frankly, and as he took it Romalees trembled. He had expected, from what Havithang had told him, to find her as vulgar as her uncle, and as set upon the match. In that case, he had decided she deserved to be taken in; but the sight of this innocent girl wept away the last excuses for his

conduct which he had been laying to heart. Then his hopes rallied again. Appearances are often deceitful, he told himself.

"I am glad to see you," she said, a little shyly; "we don't often see London people here." Small, even white teeth showed as she smiled, and he thought her expression charming.

"You know London, of course?" he asked her, already wondering how he was to get out of this dreadful scrape without prejudicing the Havithangs.

the best place in the world for them as has money; and if she's a good girl to her old uncle she'll never want for nothing."

"It must be dreadful to be 'poor,'" the girl said, with a sigh. "I'm afraid I have never realized it. But what an opportunity the rich people of London have!"

Romalees laughed so bitterly that the girl looked curiously at him as he replied.

"Rich folk don't know of one-tenth part of the misery about them, and they don't care."



"So you want me to impersonate you," the other man said thoughtfully.

"I have been at school in Belgium until lately," she answered, "and have never been to London. From what uncle tells me it must be like fairyland compared with Bradford."

"I am afraid you would not think so," he told her, with a shivering recollection of his own experiences. "It is a place so big that misery can hide itself, and it is full of poverty and sorrow."

"Oh; come now, Havithang," Oliver Raynor's coarse voice broke in. "Don't go setting my niece against London. It's

"They can't be all alike," she said, "and I suppose you've only read about this. At least I hope so."

Romalees thought of a possible return to his poverty and this very soon. The long days without food, the cold nights that seemed endless. It was still very real with him.

"You may well hope so," he said gravely, "only I do know that things are worse than you could possibly imagine."

"Now then, Havithang!" cried Mr. Raynor irritably. "What's wrong with

you? You ain't a bit like yourself. At your time of life I never thought of talking horrors to young ladies."

"Pardon me," Romalees said, turning to Miss Raynor, "but the thoughts of London bring back to me many scenes I wish I could forget."

"But I like to know the truth," she cried earnestly. "Perhaps, some day—I don't know—but perhaps I shall be able to do some good in the world."

"Here! let's have dinner," Raynor broke in quickly. "You give me the blues, Havithang. Bless if I ever thought you were that sort. Here! Olive, you ask him about the theatres. That's more in his line."

Soon after dinner Mr. Raynor found that business demanded his attention, and Romalees was left alone in the big drawing-room with Olive. At her uncle's request she sang a few songs in an unaffected style, and then, turning round, she faced the visitor.

"I can't sing well," she said, laughingly; "only it pleases uncle."

"It pleased me," he said, and smiled. Then, seeing her frank eyes looking straight into his, shame overcame him, and he moved away.

"You hear such good singing in London," she said, "and I am sure you are so honest to flatter. I haven't a good voice for singing, have I?"

"You have a nice voice for speaking," he told her, smiling again, and then she laughed. It was impossible to be dull in her presence.

"There! that is honest," she declared in her unconventional way. "If you had insisted that I sang well I should not have trusted you again. Because uncle tells everyone that I shall be rich. I feel that people are not generally honest with me. It is a dreadful thought. I wish I could trust someone."

Romalees was on the point of telling her that she could trust him, and then the recollection of his mission silenced him. Already he saw that he had undertaken the impossible. Now he had to get out of the tangle the best way he could.

"Do tell me more about London and its poor people," she asked, breaking a moment's silence. "I am so interested. I know so little of the world. At school we are only told what our teachers con-

sider is nice for us to know. They think poverty horrid."

Romalees had thought her beautiful directly he saw her. He began to think her more beautiful than he had thought at first. As she sat upon the music-stool, her slim white hands crossed over one knee, her eyes, deep and full of light, shining with her earnestness, he believed that he saw a mind as beautiful as her outward self.

He described London as he had seen it in his days of want. Somehow he began to tell the tale of his own trouble, speaking of it as though it was that of some man when he had come across. Then he suddenly stopped.

"But there is a bright side," he said abruptly. "London has others than the miserable."

"I can guess the bright side," she said with a sigh; "so do please tell me more about the poor fellow you spoke of. Is he still so poor? And a gentleman too! Couldn't I help him without his knowing it? Oh! do let me do so through you."

A push of tears came into his eyes, so that he had to rise and turn away and fortively dry them. He despised emotional men, and yet for once in his life he could not control his feelings.

"Ah! I believe you've done it!" she cried enthusiastically. "Somehow, I can see that it is just what you would do. Do you know that you are quite different from what uncle described you? I thought you'd be rather frivolous."

"I don't think I'm frivolous; I'm learning," he said slowly. "I'm still learning a lot about myself that I never knew before, and what I'm learning—" He stopped abruptly, and went to the window.

There were gardens beyond, laid out in small beds cut out of velvet lawns, and these were gay with flowers. The sun was just setting, and peace was coming with the night, but it had no balm for his troubled spirit.

He must escape at once, he decided, for it was sufficient degradation that he had consented to become an imposter. In the morning he would make an excuse and disappear.

The horrors of the inhospitable streets came freshly to his mind, but new they did not daunt him. The memory of Olive

Raynor would help him to bear his trials, and, besides, he was strong again now. Perhaps in this part of the country he might obtain work on a farm, or, as he knew something of horses, he might become a groom. If ever he met Olive again it should be as an honest man.

He told her more about London, since she was persistent in her inquiries. He described the miseries of the arches as a wet night, with the wind driving in among the ill-dosed refugees there. He told her of the crowded streets, and of sympathetic policemen forced to unpleasant duties. He was still full of the subject when Mr. Raynor came in, and it had to be shelved.

"How are you getting on, my boy?" Raynor asked, after Olive had retired for the night. "She's all right, ain't she?"

"She deserves the best of husbands," Romaloe answered shortly. "You will have some trouble in finding one good enough."

"Oh! I've found him right enough," the elder man cried hoisterously, slapping his coat on the back. "And it strikes me she's of the same opinion already." He laughed hoisterously, his coarseness making Romaloe wince.

He kept up this style of conversation until bedtime brought relief, and these Romaloes was glad to be alone with his thoughts. He decided that it would not be fair to Havithang to tell Raynor the truth. If he did so Colonel Havithang would certainly suffer, and he thought that Raynor could be very hard on a man whom it pleased him to be so. So he settled to write and inform Havithang that he must throw up the business, and at the same time he meant to explain that Olive was not the sort of girl Havithang believed her to be.

But what of Olive's future, he wondered. Would she find a husband who would thoroughly appreciate her as he was sure he would have done? Her uncle would never understand her nature. He thought too much of money. He would probably compel her to marry some fortune-hunter. The thought was maddening, but it would not leave him. All night long he lay awake, planning and scheming, and always to find a way by which Olive should not be the worse because of his deceit.

He was up early next morning, tired and hopeless. Life seemed harder than ever now. He realized that he had had a glimpse into paradise, and that, being unworthy, he could never enter therein.

The mist was rising from the hills, and settling over the valleys like a great white sea of moving billows, when he went into the garden, to try once more to think out an excuse for leaving that morning. He would receive no post, and the only chance he saw was to go to the village post office and there to make belief to phone to town, and to find himself recalled.

He strolled in to the long straight road, and began walking down it, with eyes lowered, as he pondered miserably over his fall. In the days when he was starving he was an honest man. What would Olive think of him now, if she knew the truth? And he would give anything so that he might win her good opinion.

He was still looking down drearily when he heard her speak.

"Why, Mr. Havithang," she cried in surprise, "you are out early this morning." A basket was on her arm, and she blushed prettily as her eyes met his. He had been on an errand of mercy, and was confused to think that he had discovered it.

"You have your poor here as well as in London, I can see," he said as he stopped to talk to her; and she nodded assent, laughing a little.

"There's an old woman here who would starve if I did not help her. And yet I know she has money, but won't spend it. Of course, she says she has none. Oh! Mr. Havithang, I do hate deceit. Don't you?" And her frank eyes sought his.

He flushed like a schoolboy, with the knowledge of his own deceit heavy upon him. It was cruel that he had met her under circumstances which must for ever divide them. Fate had not yet done with her tortures for him, he thought bitterly.

"You hate deceit, don't you?" she repeated her question, a little surprised at his silence. Then he made an effort.

"I do," he said with feeling. "I loathe and detest it. Those who deceive such as you are unspeakable criminals."

She was surprised at the tone of his speech. There was something about him

that she could not understand. He was so different from what her uncle had led her to expect; but better—much better.

They walked in silence for a little way. He dreaded to show himself in his true colors. He was not brave enough to encounter her scorn, and yet she must sooner or later know everything. Those honest eyes of hers would then turn away from the man who had sold his soul for bread. He gave up the idea of going to the post-office and making pretence to be called to town. It seemed to him that he could not tell this lie to her without her finding it out, and then she would learn that he was full of lies. Therefore he walked back with her, and postponed his flight until some happy opportunity enabled him to get away without more deceit.

So the day passed, and another and another; and although he determined that each one must be the last, yet he lingered on, unable to tear himself away, and dreading the parting more and more.

On the tenth morning he rose earlier than usual and packed his portmanteau. He was desperate now, and his departure could no longer be stayed. He decided not to say good-bye to Olive or to make any excuse. They must think what they liked about him, and whatever they thought would not be as bad as he deserved. At least, there should be no more deceit—that he had settled with himself.

When he reached the hall the first servants, only just come down, were starting dusting and sweeping. They hardly noticed him as he opened the front door and went out. He knew that he had left all happiness behind him now, but he did not falter. He was half-way down the garden when from an upper window Olive called to him. His first impulse was to run, but his training compelled courtesy. He turned and raised his hat. Olive was dressed for walking, looking fresh and charming as she stood there framed by the window.

"Are you going away?" she asked, seeing his portmanteau.

"I must," he answered; and her look of dismay aroused in him a feeling of satisfaction which he found it impossible to suppress.

"Won't you say good-bye to me? I'm coming down."

She disappeared, and he wondered whether he ought not to run away while there was yet time; but before he could make up his mind she was by his side.

"You did not tell me you were going," she said, a little show of fear in her eyes. "Why didn't you want me to know?"

"Because—" He hesitated for a moment, and then a sudden impulse forced a confession from him. "Because I am here under false pretences," he blurted out. "Because I came here on a disgraceful mission."

"A disgraceful mission?" she repeated, paling. He saw her lips tremble and her hands clench upon a stick that she was carrying. "I can't believe that. What do you mean?"

He steeled himself now, knowing that there was no escape. He began by explaining that he was the man whom he had described to her as starving in the streets of London. He saw her sympathy in her eyes, and encouraged by it he went on to tell her of his temptation, making little of his desire to help Colonel Havithang. He tried to slur over this matter, lest she should fear her uncle; yet he felt that he must mention it in order that she might be upon her guard.

"Surely my uncle would not be so cruel?" she said brokenly at last. She had questioned him so that he had been compelled to tell more than he had meant to.

"It is probably a mere threat," he answered. They walked on through the garden in silence, and turned into the road. He hardly dared to look at her now; he felt his shame so deeply.

"I should not have told you about your uncle," he said at last, "only I feared that you might be tricked into marrying someone unworthy of you."

"There must be some truth in it," she said, after another pause; "for once I heard my uncle say that he had Colonel Havithang under his thumb. I thought it a joke then, but now—" She pressed her handkerchief to her eyes, but in a moment she was mistress of herself again.

"I feel sure that you wouldn't have tried to deceive me had you not wanted to serve the colonel," she said quietly. She

was quite calm now, but Romalees could guess some of the emotions that disturbed her.

"I cannot even adopt that excuse," he answered, still afraid to look straight at her. "I was starving and mad. I did not know then that there are worse things than starvation."

They were well down the road by this time, and of a sudden she stopped.

"You mustn't go from here yet," she said earnestly. "I must find a way to save the colonel first. Now that I know all, there can be no hurry for you."

"I will do what you tell me to," he replied sadly. "That is the least thing I can do. Yet my shame will make me say a heavier punishment than I have ever borne before."

She sighed, and made no answer, and as he followed her back to the house they did not speak again.

III.

THE DISCOVERY

The day passed drearily. The mill-owner's jests jarred upon Romalees and the girl, and Olive's attempt to conceal her trouble would have been noticed by anyone less self-satisfied than Mr. Raynor.

After dinner he ostentatiously left the young people together in the drawing-room, where Olive sat at the piano, playing some plaintive melody which sounded inexplicably sad to the man who knew that he had put a gulf between them.

He noticed that she had been weeping, and he longed to make amonement, but he had nothing to offer. He had sinned, and his sin had found him out.

At last she turned upon the stool and faced him. She was very pale, but her eyes were steady now, and they looked straight into his.

"I have been questioning uncle," she said, choking back a little sob, "and I find that he has some papers which give him a hold over Colonel Havtham. I hope—I think—that his threat to use them would never be carried out"—she held up a slim hand warningly. "Please let me think so, at any rate, and don't let me otherwise."

"I am glad you think so," he answered. "I hope and trust you are right."

"He has been very good and kind to

me," she went on, catching her breath, "and if he would do wrong it is with the mistaken idea of benefiting me. Still, the colonel must not remain under such dread as oppresses him now. If it was not that uncle wants me to marry well, there would be no trouble, I am sure. It is horrible enough without that. It is terrible to think that I was to be foisted on a man who never wanted me, and who would regard me as a burden." She clenched her hands as she spoke, and her face flushed angrily. "Could anything be more degrading for a woman?" she cried, panting in an agony of grief.

"If only——," he began, and then was silent. For a moment he had forgotten that he had placed himself outside the pale.

"And so——," she continued, and then stopped as suddenly as he had done. There was silence for a minute, and he bent his head so that he might not see her face when she gave her verdict. "The anxiety must be blighting the colonel's life," she added with a sigh.

"I should say it was," he replied, echoing her sigh.

"There is only one way out, so far as I can see," she said, almost in a whisper, turning the stool so that she looked away from him. "I must marry you."

He sprang to his feet with a cry, but she motioned him to sit down again.

"Wait," she said faintly, as though the scene was overpowering her, "wait until I have explained all. I do not see any other way to get the papers, and they must be got, not only for the colonel's sake, but also to save uncle from doing so wicked a thing as he has threatened. He will give up the papers the morning we are married, and then we shall say good-bye." He watched her struggle to appear composed, not daring to speak.

"If ever you should want money then——," she began, but he sprang to his feet and interrupted her.

"Do not think me as mean as that," he said, hoarse with emotion.

"You will have to obtain a special licence," she told him, calming herself by an effort, "and we shall be obliged to get married without telling uncle, because of your name. I shall leave you to make all necessary arrangements."

"I will do everything," he agreed quietly. She glanced at him quickly and then looked down again.

"I will write to you in about a month. I want you to go away now. I will tell uncle we are engaged. I am sure you will make it all as easy for me as you can. Good-bye."

She gave him her hand; it was cold and lifeless. Half an hour later he had left the house without having to bid farewell to his host.

A month later he met her at a little church near Bradford. No confidences passed between them, and their meeting had more formality about it than when he had gone out the first morning after he had seen her and found her in the road near her uncle's house. They walked straight up to the altar, and two witnesses were sent for.

Then began the solemn service that was to make the twin one, and his heart seemed to swell and swell until he could hardly breathe. His sin had reached a climax, now that this mockery was forcing her, whom he had learned to love so dearly, to tell lies that must be for ever recorded against her. He glanced at her, and saw how pale her face was. Her lips were set, and he could not see into her eyes. Her hand trembled when he held it, with the ring upon it, which should have given them endless happiness.

The clergyman, an old man, gave them some good advice before they rose, and every word cut into John Romalees' heart, and was graven there. A motor-car was in waiting, and Mr. Raynor had been warned, so that when they reached his house they found him radiant with delight and quite ready to excuse the secrecy that had been practised.

"Young folks have their whims and fancies these days," was all he said. "And, after all, so long as it's done proper, what does it matter? Olive, my dear, I'm a very happy man. Now I know you've got a husband to look after you as will never forsake you, whatever happens. I've something for him." He turned away abruptly and went to his study, while Romalees asked his young wife for guidance.

"Tell me what I am to do next," he asked in desperation, "and forgive me before we part."

"I am coming as far as London with you," she answered, still keeping her face away from him. "I shall write to uncle from there and confess. He will forgive me, I am certain."

He did not dare to comment lest he betrayed his feelings, nor was he sure whether he would have the blow of parting fall at once or whether he was glad to have it postponed. Then Mr. Raynor came hurriedly in and placed a bundle of papers in his hand. His face was flushed and his eyes moist, so that he seemed little like a villain.

"Give these to the dad, my boy," he said, "and just call his attention to the fact that I cut off his signatures long ago. Tell him that it was only because I wanted to make sure of my girl marrying a gentleman that I kept them at all, and didn't tell him they were harmless. Ask him to forgive and forget for his new daughter's sake. She's worth it, my boy; she is indeed." He blew his nose violently, and Romalees wished a thousand times that he had never deceived the old fellow. His own love for Olive made Raynor's fault less in his eyes, for he was sure that he would have done anything in his power to make her happy, even though he sinned against others in so doing.

There was no breakfast after this strange marriage. Olive made an excuse that they had a train to catch, and half an hour later they were again in the motor hurrying to the railway station. They did not speak, and Romalees sat watching the treasure that had been lent to him for so short a time, trying to make up his mind to accept the inevitable without delay. The train was just coming in, and by this time he had quite made up his plans. He obtained a ticket for Olive, saw her comfortably placed in a corner seat, and then waited on the platform for the end of all things, so far as hope and happiness were concerned.

"Aren't you coming in?" she asked, looking frightened.

"No; I am going back to tell your uncle what a blackguard I am," he answered, trying to show a calmness that he was far from feeling. "Then he will go after you and take care of you. Wire where he can find you."

She sprang from her seat, and opening the carriage door with nervous hands,

jumped out just as the train was moving. He had to catch her in his arms to save her from falling.

"I am coming back with you," she declared shakily, nor could his arguments alter her decision. The journey by road was again passed in silence until they had almost reached the house.

"I want you to stay while I see him first," she said.

He bowed his head gravely; he had no further arguments to offer. Then he sat in the car while she went indoors, and added to his torments as only a repentant man can. It seemed hours before Raynor came to the door and quietly asked him to come in.

"I am the chief one to blame," the mill-owner said, when they were within the library. "Olive has told me all. It's hurt me more than I can tell you, and the kindest thing that you can do for me is to say nothing."

"But Olive!" Romaleus said. "I have ruined her life."

"She'll speak for herself," was the reply. "And now you and me can shake hands," and he offered his hand.

Romaleus took it mechanically, his thoughts centred on the wife who was ever to be a stranger to him.

Then Raynor left, and Olive slowly came into the room. She looked anxious, and yet not as sad as she had done.

"Husband," she whispered. He started, moving a little way toward her, and then stopping, lest he had mistaken. "John, we are forgiven," she said, and with a cry of joy ran to his arms, and sobbed while he held her to him as though he were afraid of losing her.

"I never meant to leave you," she said softly, "but I did so want you to beg me not to go from you."

Then he told all that he had with such efforts kept to himself, and she was satisfied.



HOW FIRST SHE CAME

When first she came, the month was May,
A robin whistled far away;
She stood beside the door a while,
Her lips half parted in a smile;
My shabby room, I feared, looked gray.

I hardly knew just what to say,—
My study was not meant for style,
The books lay round in many a pile.

When first she came.

She would not read, but said she'd stay
And be a fairy for the day,
Creating beauty to beguile
The cossaway on learning's isle;
She brought some flowers to make things gay.

Thus first she came.

—Fred Jacob.

THE BEST FROM THE CURRENT MAGAZINES

How Germany Went to Morocco

A fascinating little story touching international politics, and one incidentally which is all the more interesting in view of the continued strained relations between France and Germany, is told in the English Review.

People have often asked, says the article, why Germany ever departed from her attitude of watchful aloofness towards that country. Her best statesman regarded the land of the Moors as an apple of discord wherewith to set England and France by the ears, just as Persia and Afghanistan seemed to him peculiarly adapted for the purpose of keeping mistrust and hatred between Russia and Britain continually simmering. That is one of the methods of German diplomacy. The answer commonly given to this question is that Prince Bismarck struck out a line of policy very different from that of Prince Bismarck. He discerned the advantage of direct interference as a means of putting pressure upon France sufficient to make her pliant. In other words, Germany's present policy is part of a cleverly laid plan conceived by a statesman who saw things clearly and looked far ahead.

As a matter of fact, Germany's present attitude on the Morocco question is the result of a casual trip made very unwillingly by his majesty, the Kaiser, which in its origin and conception had as little to do with politics as had Teutonic steeple to do with Goodwin Sands.

When France, in virtue of her agreement with Great Britain, formally assumed a preponderant political part in More-

co, Germany had acquiesced, confining her pre-occupation to her commercial interests, and had accepted France's readily given assurance that these would be respected religiously. That was the first act of the drama.

After this the curtain was rung up on a bit of romance which seems oddly out of place in a serious political drama. But it is truth—truth of the kind that sounds stranger than fiction, and is often much less credible. The month of March was well advanced. In Berlin, balmy breezes were just beginning to awaken thoughts and feelings of spring in the minds and hearts of ordinary citizens, and Court officials were planning the Kaiser's Lenten cruise in the Mediterranean. Only the outline now needed filling in. What places should his Majesty touch at? "Why not pay a visit to Algiers?" asked one. "An excellent plan," remarked another, "it will give his Majesty an opportunity of . . ."

"Tangier is the place the Emperor ought to call at; it offers many advantages," suggested another. This idea was new, bold, Wilhelmesque, so to say, and after a little discussion it was adopted. But with the advent of a critical geographer came doubts and misgivings, and the plan was seriously called in question. This gentleman's objection was grave. "Tangier cannot be included among the places of call," he said, "because there is not water enough in the roadstead to allow the Hohenzollerns to anchor there." Here was a difficulty with a vengeance. It would never do to send the Imperial

yacht to a place where the water was too shallow to enable it to enter. "But is it a fact that the water is not deep enough?" another inquired. "Nobody could answer authentically. Finally, it was decided to address the question to some one on the spot.

From Berlin an urgent telegram was despatched to the German representative at Tangier, inquiring whether there was water enough in the ruse-dee to enable the Imperial yacht to anchor there. As this official possessed no cypher, the message was despatched *en clair*, and could be read by everyone in the telegraph office. The official, replying in the same way, stated that there was quite enough water to accommodate the Imperial yacht. That settled the matter. The plan was approved definitely; the Kaiser would visit Tangier. As yet, however, Wilhelm II. knew nothing about it. He had not been consulted. But it was assumed that he would raise no objection. In any case they would approach him on the subject.

Meanwhile the contents of the telegram had leaked out at Tangier, as all secrets are wont to do in such little places in the East. Ill-natured foreigners say it was the English who revealed them. More accurate observers set it down to people of another nationality. But the relevant point is that a journalist got hold of the news, and the *Times* was enabled to publish a telegram from Tangier announcing as imminent a visit of Kaiser Wilhelm to Tangier. The sensation was world-wide. Kaiser Wilhelm among the Moors! Vernal madness! This visit, politicians said, would be a much more disturbing factor in European politics than his Majesty's solemn entry on a white charger into Jerusalem or his symposium with Abdul Hamid had been. It would be a wanton provocation, said the French. Brief, the project seemed so freighted with dubious consequences that many doubted whether it would be carried out.

Among the personages to whom the announcement came as a stunning surprise were the Imperial Chancellor and his august master, to whom the principal role in the political adventure was assigned. And the Kaiser's astonishment was tinged with annoyance. He resented the liberty taken. He had given no thought to poli-

tics in connection with his coming cruise, certainly none to *la haute politique*. It was to be a cruise and nothing more. Individuals, French, American, or others, he might, of course, receive, as he had done so often before, and enjoy a quiet *chat de convivia rebuts de quinquina abis*. But to turn a much-needed holiday into an international demonstration and cause a flutter of trepidation among the friends of peace throughout the world! No, this was too much. He would not join two aims so disparate as private pleasure and international politics.

Besides, he had disinterested himself and his Government politically in Morocco. Had he not charged Prince von Bulow to declare that Germany acquiesced in the Anglo-French agreement on the international status of that realm? This important declaration had been made only a few days ago. How could he now embark on an undertaking which would belie all this, and perhaps jeopardise the peace of Europe? In truth, he had gone much further. Prince had received positive encouragement from Germany to go ahead. The Kaiser had often alluded to Morocco as French, doing it deliberately and with a purpose. In conversation with the military attaché of the Republic, for example, he had employed the phrase "Voire Maroc," with emphasis, and gazing intently into his hearer's sparkling eyes the while. The Emperor knew, could not but know, that these words which were honey-drops to a French officer were reported to the Government of the Republic, and had been taken to heart by the President and the Ministers. And could he now unmake and undo all this? Evidently not. *Notables oblige*. Besides, why should he. His views had undergone no change. Nothing had happened to modify them. His court officials had gone too far. They had acted with seal unweighed with discretion. It was rash on their part to venture into the sphere of politics without taking a competent guide. They ought to have consulted somebody—Herr von Schoen, for example. True, Herr von Schoen was absent. . . . Well, in any case the Emperor's mind was made up. He would set his face against the project. The cruise would be nothing but a cruise, as it professed to be. He would touch

only at harmless ports and steer clear of Tangier.

At this conjuncture Prince von Bulow enters on the scene. Having learned from the *Times* telegram that the Kaiser had decided to see Morocco for himself, the Imperial Chancellor asked for an audience. He was received. "I have come," he said, "to offer my loyal and respectful congratulations to your Majesty on the brilliant idea you have conceived of affording the Moslems of Morocco an opportunity of doing homage to the powerful friend of the Caliph of all Islam. They will appreciate it thoroughly, and so will your Majesty's subjects at home, for it will do more to raise the prestige of the Empire than anything your Majesty's Government could have suggested. It is in truth a brilliant coup."

But the Kaiser knitted his brows, listened coldly to his Chancellor, and responded in a different key. He replied that the idea was noisive. He had neither originated nor approved it. Neither would he carry it out. He would not go to Tangier. Such a visit would do more harm than good. It would run counter to the Imperial policy announced and pursued heretofore. In a word, the Kaiser showed himself resolutely adverse to the scheme. The Chancellor insisted, giving reasons for his view and endeavoring to weaken those adduced by his sovereign. The Emperor, however, turned the conversation, and soon after the Chancellor departed. But Prince Bulow did not let the matter drop. He spoke of it to several courtiers who had frequent intercourse with his Majesty, and he urged them to recommend it. Patrioticism prompted his action and would warrant theirs. Some of them mentioned the subject to the Kaiser, but stopped short when they found that they were knocking at a closed door. None of them received encouragement, and some met with rebuffs. The Emperor seemed determined not to reconsider his refusal.

Meanwhile, preparations, official and unofficial, for the cruise went on apace. Abroad it was assumed that the Kaiser's visit had been decided upon. But this was an error. Even those who were to accompany his Majesty, and who met in Berlin, had to admit among themselves that the programme was an unknown

quantity. Would they or would they not touch at Tangier. Apparently not. Comparing notes, they elicited the fact that the Emperor had not said or done anything that could be construed as a token that he had changed his mind. And there was not the slightest reason for assuming that he had been won over to the plan but was keeping his conversion secret. Presumably, they would not land in Morocco. The scheme was given up. It was with this conviction that they quitted Berlin and started on their journey. All this time the monarch had been reading with intense interest the leaders and special articles which the tidings of his intended visit to Tangier called forth at home and abroad. Prince von Bulow took care that his Majesty should see every note and comment calculated to convince him of the wisdom of going to Morocco, and he had but to wish for such articles and they filled the papers forthwith like flowers called into existence by the wand of a magician. But the Emperor read in silence.

The cruise began well, but brought no change. The subject of Tangier was tabooed on board. The Imperial yacht touched at Lisbon and anchored there. But there was no symptom pointing to an intention on his Majesty's part to land on the soil of Morocco. At last the time allotted to Lisbon was up. The Hohenzollern weighed anchor. The vessel began to move out of the Tagus, slowly at first, then more rapidly, and all at once the news spread: "The Emperor has given orders to make for Tangier. We are going to Morocco, then, after all." What had influenced the Kaiser to forego his resolve and do the bidding of his Chancellor? Was it the arguments marshalled by Prince von Bulow? Was it the advocacy of the courtiers, or the approval lavished in advance by the Press? Probably no one will ever know.

Was the Kaiser then really converted to the plan he had so resolutely opposed? No, not yet. At least not wholly. He was entertaining it, weighing pros and cons, peering ahead and looking backwards, counting up the cost. But he still wavered. He had not yet fully made up his mind. The Hohenzollern was meanwhile bearing him rapidly nearer to Moorish waters. The critical moment was ap-

prossing. The vessel steamed into the roadstead of Tangier. Here, at last, was Morocco. What would the next step be? The weather was unfavourable on the last day of March, 1905. The water was the reverse of smooth, foam-crowned waves caused the lighter craft to rise and fall, and the wind was freshening. The Kaiser still hesitated whether to land or to return without setting foot on the territory of the Sultan. He watched and waited. Meanwhile, the foreign vessels stationed at Tangier saluted the Hohenzollern and the commanders went on board to pay their respects to the Imperial visitor.

And now comes one of the cruellest strokes of irony in the story. The French commander received a superlatively warm welcome from the Kaiser. He was a genuine, rough sea-dog, a latter-day Joan Bart, whose brogue, seamenlike frankness, and at a moment's notice be transformed into dare-devil prowess. The Kaiser plied him with questions on naval subjects, and seemed delighted with his pithy replies and the way in which they were given. Then suddenly came the fateful query. Pointing to the roughening water the monarch asked: "Is it possible to land to-day without danger?" The answer was an emphatic affirmative, an affirmative that came with the cheery tones of an incentive that whets desire. And it was that reply which settled the matter. Thereupon, the Kaiser issued the order to man the launch and prepare to go ashore. In this way the cause was set operative of all the subsequent international trouble which brought Europe in sight of war, and still trails its slow length along. The irony of fate willed it that it should be an honest Frenchman devoid of political guile who turned the scale with his "Possible? Mais assurément. Pourquoi pas?"

The Kaiser went ashore, and Tangier was transformed. The streets appeared clean—for this occasion only. From the balconies hung many-colored flags, crowds of graceful figures in flowing draperies of white filled the narrow thoroughfares. Si Abdul Malek Muli Hassan, the Sultan's uncle, appeared to welcome the Imperial visitor, and brought gifts of horses, oxen, sheep, and other offerings galore. The Emperor mounts his charger. As he moves forward a French lady throws a

tricolor bouquet to which a long train of crepe is attached—a reminder of the lost provinces. The Imperial charger, startled, rears on his hind legs. At last the Kaiser starts on his two hours' visit. It was during those two hours that he declared that the Sultan of Morocco is "an absolutely independent sovereign," and that he, Kaiser Wilhelm, would treat directly with him. The semi-official Press in Berlin took their cue from these words, and an anti-French campaign was inaugurated which led to the fall of M. Delcasse, the diplomatic conflict with M. Rouvier, the conference of Algiers, and the present entanglements.

Such is the genesis of Germany's Moroccan policy. The German nation, as a whole, are entirely ignorant of its origin, and we, of course, regard it as part of the Emperor's genial statesmanship, whereas in reality it was as sudden and accidental as was the famous telegram to President Kruger. They call it "Plötzlichkeitspolitik" in German. It may be styled the policy of the unexpected.

And when people ask, "What is Germany seeking in Morocco, what deep-laid plot of demoralization or expropriation has she laid there, is it a port she wants, a coaling station, mines, land, or what?" the true answer is quite as simple and, to the general, quite as unexpected. As it was chance that took the Emperor to Morocco, so now he uses it in exactly similar fashion, suddenly, unexpectedly, at hap-hazard, as a pawn in the Kriegspiel of diplomacy, for this and that purpose.

He sticks to it because out of the medley of international condominium something assuredly will issue. It may be a port, a concession, an actual demarcation of sphere of influence. That is not the question. The question is that some good, some benefit must inevitably accrue to Germany. It must, because with her power, and her recent rapprochement with Russia, the German and Austrian armies are the controlling influence on the Continent. It has been well said that Germany occupies the same position in Europe to-day as did Napoleon after Jena. And it is the key to the whole situation. That being so, the Moroccan question may be viewed quietly. Neither France nor Germany desires a war about Morocco. The entire situation is one of diplomatic

bluff, out of which Germany, with her major power, confidently anticipates some substantial compensation.

Nor, from our point of view—from the military point of view, of course—would it seriously matter to us if France agreed to present Germany with a port, or, indeed, gave her such sphere of influence as she might please. A port in Morocco would decentralize the German Navy. It would be a source of weakness to Germany in time of naval war. From the English standpoint it is ludicrous to pretend that we have any reason to complain if the defensible area of Germany is extended. The very contrary is the case. The more Germany enlarges her line of defence, the more vulnerable, in time of warfare, would she be to us. It may be said outright that Germany's encroachment at Agadir would materially weaken her naval arm.

The really serious part in the Moroccan affair is this disposition of Germany to

invalidate international treaties at will and pleasure, for here the ethical side of diplomacy is offended, and things that are inherently immaterial in themselves assume the gravity of serious crises. On three occasions Germany solemnly entered into agreement with France regarding the problems and respective rights in Morocco, accepting the principle of international control, and three times now she has cast her agreement to the winds. On each occasion the Moroccan question has become a grave international concern, because there are other signatories to the agreements, and if treaties are to have any value at all it is considered wise to adhere to them. The question arises: Why does Germany enter, apparently loyally, into agreements if she reserves the right to break them? And the corollary presents itself: What is the use, therefore, of entering into agreements with Germany if she has no intention to respect them? And that is, in fine, the problem.

As an East Indian Sees America

IF people are sufficiently courageous they may wish to see themselves as others see them. But it would take courage to face some peoples' opinions of some of us. It is especially so in the certain instance we have in mind wherein, as shown in the article which we reprint herewith, an East Indian tells how he saw the United States.

His article does not mention Canada, and indeed we are anxious to believe that although we do live side by side the average Canadian is a more mannerly animal than the average American. There is, however, no doubt that, had Mr. Singh extended his visit to this country he would have had something to say of us too—probably not complimentary. Mr. Singh in effect states that he was treated with abominable rudeness in the United States. Reading his article one is compelled to admit that in our eyes more of his experiences were quite commonplace, but through his eyes, we see them differently.

Even, he says, writing in *The Hindustan Review*,—even though the stranger may draw himself as does the American of his standing, if his features are of a slightly different cast, his hair of a somewhat different hue, he is liable to be singled out and stared at. The street gamins are apt to insultingly call him a "ladger," if his complexion happens to be a little bit dark. I have known American boys and girls, of various ages, to follow me in droves as I walked along on the sidewalks of American metropolises; these urchins yelling and screaming and calling me all manner of names as they went along, their number being constantly reinforced. The very first hour I spent on the American continent, and before I had become callous to American impudence, was about the most miserable hour I have spent in my life. I was walking down from the wharf, where I had landed, to the city of Seattle, Washington, leisurely taking in the sights, which then appeared to me to be wonderful in the sense of being new. I

had gone but a short distance when a crowd of boys and girls, some shabbily, some stylishly dressed, formed a ring around me and sped on as I did. It is the fashion in the United States for men to shave the face clean. My beard and long hair attracted the attention of the gamins. "Mr., there is a barber shop around the corner. You better get a shave," yelled one of the boys. "Yes. And get a hair cut while you are about it," shouted another. "Better get two hair cuts while you are about it," called out a third. Amidst this yelling, impudent crowd, I, an utter stranger in the country and continent, felt as does a Negro who is being taken to a tree to be lynched by an infuriated American mob. Surrounded by this conglomerate procession as I went on my way, the urchins would yell "Skidos," "23 for you!" These happened to be the current phrases which were the rage of the time when I landed on the continent about four years ago, and I had to bear the brunt of them. I did not know what the terms meant as they were yelled at me; and it was good that I was ignorant of their significance, for, translated into plain, everyday English, these phrases meant no less than: "Get ye gone," and, to be sure, if I had fathomed their meaning I certainly would have been inexorably dejected, harassed and discomfited as I was by the little brutes who were hectoring me.

"Get ye gone!" That was the welcome America gave me when I landed on the continent; but that was not the last of that kind of welcome that the people of the United States were to accord me during my extended sojourn in the land of the Stars and Stripes. The very first impression I formed of America was its rudeness to strangers of different appearance from the citizens of the land. The very first conclusion I arrived at in the United States was the fact that I would have to put up with a great deal of impudent notice. It was providential that the very first day of my arrival on the continent, I registered a vow not to permit myself to be tormented by the ungentlemanly and lol the ungentlewomanly attention paid to my brown visage and raven-black hair: for had I allowed myself to be discomfited by American rudeness, I certainly would have seen the in-

side of a lunatic asylum within the first six months of my residence in the United States.

As I open the flood-gates of my memory, reminiscences of American unmanliness force themselves on me. I was in Chicago at the time the last Republican convention was held at which the Honorable William Howard Taft was nominated as the candidate of the Republican party for President of the United States. I wanted to go to the Convention to see what it was like, and I went to the office of the Secretary of the Convention Committee to endeavour to obtain a ticket of admittance. On the second floor of the Coliseum—a mammoth building, containing one of the largest halls in the world—was the office of the man whom I had to see in order to obtain what I was after. The corridor in front of this office was packed with men. A newspaper man I knew volunteered the information that amongst the crowd were prominent political bosses, also Senators and Congressmen and newspaper correspondents from the large metropolitan daily papers of the continent. The Secretary of the Reception Committee of the Convention was engaged, and I had to wait ten minutes before being admitted into his presence. I leaned back against a wall and began to take in what was going on around me.

As I stood watching the men standing about me in small knots, talking to one another, apparently about some absorbing topic, a man tapped me on the shoulder. He was a great deal taller than I was, and so I looked up I found that he was faultlessly dressed in expensive clothes. He wore gold-trimmed spectacles. A massive gold chain bridged his two lower waist-coat pockets and from this hung a huge gold fob. He had on his fingers two or three rings set with sparkling diamonds, and carried in his hand a gold-headed cane. A diamond stud adorned his stiff-boomed boiled shirt. These details impressed me and as I scanned this man's face, which was blacker than my boots (he was an Afro-American) he spoke to me in elegant English:

"Beg your pardon, Mister, but will you tell me who you are?"

I knew what my questioner wanted to find out. He wished to know whether

or not I was a Negro. But in order to have some fun at his expense, I said unhesitatingly, "I am a newspaper man. Does he (meaning the Secretary whom I was to see) want me to come in now?" I asked him, carrying the joke further and making him feel that, despite the gold and diamonds on his person, I regarded him as the office boy of the Secretary.

"Oh! I am not an office boy. I should think you could have seen that," he rejoined sarcastically.

"Then, pray, why bother me with the question?" I asked mischievously.

Rebuffed, the "colored" gentleman walked off with an air of injured pride. What he thought of me, I never learned, save what I scanned from his angry face. No sooner was I alone than another man—this time a "white" man—who stood beside me, volunteered:

"Bravo! Well done! I am glad you squelched that nigger. He controls a few colored votes and feels that he is the boss of everybody. We toady to him at election time, but after November 3rd we will not hesitate to show him his place. It certainly was a mistake to make the nigger the white man's equal. The colored man was made to take orders from the white man, and no matter how much you may whitewash him, he still remains a nigger."

This man was a Southerner. His accent and sentiment revealed beyond mistake his identity. After he had finished his diatribe on the inferiority of the colored race, I said:

"Well, I am a colored man myself—not a Negro, but still a colored man. But so far as impudence is concerned, the white man can't be beat." Then I told him what happened to me a few mornings previously. I had my Indian head-rings on, and when I boarded a street-car I walked down the aisle looking for a seat and found there was just one seat available in the car, half of it being occupied by a woman. No sooner had I sat down when she turned around and began to boldly stare at my face. It was my turban that most interested her. Presently she said:

"Is it not too bad to have your head bandaged so? What kind of an accident did you have?"

"The accident of being born in India, madam, and traveling in a curiously cured land. I don't need sympathy, since my head does not hurt me."

What monumental ignorance did this question reveal, I thought to myself.

I remember a somewhat analogous incident. An oldish American woman brought a wet towel and began to rub my forehead with it, as hard as she could. When asked to explain why she did so, she said she was trying to see if she could rub the brownish-black stain from my face. She declared I spoke English like an American, and she was trying to discover if I was merely masquerading as an (East) Indian for some ulterior motive. I was furiously enraged at the performance; but the woman went about it in such solemn earnestness that to this day I have never been able to decide whether she was cracking a joke at my expense, or was in earnest, actuated by prejudice and ignorance.

It is this darning of the American women that irritates an Oriental sojourner in America. Your Yankee friend is likely to coolly ask you to lay bare the innermost secrets of your soul—and to do it in the most nonchalant manner, disguising it under the cloak of a joke. An Indian friend of mine had resided for a long time in an eastern (Eastern United States) city, and had formed many valuable friendships. One evening he called with me on two sisters and their mother. As we were sitting idly gossiping, the conversation turned on marriage in India. One of the sisters suddenly asked my friend:

"How about your wife, Mr. —?"

She is all right," he replied, just as hastily as the query was put to him.

"Why, Mr. —, you said you were not married at all," triumphantly put in the other sister, with a touch of grim humor. The discomfiture of my friend is easier imagined than described. Yet the young American woman was actuated by "amusement"—probably jocoseness—to ask such a question: or maybe the mind of the American woman, like that of the woman of other countries, works in devious grooves and perhaps there was a deeper motive for this query than I divined. All the same, it was the bold, nonchalant manner of the woman that impressed me most, and it

certainly was illustrative of a similar trait in the average American woman — and vice versa.

This spirit of nonchalance in the American is so well cultivated that you cannot rebuff it. At least, such has been my experience. More than anything else, you cannot whip an American at argument so that he will stay whipped. He never acknowledges his defeat, and the minute you get off his breast he rises, forgets his bruises, and begins to charge you once again, trying to down you if he can. Many a time this conclusion has forced itself on me until now it has become part of my working philosophy in America. As an instance of how impossible it is to rebuff an American, I will cite a personal incident. Wherever I go in America, whether it be a crowded metropolis, or a thinly-settled country site—wherever I meet in America, be the person man or woman, rich or poor, cultivated or illiterate—sooner or later, directly or indirectly, I am asked the question: "How old are you?" Poor John Chinaman gets the brunt of the blame for asking such an impertinent question: but I can swear to it that I have found the American to be absolutely the limit in this respect. I do not know whether other people have had the same experience or not; but I have. As a rule, this question is asked me in all frankness and sincerity. It is the editor of a newspaper who has hurriedly looked through my scrap-book and seen the articles I have contributed to newspapers and magazines of various lands. The editor looks at my face, which is minus a single furrow of care or anxiety. He then shifts his eyes to my hair, which has been, until recently, unstreaked with silver. Then comes the question: "By the way, you are not very old—are you?" Now when the question is asked, the only thing to do is to simply state the case. Evasion will not avail. I have tried it—without success. For instance, I may say: "I am not a hundred thousand years old." Quick as a flash comes reply from the editor. "I knew that; but how old are you, anyway?" If it is a society leader, a woman with money and power (whatever that word may mean) she asks you this question more politely and she repeats her query less brusquely; but the insistence is

there, the same quality, the same quantity of insistence. The young woman will say, for instance: "So you have been away from home for — years?" and you will say "Yes." She will talk for an hour about what you saw in foreign lands, and then will come the query: "And how old were you when you left home?" When she has the answers to her two questions, your age is just a matter of simple arithmetic. If you somewhat hesitate to state just how old you are, you will be condescendingly told: "My question may sound impolite, but we are interested (this word is drawn out, inter-est-ed) in you." Funny interest, you may say to yourself, that hinges on one's age; but you cannot put off your friend by any adventitious means. She wants to know — she has made up her mind to know—she will know—and the best course you can adopt is to let her know. Otherwise there is a divorce between you and your peace of mind. I once tested the ingenuity of a woman friend as to her ability to find opportunities and ways to pick out of me just how old I was. She asked me a half dozen times, not once putting to me a direct question. A half dozen different ages I gave her, and each time she laughed. At last came my birthday, and she, unembarrassed, asked me how many times she must "spank" me, explaining that in her part of the country it was the custom to spank a friend or relative on his birthday, as many times as he was years old. This was really ingenious—at least it appeared so to me—and I rewarded her stick-to-it-iveness and patience by honestly answering her question.

This pestering perseverance and impertinent audacity in the American are truly galling to a foreigner, especially so during the initial stage of his sojourn in the country. Equally discomfiting is the fact that the average American feels that there is no one who is of so fine a calibre as the citizen of the United States. He considers himself to be by far the highest evolved—the flower of creation. The United States and the American are *it* (to use an Americanism)—all else is second-rate or good for nothing. As to the Asiatic, his head is filled with mashed potatoes instead of brains. The orthodox American regards the Oriental as a huge joke. All kinds of fun

are had at his expense. I remember the case of a young Chinese, a very bright fellow, who came to the United States some time ago to study political economy. He spoke English imperfectly, and, as is the case with most Chinamen, he would say "I" where he ought to say "r." Consequently he would call "rice," "rice," and "Mr. Lice" was the name by which he became popularly known. A young American boarding in the same family as did the Chinaman, taught the Celestial to drink his tea with a tablespoon, to eat his pie with a knife, saw his bread with his teaspoon, eat his soup with a fork, and other ludicrous things, telling him that they were essentially high-bred table manners in America. I had the painful experience of seeing the Chinaman make a fool of himself at an important function. Every one present enjoyed the joke, except the Celestial, who was utterly oblivious of the fun that was being had at his expense.

The Chinaman had cut off his queue and dressed like an American college man. His eyes were but slightly oblique. In fact, there was nothing but a very slight suggestion about his features of his Mongolian origin. One Sunday he went to the Post Office to get his mail. Nearly everybody, men, women, boys and girls, in the larger American cities, goes to the Post Office to get mail on Sunday, there being no carrier delivery on the Sabbath. In the rounds of the Post Office my Celestial friend met a crowd of people, all waiting for the doors to open. As he stood there he heard a knot of three young women talking. One said: "Look at the Chink!" The second interjected, "Why, Isabel! He is a right handsome fellow." The third articulated, "Yes, Isabel, you ought to marry the yellow beast." "No!

Excuse me!" rejoined Isabel, shuddering as if the suggestion was contaminating.

My friend from China was greatly wrought up over this incident. He was hyper-sensitive, on the one hand, and without a sense of humour, on the other. Naturally he took the insult to heart and was grieving over it. "Isn't there any way of stopping this nonsense?" he asked me in all earnestness. "Couldn't I call an officer to my help?" he continued impassionately. "You certainly could call a policeman, if you wish," I told him, "but he will not succor you—he will simply laugh at you." Then I showed the Chinaman a little excerpt that I had clipped from a Chicago newspaper, and which was so typical of the unamusement of a certain type of Americans that I had pasted it in my note book. It ran as follows:

"Not many years ago, walking in Clark Street, I saw a young American brute spit a mouthful of tobacco juice into an open package of candy which a Chinaman was carrying in his hand."

"Are such things possible in civilized America?" was the only comment John Chinaman made. "Yes," said I, "they are possible in half-civilized America. The country is young; it has much to learn. Refinement, one could not expect to look for in men and women whose parents were backwoods people, cut off from communication with the world, engaged in rudimentary farming in a fierce struggle with Nature; and who, themselves, have no time for anything else save chusing madly after the almighty dollar. When Americans have a little leisure and some inclination to be introspective, they doubtless will outgrow their burly manners, but not before." This is a simple proposition and constitutes more than ample excuse for American rudeness to strangers.



Canada's Great Fair

By

N. B. Johnson

IF a man were to spend year after year of his life endeavoring to perfect a certain device, or some great product—if he had spent almost all his energy in studying the means of overcoming the problems of making a certain article—and if, after he had done this, he invited men and women to see the work, only to have them look at it hurriedly and pass out without half understanding the cunning workmanship, the unwearying endeavor, the everlasting patience of the man who perfected the article, it would be one of the usual ironies of life. And it happens every day.

For instance, at the Toronto Exhibition, what were the really interesting things? A man on a tight wire? A fat woman? A Grand Stand Performance? A man who cut your likeness in black paper or made rapid cartoons of your profile while the crowd stood around and wondered? No. The things which are a real means of seeing the progress of the country, were the exhibits of manufactured and natural products, as set forth in the various booths

in the great buildings. People hurried through these buildings either because they wished to hurry, or because they were compelled to hurry by the souvenir-seeking crowds. They naturally would not take the time to study each new invention, each new machine and new mechanical construction as shown there. The exhibition was, it is true, an advertisement for the various firms who exhibited there. But it was also a means whereby intelligent men and women might see the great progress which had been made in the past year in the various trades and handicrafts.

Many a man who would have spent more time among the exhibits was compelled to make his visit short, or not to go at all, because he had not the time. The account of the various leading exhibits as contained in the following pages will give any reader a good idea of some of the best things which were shown at the fair. They draw attention to the products of the respective exhibitors, and are instructive and informing.